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AUG. 1, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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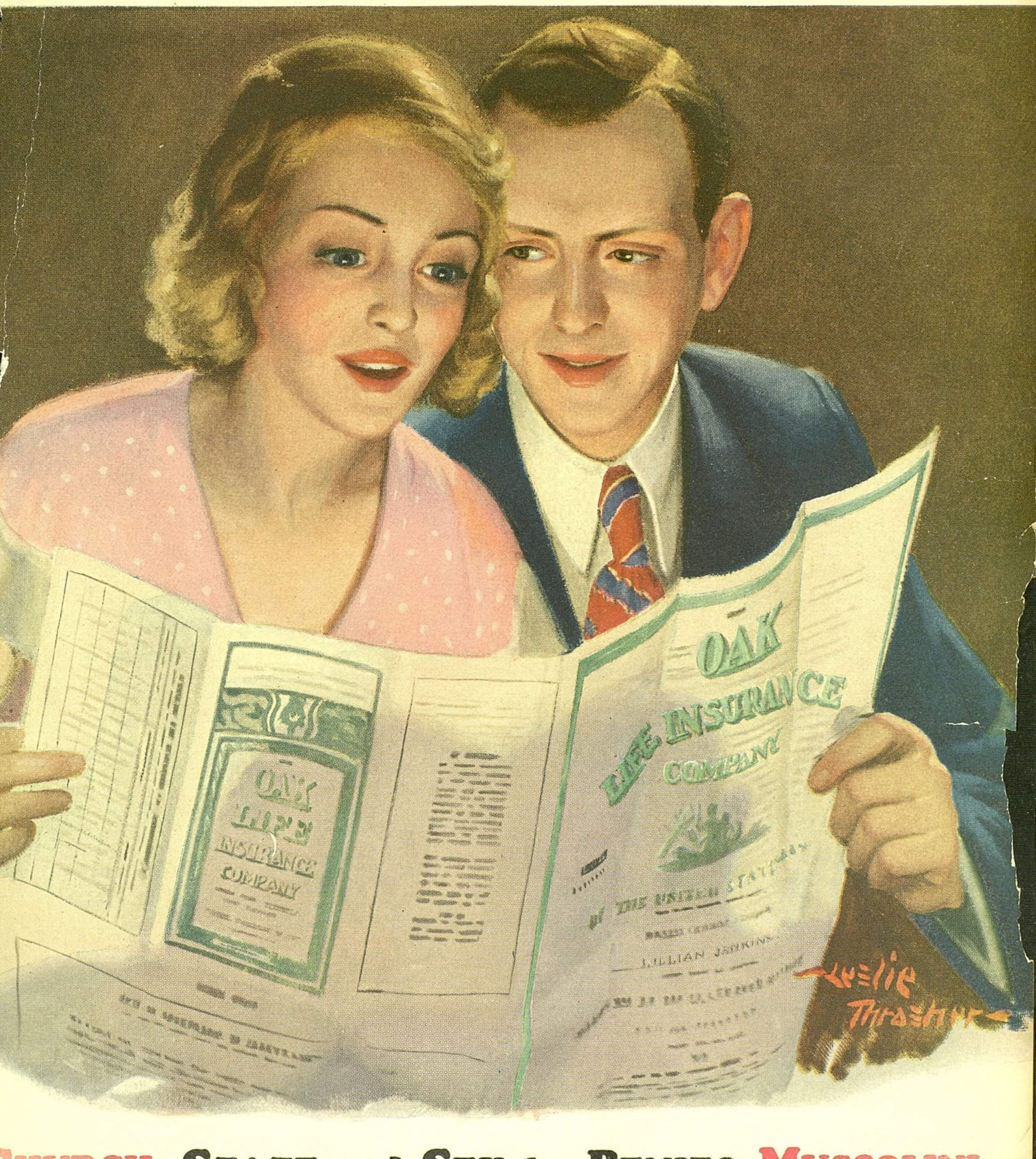
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OF THE UNITED STATES
LILLIAN JENKINS
Leslie Thrasher

CHURCH, STATE and SEX by BENITO MUSSOLINI

RICO TOMASO

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GRANGER
GRANGER ROUGH CUT PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT PIPE TOBACCO

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2 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
3 Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel
4 Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret

Load on the installment plan; pack tight.

"Anchors aweigh, men, here's tobacco!"

YES, and *pipe* tobacco, too. Made and cut for pipes—and cut "rough"; the one right way tobacco *should* be cut to burn right. Big shaggy flakes that smoke sweet, cool and clean. Granger lasts *longer* per pipe-load, too. Time it and see for yourself.

And our old-time Wellman's Method brings out the richness as nothing else can.

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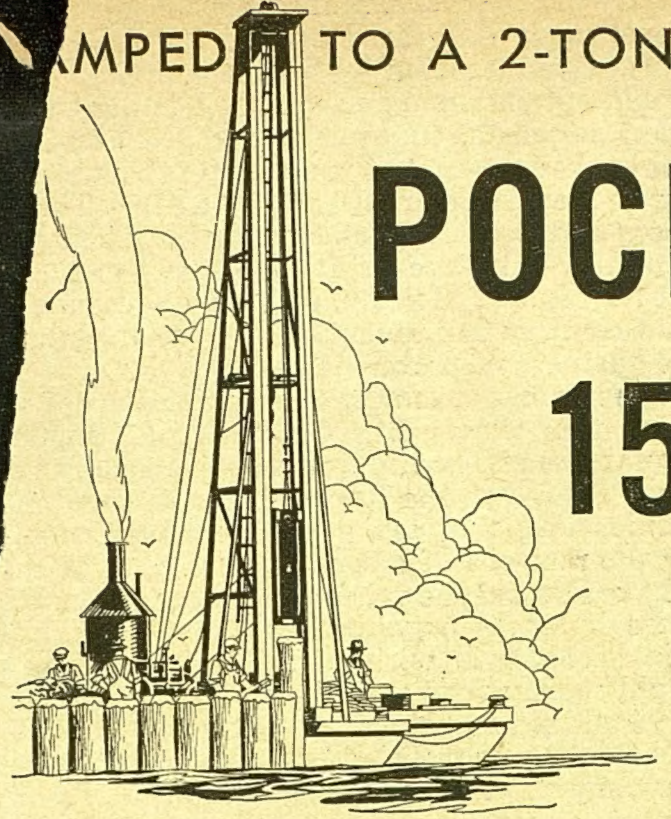
GRANGER ROUGH CUT



MPED TO A 2-TON PILE DRIVER . . .

POCKET BEN GETS 1500 TERRIFIC JOLTS

—AND STILL KEEPS ACCURATE TIME

Now Pocket Ben's search for adventure has led him to the toughest "stunt" of his career—a ride on the 2-ton hammer of a giant pile driver . . . Again, despite more than five hours of terrific punishment, he came through with flying colors!

For this harrowing test, one of the pile drivers constructing a breakwater on the shore of Lake Michigan north of Chicago was chosen. At 12:10 noon, Pocket Ben was clamped to the massive two-ton hammer.

All through the long afternoon the big hammer carrying Pocket Ben rose and fell—driving 42 foot piles deep into the Lake . . . Every fall of the powerful hammer brought Pocket Ben to a sudden, jolting stop; every fall threatened the life of even this sturdy watch.

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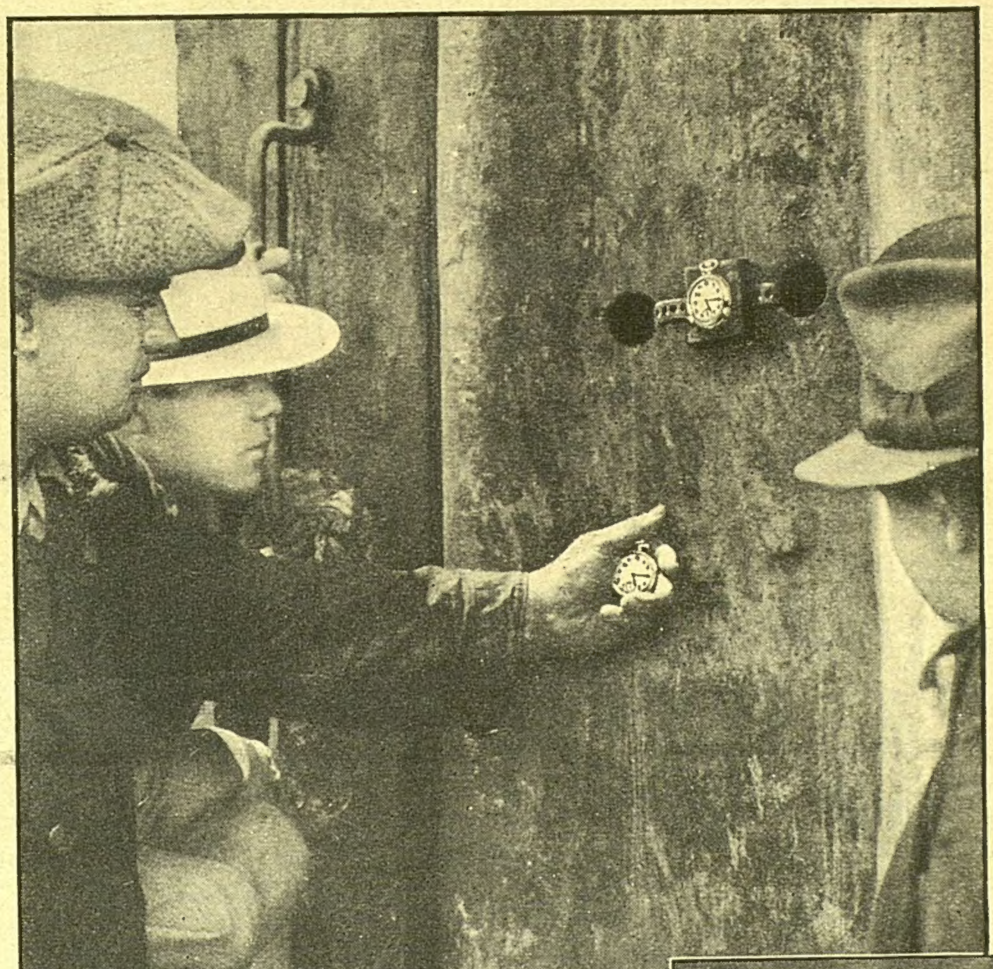
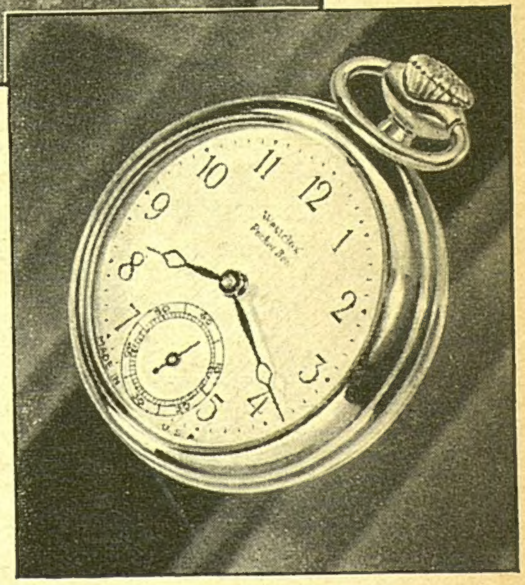
Once again Pocket Ben has proved his right to be called the "shock-proof" watch—the watch that's always on the job wherever he goes—on vacation jaunts, at home, or out where big jobs are being done.





Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Illinois.

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AUG. 1, 1931

Liberty

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

A BUSINESSLIKE REMEDY FOR THE DEPRESSION

The United States Government should be a stupendous business enterprise. It should be conducted for the benefit of all the people. It should be guided by the most efficient executives this country can produce. What we call politics should never enter into governmental decisions. Hard-headed common sense should be the controlling force in every instance.

To a large extent business has kept out of politics. Big business enterprises always find it necessary to maintain a certain amount of political influence to protect their interests, but business as a whole has stood aside and allowed politicians to run the country.

And the deplorable situation we are now facing is the natural result.

Politicians should be shoved far into the background, and the business men of the country should compel a proper consideration of their demands.

Grover Whalen, former Police Commissioner of the City of New York, now associated with the John Wanamaker store, is using his influence to form what he calls the American Federation of Business. He maintains that the American Federation of Labor has guarded labor's interests for many years, and believes that a similar organization formed of the combined business interests of the country would be invaluable.

This suggestion is a big constructive idea. The intelligence that to a large extent controls this country comes largely from those who are connected with business. Business men are practical—hard headed. Improvements that will make people more prosperous and happy add to their profits, and their views are usually progressive.

An organization made up of the business men of this country who would take an active part in the solution of the great problems that confront this government at frequent intervals, would be able to render invaluable advice. Their one thought would be their interest in the prosperity of the people. More wages, shorte work for everybody—all these various factors w given careful consideration by business men.

We should not only make use of the business n Mr. Whalen suggests, in assisting us to build worth-while government, but we should take adva of their clear reasoning in all phases of life. The not dreamers and shallow-minded reformers. They come in contact with life as it is being lived. know what they know. The financial and general c tion of this country is influenced more than anyt else by the business men everywhere.

There are business promotion organizations of v ous kinds at this time. The Chamber of Comme with headquarters at Washington, has branches all o the country. There are the Rotary, Kiwanis, and ma other organizations that are getting business men gether for the purpose of discussing subjects of int est. They have learned the value of friendly coöperati

All these business organizations could easily jo together in accordance with Mr. Whalen's plan, a form a mighty army that could be guided by the har headed conclusions of business executives. This coun try is noted for its unparalleled business efficiency. W are leading the world in practically all kinds of business If some of this superefficiency could be introduced into government circles, we would forge ahead as a powerful nation with mighty strides.

There would be no stopping us.

And there would be no real competitors.

We would be in a class all by ourselves, and this depression which has brought sorrow and tragedy into the homes of millions would never be repeated if the business men of this country could be the guiding force behind legislative activities.

Take our recent tariff legislation! Would the business men have passed this bill after a careful study of the possible worldwide enmity it finally created?

Let the voice of business assume its proper authority.

The fanatical shallow-minded reformers have influenced legislative activity in this country long enough. They often represent a small body of unthinking fossils whose main desire is to advertise themselves. Not infrequently they have fallen into a rut so deep that they can never get beyond its narrow confines.

But nothing could stand the onrush of this huge force—intelligent, hard-headed, conscientious—having at all times the interest of the whole people at heart; the combined efforts of business turned into a governmental directing force would trample down every adverse influence. And if joined to the already organized forces of labor there could be no effective opposition.

The combined interest of business means prosperity for everybody, for business is never influenced by wild guesses. It steers away from fanatical reformers. It drives right straight through the various problems with which we are confronted with a definite determination to get the facts. They want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and when armed with such important knowledge, and with a conscientious and sympathetic desire to promote the happiness and health of all the people, we should expect legislative activities that would indeed be invaluable.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

MUSSOLINI in action. He is at his best as an orator in impassioned addresses to multitudes.

Acme-P. & A. photo

CHURCH, STATE, and Sex

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

(Reading time: 10 minutes 40 seconds.)

HUMAN relations today are beset with all sorts of intricate theories. Many great scientists and philosophers have investigated human behavior and conduct and have proposed the most drastic changes in our social relations. Institutions which have been part of the very structure of civilization for centuries have been attacked as wholly erroneous, and we are daily being presented with new fads and strange palliatives as remedies for real or imagined ills of our present-day civilization. So prevalent has been the showering of ideas for our social relations that they have carried with them numerous offshoots from what has given to life its potential backbone. And in the speculative realm scientists and philosophers have dabbled in numerous schemes and perhaps more than all in that which concerns the social relations of mankind.

Right now, in bad times, the scientists and philosophers have been seriously occupied with economic rela-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CHURCH, STATE, AND SEX
Continued from page five]

tions; but whether times are good or bad, there is never lack of discussion of the social conduct of mankind and more especially of the sex conduct. The trend has been to attack the whole institution of Christian marriage and to substitute for it various forms of union with broader liberties and a decrease of those responsibilities which have for centuries and in practically all civilizations been lifelong.

As a statesman, it is fitting that I should inquire into the probable effects of some of the new departures from long-established custom. I first would view them from the standpoint of their influence on the state. There are those who say that the individual comes before the state and that governments are established to serve the individual. But whether it is the government that serves the individual or the individual that serves the government is an idle question, as the two are so profoundly interwoven in common interests that service to one ends up by being service to the other. In other words, we would be chasing the question in an endless circle about a bush if we should ever undertake to fix absolutely whether the one or the other is the aim of the nation.

And so, in dealing with the question of the relation between the sexes, whatever policy would result in national good would also result in good to the individual. Conversely, what would be a sound benefit to the individual would also eventually achieve a benefit for the nation. Therefore, in the examination of the problem of the proper relation between the sexes, it is almost quite safe to say that if we were to take care of the interests of the state, we would, in the long run, take care also of the interests of the individual.

Life is continuous and must go on. It must also be so with a nation if that nation is to endure and have a heritage. As life is transmitted from the father and mother to the child, so the nation must transmit its being if it is to live. Nations beget nations as well as human beings. To appreciate this fact we have but to examine the vast new empires come from the loins of mother nations and nurtured and cradled by them, later to assume the form of sovereign states and to take their places in the concourse of nations as complete entities attaining their full national stature.

The nation has the responsibility of handing on to posterity that which it has achieved and especially those civilizing attributes which have made eternal some of the nations of antiquity and even many others up until modern times. In the same way the individual has a like responsibility of transmitting the sum total of life reached during his lifetime. What progress the individual may see in a lifetime may be infinitesimal compared with the ages which mankind has lived, but progress there is, and it is for the individual to hand on what he has compassed to his posterity.

THE responsibility of both the individual and the state is therefore very forcibly brought home to us and the interdependence of the one upon the other is notably self-evident. Our people, then, must be indeed alive to the necessity of national continuation and national expansion. If the state is to be great and to remain great, it must have a strong and virile people ready to face the responsibilities incumbent upon them for the preservation of the race.

This is a day when men and women preach the shirking of the duty of begetting sons and daughters. Strength is not built on the apathy of the sluggard, and national strength is not achieved in a life of listless ease. No nation is destined to leave its mark on civilization if it fails to step forth and take up the duty of a great nation not alone by living, but by living to strengthen and expand through the utilization of all its attributes, until its whole spirit is handed on in an unending stream from generation to generation with progressive force and virility. Those nations which have failed to strengthen and expand have passed away and are forgotten, while those which took up the burden with virile zeal and expanded are today the great models of all time.

There is therefore need, above all, for a well ordered family life. This is still the basis of the state and will continue to be the basis of the state for all time. In it we find not alone the nucleus for the units of the nation, but also the crystallizing point of all the cherished human emotions and passions. Any influence which tends to impair its integrity tends also to impair the power of the state.

The nation must have a sense of family integrity. We all know too well the arguments in support of family disintegration, but beyond the immediate selfish interests of wife and husband there are the superior interests of the offspring and their raising to the full height of their capabilities beyond the state of infancy. He who evades the duty upon him to create a family evades a responsibility akin to that which calls him to the colors in time of national danger. It is a twofold duty, imposed not alone by God and the nation but also by the call of life itself.

WE who have been endowed with life are endowed with a power to carry on life and "to seek it more abundantly." We are here to receive it, live it, and pass it on. This is nature's own mandate upon us, and for that mandate she has filled us with an ever-present urge to beget children. What manner of woman is she who within herself desires to evade the duty of having children? We all know well how it is the culmination of a good woman's greatest and dearest desire to bear the child she can love and cherish and bring to capable manhood. It is as true today as in the centuries of antiquity that, blessed with a large family, she can proudly gather them about her and say with that dutiful Roman mother, "These are my jewels."

The good woman does not desire to shirk her responsibility, but instead is saturated with eagerness to respond valiantly to nature's call to produce her kind.

The responsibility of the man is even more marked than that of the woman, even though it is less immediate and founded more on social ties than on animal instinct. Despite the waves of feminism and the successive ripples of cries for sex equality, the man must remain by nature and by circumstance the answerable authority for the creation of the family. Neither in his own interest nor in the interest of the state can he live his life riotously. There are compulsive controls and there is necessary discipline for physical and sociological reasons. And, when all the factors are counted up and the results and aims reckoned, we must arrive at the point of recognizing that the virile and expanding state is best blessed by the institution of an unbroken marriage where the one family is kept inviolate and integral, strong in the fact of its own solidity.

The will of the man can more than often impose that integrity, for the woman fortunate in bringing to life a cluster of offspring is not prone to seek change. Her joy more than recompenses her for the trials and difficulties which keeping the family intact entails.

On the man again devolves the duty of accepting the large family. For him deliberately to set about preventing the creation of that family is, as I have said, little short of evasion of a national duty in times of stress.

Upon the woman who desires children and fails for one reason or another to bear them, the sympathy of the world must be bestowed; but upon the man or woman who refuses to shoulder the responsibility of them and deliberately contrives to prevent their conception and birth, nothing can be bestowed but the most vehement condemnation.

The great though long untenable opposition to the large family has been based on economic considerations. It is

Wide World photo

"There are joys and contentment which family alone can give." From left to right, this picture shows the Duce's wife, his sons Romano, Bruno, and Vittorio, himself, and his daughter Edda.

contended that it is much better to have few children and educate them right than to have many and be forced to deprive them of the advantages they would have had if the economic condition of the family had been less meager.

The cry of national poverty is not new; and it has already been proclaimed as certain to outgrow and outdistance the increase in the population. Malthus over a century ago calculated that the population was bound to increase faster than the food supply, but if any theory has been exploded, that theory has been completely disintegrated and annulled, for even the workman enjoys today, in all the world, far greater economic advantages than he ever dreamed of a century ago.

The cry of "bringing up a few children in the right way" sounds pleasant and beautiful, but it is neither sound nor praiseworthy.

It denies a fundamental requirement of character in that within a large family the give-and-take of life is more profoundly embedded into the child's character than in a household where he is coddled by the excessive love bestowed on an only boy or girl by the foolish filial extravagance of a fond parent.

The friction and conflict among brothers and sisters steel the child for the greater battle which awaits him in the greater world of his future career.

RETURNING to the economic plea for a small family, this cry is constantly recurrent. Let us remember that it is the selfsame cry that was heard a century ago, and yet practically every country has doubled its population within the last half century and some have tripled the number of their inhabitants. Even more compelling is the fact that the standard of life, instead of becoming lower as population increased, has become higher—and even to the point at which it may be said that the workingman of today enjoys luxuries that were enjoyed only by the nobles of a century ago.

To all those suggestions which include a slackening of the family ties, we must turn an unsympathetic ear. Those who would relax the rigidity of a family régime, would likewise relax the duty toward the state. Widespread and easy divorce throws the great basic institution on which the state rests seriously out of balance and results in confusing the great forces on which the nation must depend for its continued virility and prowess. Companionate marriage again is just an attempt at a royal road to evasion of the responsibilities of parenthood. It is not willing to face boldly the ups and downs entailed by the choice of mates and the greater burden of passing on the life that has been given to us to others of our own creation. There ought not to be "ifs" and "ands" in accepting this charge.

The state, nature, and the soul require that life be transmitted or death will be the final mark of the emptiness of our existence.

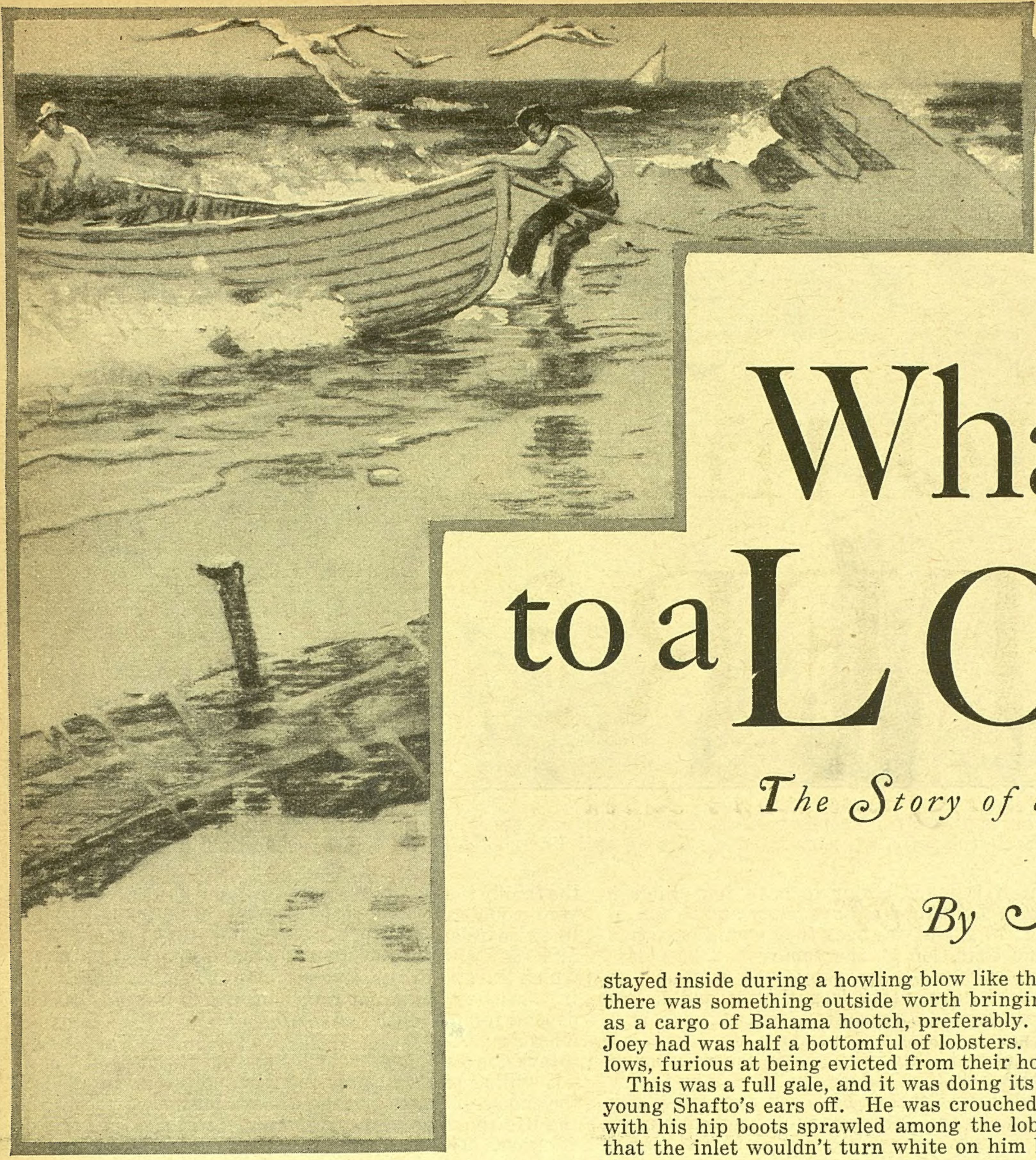
AGAIN we must not be completely overcome by the trend of some modern thinking—that in the marriage relation there is merely a thankless duty.

There are joys and contentment which family alone can give, and, beyond it all, there is the inherent pride in offspring which remains alive in all those who have achieved true maturity.

If we permit this life to pass from us without having tried to continue the eternal flame, our lives will have been lived in vain, for with both individual and nation, and even above all, there is that great and fundamental purpose running through all life—namely, that it shall hold on forever, clinging and grasping for eternity through myriad generations, and unbroken until the unending infinite.

When we think of careers and the glories of the world, we must realize that we should achieve them in vain did we fail to pass on to another generation the thread of life which was intrusted to us on our entry into this life.

THE END



Pictures by
MAURICE L.
BOWER

What's to a LOB

The Story of a Gratefu

By Alber

(Reading time: 37 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN a northeast blow comes slanting down the New Jersey coast, she blows. Let one of those little Sea Bright sea skiffs get caught outside in a genuine old-fashioned nor'easter, and she's in for a big night.

Take about twenty feet of lapstreak boat, with no deck or freeboard to shunt off the rain and the spume—that'll be a Sea Brighter. But she has this much: she has a cutwater shaped something like a tern's wishbone. She'll ride them, no matter how high and handsome they come.

One minute she'll be prancing on her tail end, standing straight up and down; then she'll do a dive over the top and walk along on her nose, nearly straight down and up. It's enough to make almost anybody sick with fright, if not just downright sick.

But Joey Shafto—it took a lot to make him sick, especially out here at sea. He rather admired this night, such as it was. Off to the west, now and then he could catch the staggered flash of good old Barnegat light. The tide would stay with him for another half hour. If he could only skate around the entrance bar in time, he'd be sitting in the inlet, maybe.

Anybody would think that Joey Shafto should have stayed inside during a howling blow like this one, unless there was something outside worth bringing back, such as a cargo of Bahama hootch, preferably. But all that Joey had was half a bottomful of lobsters. Deep-sea fellows, furious at being evicted from their home comforts.

This was a full gale, and it was doing its best to carry young Shafto's ears off. He was crouched at the tiller, with his hip boots sprawled among the lobsters, hoping that the inlet wouldn't turn white on him before he got there.

And just then Joey saw something ahead. An ugly shape, blacker than the storm itself. He was about to give it lots of sea room. But he changed his mind, because what he saw looked like a vessel adrift, a big one. And this was no place for a ship to be wallowing in a nor'easter without steerageway or lights or anything.

He nosed in, grudging every instant he was tossing away. And presently he found out that the thing was a barge. All by itself.

Lumbering gowallopers of the sea—barges. They are towed up and down the three-mile limit in unwieldy strings, carrying coal or railroad ties or bricks or garbage. And unless they're in lock step with their tug they're as helpless as dead men. God have mercy on a scow that breaks loose from its tug on a night like this! The worst of it is, there is always a captain or commodore or scow master or somebody aboard.

Joey knew that if he lost any more time to the falling tide he'd never get in through the channel. So that when he pulled over into the lee of the plunging hulk, the most sensible thing he could say for himself was that he must be cuckoo. But he chanced an ahoy, just the same. "Hi there!" he screamed. "Hey, you!"

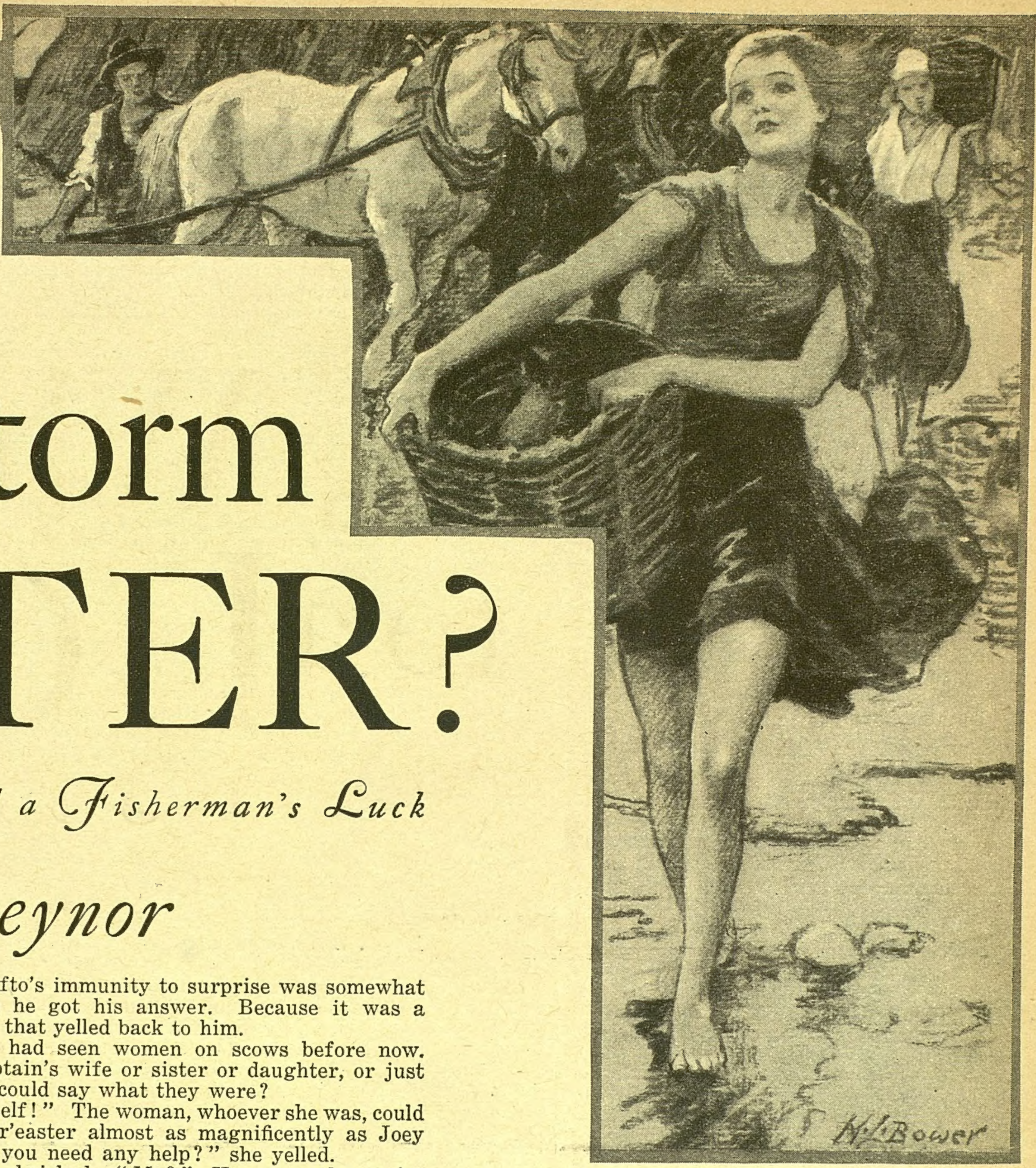
The oftener a man goes offshore, the less apt he is to be surprised at anything he runs into out here. But

I WAS a little girl at Lofo-ten. My father owned a fishing boat."

a Storm STER?

Blonde and a Fisherman's Luck

M. Treynor



even Joey Shafto's immunity to surprise was somewhat strained when he got his answer. Because it was a woman's voice that yelled back to him.

Oh, yes, he had seen women on scows before now. Maybe the captain's wife or sister or daughter, or just maybe. Who could say what they were?

"Hey, yourself!" The woman, whoever she was, could outshout a nor'easter almost as magnificently as Joey Shafto. "Do you need any help?" she yelled.

"Who?" he shrieked. "Me?" He was mad now, instead of being merely surprised. A fool woman on a barge! What was she trying to do—kid him?

"Listen, you!" he bellowed. "If that refuse tub ever gets into the surf—" The storm tore the rest of it out of his teeth, and then a yawning hollow opened and sucked him up alongside the sodden derelict.

"Yes, sir!" she answered. "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Wait! Wait a minute!" The wash of the next wave careened him out of reach again, almost out of hearing.

HE jerked her around savagely. And again he felt the nearness of the staggering hulk looming about him.

"All right!" He tried to ease his way across the leeboard, but it wasn't to be. A rush of water cascaded around and over the barge and took him away.

"No!" he howled. "For God's sake—don't—"

It was too late. He had caught one glimpse of the woman throwing a leg over the bulwarks.

The lunatic had jumped!

Joey Shafto came around once more into the thick of things, all of the two hundred pounds of him fighting the tiller. Feeling a little sick at last, if anybody should ask him. He could stomach a man's being trampled and drowned by the sea. But a woman—boiling around in this hell and hullabaloo! He was looking for her frantically out in the shifting waters. . . . And then—it was like a miracle to Joey Shafto—there she was almost within reach of his long arm. A head of streaming hair, and an open mouth gasping and spitting salt water. Joey reached out across the gunwale—just as they were about to be whirled apart—got her.

She was wearing some kind of silk dress, soggy and plastered to her, and not much of it. Even in the welter of the sea his clumsy masculine hands could feel the woman under the dress, the rounded fullness of her ribs and breast, the smooth vigor of her body. She felt as strong and alive and firm-fleshed and as wet as a lusty young tuna.

It was a hard tussle for a minute. The Sea Brighter was dipping in bucketfuls. Touch and go. But the girl was helping him. She came inboard with a part of the Atlantic Ocean trying to follow her. Joey dumped her and dived for the helm.

He belabored the sea skiff up out of the trough, and once more took the rollers astern. "Get a can!" he shouted. "Bail her a little, will you? And look out for the lobsters."

The woman tried to see him in the darkness. "You

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT'S A STORM TO A LOBSTER?
Continued from page nine

came out here—in a storm like this—for *lobsters?*"

"Sure," said Joey. "What's a storm to a lobster?"

He was peering over his shoulder. "Anybody else back there?" he asked.

"Not now," she said.

"Where is he?" asked Joey.

"He was carried overboard when the towline parted—three or four hours ago. He was standing up there in the bow when the ragged end of the line flew back."

Joey nodded quietly. He had seen that happen before.

"Your husband?" asked Joey.

"No relation," said the girl.

"Oh!" Joey didn't so much as look at her.

"My name," she said, "is Inga Pedersen."

"I'm Joey Shafto," he told her politely and gave her a bucket. "You'd better bail a little."

Judas, what a night! The whole ocean was pouring down the coast. The little Sea Brighter had to take the side swipe as she bucked upseas. Along here, some place, in the rip of the tide, they'd find the fathomed channel, if they were to find it.

But Joey didn't think so. You can't lose a half hour to a dropping tide when they're rolling in ahead of a nor'easter, and expect to find black water in the cut. He might have made it if he hadn't stopped for the barge. Or again he mightn't. How could he tell?

The Barnegat light tower stood on the south point. Not far. The clockwork beam was marching around and around, shedding a niggardly radiance across the inlet. The ghastly fading and flare gave Joey enough light to see by. He saw what was ahead of him. And plenty of it. Nothing but white. It wasn't surf. It was a smother of wind and water and sand, with the night collapsing on top of it.

The girl had given up her bailing for a minute. "That looks like a grand place to stay out of," she shouted.

"Sure," yelled Joey. "I knew a man who tried to beat through there, night like this. And he wasn't drowned. Wasn't a pint of water in him."

"What was in him?" screamed the girl.

"Sand! When we picked him off the dunes his lungs and stomach were full of sand. Like somebody had shoveled it in with a scoop."

He came around into the wind. Thankful that the overtaxed engine was still standing to. Well, he still had six hundred dollars' worth of sea skiff under him. But not for long. He could kiss her good-by.

There wasn't enough gas in the tank to haul off and ride out the slack. The best he could do was to beach her, and see what happened. North Point o' Beach would be the place. An easy slope and no bars.

They bored away into the northeast, hitting the gale head on. For a long while Joey Shafto kept her so. He wanted to be well clear of the inlet back yonder when he took the shoreward slant again. So he reckoned out about a couple of miles before he heaved her around and let her run.

ALBERT M. TREYNOR

author of this story, was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, but now, as he says, "lives up and down the New Jersey sea coast." He was formerly a Chicago and New York newspaper man and has written several novels.

OFF ahead they could feel and hear the Atlantic Ocean battling it out with the Jersey beaches. The Sea Brighter was riding high and wild.

Joey called to the girl. "No good bailing."

She dropped the can and came aft to him. They huddled together by the tiller and listened to that which was ahead.

There seemed to be as much spray and rain in the air above as there was water in the sea. Everything was very lively and wet and mixed up, and it was much too dark to tell what was happening. It wasn't easy to breathe. They just clung to each other. And then something reared up from behind and lifted—and lifted them—

They came down with one devastating crash. And what was left of the Sea Brighter rolled out from under them. They fought for a dubious foothold in the sand, while the sea tried to drag them back. And then the wave flattened and let loose of them. Still holding together, they stumbled up through the backwash. They were out of it, and not badly pounded, either.

Joey looked around, behind him, and there was no sea skiff anywhere.

Anyhow, they were on land, if it could be called that. A ten-mile spit of sand with the Atlantic on one side and Barnegat Bay on the other, and nothing between excepting dunes and bayberry bushes and wind-plucked cedars. And a lonely coast-guard station, maybe two or three miles north of here.

As Joey sloshed up out of the wet, something scrambled against his boot, and he stooped and came up again, gripping an eight-pound lobster by his armor plate. That was all of the salvage.

"We can make the surfmen give us a cup of coffee," he said to the woman.

She stopped, and caught her breath, and looked about her. "I don't want—I can't—" Then she faced Joey squarely. "I mustn't be seen!" she declared.

IT took a lot to nonplus Joey Shafto. But he was thinking hard, nevertheless. He had known from the first that there was something funny about all this. Women in silk dresses and tricky, sharp-heeled shoes as a rule don't go for voyages on scows.

"What do you want to do, then?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said.

"All right," said Joey.

He splashed out of the spindrift, on up to the dunes. The woman followed closely.

There were deep windrows of flotsam piled up along the beach. Every sort of riffraff, all the way from shattered ships and broken bedsteads down to corked bottles and slightly used grapefruits. And now there was a man and a woman as well. Washed up on the beach.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Joey Shafto.

"Inga."

"All right," he said.

He found a windbreak in a deep hollow of the dunes. Then he whittled for shavings down to the dry core of a pine stick, and produced a flame from a water-tight match box. He put on little pieces, and then bigger ones, and finally sections of lost bridges and the stumps of ships' masts. He soon had a whale of a fire going.

This wasn't so bad. He got out of his oilskins and boots and stripped down to his undershirt. And without further ado Inga did likewise. She hauled the clinging dress over her head, stepped out of a pair of shoes that were ridiculously fragile but not especially small, and peeled off the filmwork of her stockings. Which left her standing in a solitary little peach-colored something or other.

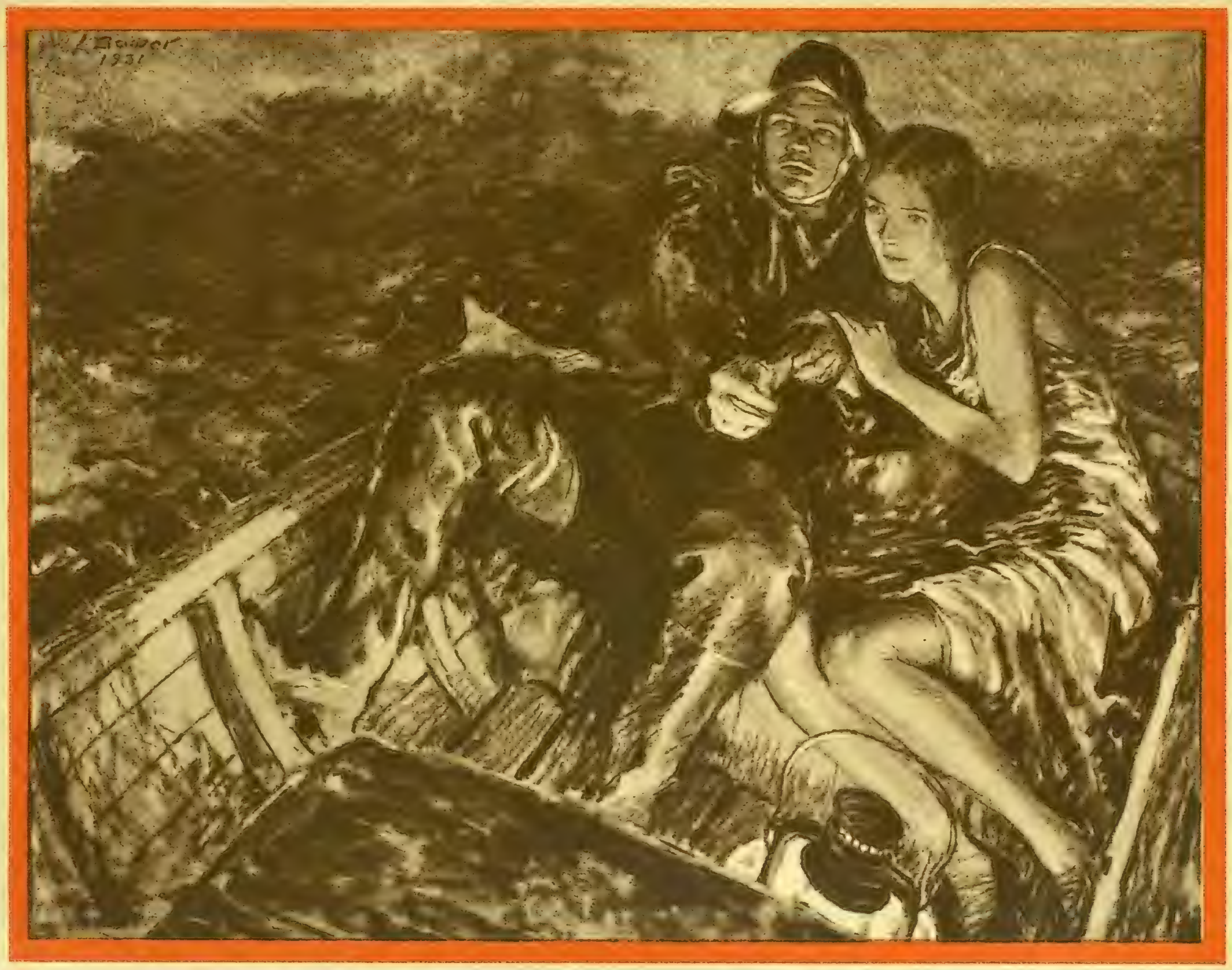
And then Joey saw why her name was Inga Pedersen. And why, in the euphony of her speech, there lingered a stray little ghost of something that was not quite Anglo-Saxon. He had never seen a viking, but he had heard of them. Surely he could recognize a blood daughter of their kind and breed.

She was a moonbeam blonde, with fine hair growing thick and low against her broad forehead. The sting of the sea glowed through clear skin against the curve of her bold cheek bones. Ample shoulders and a full-rounded throat, a deep-chested girl. The foggy blue shadows of icebergs were in the blue of her eyes. Mouth, indelibly carmined, generously wide and genial.

In upstanding physique Joey Shafto didn't take any handicap from anybody, and this girl stood upon her bare feet only a shade less tall than he and just as straight. She wasn't pretty. And it never occurred to him that she might be beautiful. She was simply amazing.

The fire blazed and crackled and Inga half turned before its warmth, with very little on her, stretching out to it her long and lovely arms. And she looked at Joey unabashed and friendly.

Joey made himself very busy setting up uprights and a crossbeam and spreading over all his slicker for a slop-



They huddled together by the tiller and listened to that which was ahead.

ing roof to keep off the rain. Inga had planted a couple of stakes and hung up her dress and stockings and Joey's jersey to dry. Now she was sitting in their little wikiup with her hands over her kneecaps and her white shins toasting at the fire.

Joey laid out his kicking lobster for a major operation and drew his knife again. Inga was watching him closely, a slow half smile on her lips.

"Listen!" she said suddenly. "I've got to tell you. And then you can go ahead and do whatever you want to about it."

"All right," he said.

"Well—" Whatever she had to say, it wasn't easy. "I'm running away," she declared swiftly. "I killed a man. About this time last night. A man in New York."

The stroke of Joey's knife stopped just in time to save the lobster from bisection. But he didn't say anything.

"Maybe I wasn't quite to blame," she reflected; and then, as though she were trying to be honest about it, "But I guess I was.

"YOU tell me," she went on. "I mean—supposing you hadn't had a sight or a smell of the ocean for twelve years—or been on a boat, and somebody said to you, 'Let's go somewhere in my yacht.' Wouldn't you say, 'All right, let's'?"

"You mean a scow?" asked Joey.

"No, a yacht. Wouldn't you want to go on a yacht?"

Joey weighed the idea. "Yes, I would."

The yellow head nodded. "I better tell you everything. I'm one of Ziggy's girls."

"Who?" he inquired.

"Ziegfeld. I'm a show girl in Broadway shows."

"Oh!" said Joey.

"But before all of that," she said, "I'm a Norsky. Ziggy needed a tall Nordic towhead to stick at the end of the line, and that was how come me. I'm from where big blondes grow. I'm from Lofoten."

SHE watched him expectantly. Then her eyes darkened. "You don't even know where it is. You never heard of Lofoten?"

"Well—I—" he hesitated.

"Oh, be quiet. The Lofoten Islands lie north of Norway. We have fish—cod and herring—and terrible storms—and—yes, and lobsters too, just like you have."

"Lobsters?" said Joey.

"Just as big as that baby."

Joey touched the horny crustacean with his toe and watched him buckle up. "He's pretty big."

"I've seen 'em bigger."

Inga sniffed and smiled, not quite steadily. "I was a little girl at Lofoten. My father owned a fishing boat, something like yours—was. And sometimes he would take me. And then"—she sighed—"when I was about twelve years old he got ambition. He sold his fishing gear, and we came to the U. S. A., where opportunity knocks you off. And was he a huge success?

"I'll tell you," she volunteered, as Joey didn't seem to know the answer. "He got to be a big Norsky politician with a political pull—pulling around a tin can on wheels for the Department of Street Cleaning of New York City."

"What about last night?" asked Joey.

"Opportunities!" said the red mouth, crooked and bitter. "They knock at the stage door, all right, for chorus wenches. After Ziggy's O. K.'d your shape, you

WHAT'S A STORM TO A LOBSTER?
Continued from page eleven

could have yourself a lizard every night. If you're willing.

"You don't know what I'm talking about, do you, Joey?" The momentary bleakness of her mood softened as she regarded him, lazying beside her on one elbow, solid and able, with the brightness of the driftwood fire in his deep eyes—a lad who had come out of a nor'easter scoured and combed and cleansed. "What about last night?" he asked.

"Last night!" She was brusque about it as she wiped the wet hair from her forehead. "This mud turtle said he owned a yacht, see? If he'd said a taxicab or a Rolls or an airplane, it would have left me cold. But a yacht—a boat!" She smiled at him, faintly wistful. "See what I mean?"

"Yes," he said.

"I wonder. You guessed wrong once tonight. Me on a scow with a scow skipper. I knew what you thought. And you guessed wrong, Joey." She made an impudent face at him. "I bane a goot gal, fella.

"Not that I'm wearing any badges," she added. "I'm that way just because I haven't met anybody, any man like—who could have—"

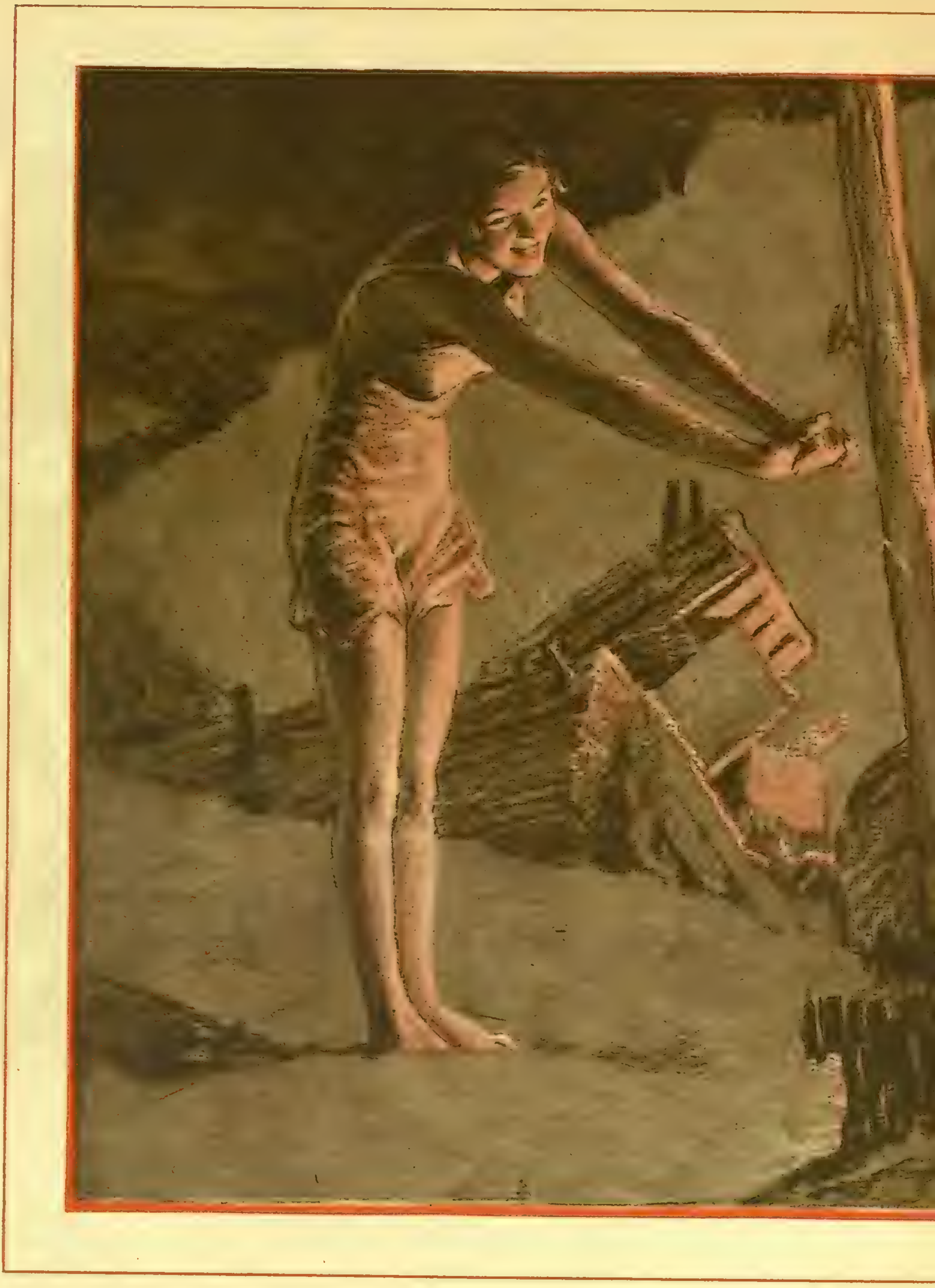
"WHAT happened on the yacht?" asked Joey.

"Yacht!" she scoffed. "It was a gas cruiser, not thirty-five feet over all."

"I'd rather have a thirty-five-foot cruiser than a steam yacht," said Joey Shafto.

"Then you'd have fallen for it," said the girl. "Like I did. We cruised around the lower bay, and then back into the East River, with night coming on—"

She made a grimace of disgust. "I might have known. Anyhow, I should have laughed it off. But the smell of the sea in my nose, and the wind rising, fresh and clean, and me kind of remembering things—things way back. And this flabby, manicured toad starting to paw me over— I didn't stop to think. I just socked him. And he was standing too close to the taffrail, and went over it backwards."



"Did anybody see it happen?" he asked.

"The man at the wheel saw it."

"What about the other one?"

"I went overside after him, with my clothes on. And never found him. And I got scared and hit out for shore. I'd drowned him, see? And he was pretty big around town. And me—nothing but a play girl.

"Dad used to know some of the old bargemen," she said. "There was one—a countryman of ours. If I could only find him, I knew he'd help me. Well, I went up along the river front, where hundreds of these barges are parked. Me bareheaded, in my new, wet dress, and only nine dollars in my stocking. And the cops and the tab reporters would be on the loose in another hour. But I found my captain by luck. He was about to hitch to a tow out of town. For Norfolk. I know people there who'd hide me. So we pulled out—and ran into this hurricane—"

"It ain't any hurrican'," said Joey. "It's just a gale o' wind."

He laid the lobster prone and with one fell knife stroke opened him up like a dictionary.

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked.

Joey spread the lobster, still palpitating, on a plank, and set it up by the fire to bake. "What would I do?"

"I don't know. I don't know what either of us is going to do." Her dress was about dry now. She shook it out and pulled it over her fair, rumpled head, and tried to make its shrunken length stretch down to cover her knees. "It's not so good, is it, Joey? You with no boat, and me with no anything."

"I'll get another boat," he said.

"If you hadn't stopped for me you'd have made the inlet."

"No, I wouldn't."

"I owe you a boat, Joey. I could give you nine dollars on account."

"Aw, say," he protested. "I ain't worrying about any boat—"

He stopped and raised his head. The battering of the surf made it impossible to hear footsteps in the sand. Joey didn't know he had a visitor until the man almost stepped into the fire. A bulky shape in oilskins and rasping sea boots.

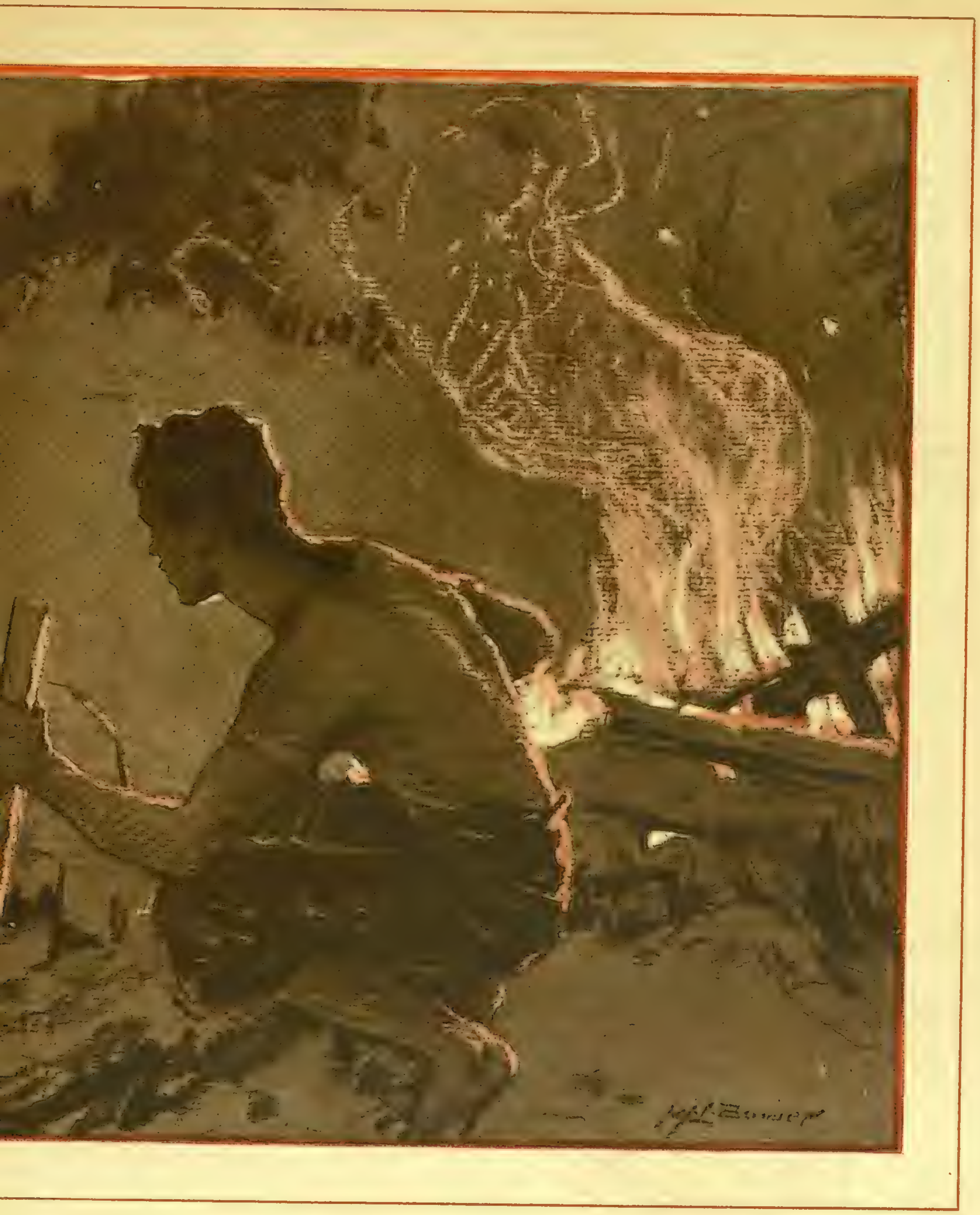
Joey hoisted himself abruptly. All he could see was a hard, salt-rimed face hooded in by the tie strings of a dripping sou'wester hat.

"Well, if it ain't Joey Shafto!" A boisterous, ironic greeting. "I seen you from the tower when you went off today. What did you bring back? Booze?"

"Lobsters," said Joey. "Lobsters, you nosey sand louse!"

The man stepped forward. "Why, *you*—" Then he saw the girl in the lean-to. His eyes popped all the way open. And then he grinned—a grin that brought the blood boiling up into Joey's face.

"Why—how do you do?" he said, and anybody could



THE fire blazed and Inga half turned before its warmth, stretching out to it her long and lovely arms.

see that this fellow had a method with women. "I didn't know *you'd* be here."

"Good evening," said Inga primly.

"I'm Hobe Wilkerson from the coast-guard station," he told her. "I was just walkin' the beach—"

"To check in at your key box," suggested Joey. "Right on the dot."

But Hobe Wilkerson was in no hurry to finish his patrol. "How did you two get on the beach?" he inquired.

"We were shipwrecked," said Joey. "And the brave surfmen saved us."

"Listen, you!" Wilkerson was getting irritated. "What was you doing out there tonight?"

"I was boat-riding."

"Uh-uh! And all by yourself, too, when you put out today." Wilkerson looked at the girl again. "Where did you pick her up?"

"YOU and your spyglass might have missed somebody taking it easy in the bottom of the skiff," said Joey. "There are a few things even you might miss."

Wilkerson grinned at the girl again, satirically and boldly approving. Then he stabbed a blunt thumb at Joey. "I wonder if anybody's told you about him," he said. "Anybody around here'll tell you that he's nobody to be left alone with on a beach."

Then he glanced carelessly at his watch. "Well, I'll be going on down, but I'll be back along this way," and he stalked off across the dune.

Inga was alarmed. "What'll he do?"

"You leave him to me."

"But—if he starts talking—"

"I'll handle him."

Joey Shafto speaking. Nobody was to worry. They needed more drift logs, and he went to get them. Inga got up to help.

She came back presently with her arms loaded. She had found something else. A brown quart bottle with the label soaked off. "Somebody must have lost it from a ship, Joey. It's still half full—rye whisky." She had pulled the rotted cork. "A good stiff one won't do you a bit of harm."

Joey took the bottle, sniffed it, recorked it, and gave it back.

"No, thanks," he said.

"You sound as though you don't drink," she said.

"I don't."

"No? Why not?"

"It's against the law," said Joey.

"The law!" Inga gave him a startled look. "Is there a law about it?"

And then he saw that she was laughing at him, and he countered with his boyish, lopsided grin.

BUT it wasn't really laughter that made her eyes so luminous. She threw the bottle away. And then she moved closer. "Oh, Joey, Joey—you're absolutely, perfectly— There's only one of you anywhere!"

Before he quite knew what had happened, he had been kissed—swiftly and vehemently. And Inga was seated at the fire again, her wind-whipped color even higher than it had been.

"It's all right," she said with a little strangling laugh. "Gales o' wind sometimes make me kind of insane. But I get over it. It's safe to sit down."

He came back to the fire, shy and shaken, yet feeling all aglow and fabulously different, somehow, from the old workaday Joey Shafto who had been here a minute ago. He had never seen any woman like Inga, and he knew he never would again.

"I asked you," she said, "where're you going to get money for another boat?"

"All I have to do is to work at a pound for a couple of seasons."

"Pound?"

"Fishery. Maybe you've seen the lines of stakes and nets out at sea. One of the companies'll put me on a surf crew. They house you and found you, and what you make is yours. It's easy to save money if you lay off the booze."

Her eyes sought his fleetingly. "And women, Joey?"

"Women too," he agreed.

"That ought to be easy for you, Joey. No booze or women."

"Oh, sure," he said lightly.

They were silent for a space. And then Inga asked, "Do you like lobstering?"

"Well, it's better than working on the pounds."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT'S A STORM TO A LOBSTER?
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She was watching him quizzically. "Is that all you want to do?"

"No-o. Well, no! I'll get another sea skiff, and if the price of lobsters stays up—why, then, some day, I can make a down payment on a decked cruiser. You take out fishing parties—thirty, forty dollars a day. A stout little boat, to sleep six or eight. Bronze and plate glass and mahogany. Self-bailer and lots of engine into her. Take her anywhere."

"Oh, Joey!" For just that moment Inga's blue eyes mirrored the ardency of a boy's dreaming. "Some day—" She caught herself sharply, steadied herself. "You'll have one—some day," she said quietly.

He nodded. "I got lots of time ahead."

The lobster was sizzling by the fire, fat and succulent from the sea, its meat cooked to a snowy tenderness. Joey wrenched off a big claw, cracked it, and gave it to Inga. A couple of lusty young seafarers and one eight-pound lobster. There was nothing left when they finished but a vacant pink shell.

Joey replenished the fire and rubbed his fingers with sand. "I'll tell you what," he announced. "I know a man with an auxiliary sloop who has to go down around the capes. If I ask him he'll drop you at Norfolk."

She looked at him, and looked away. "Where do you live?" she asked presently.

"What?"

"Have you got anybody?"

"There's nobody but me. I've got a little bungalow—a kind of a little shack on the other side of the bay."

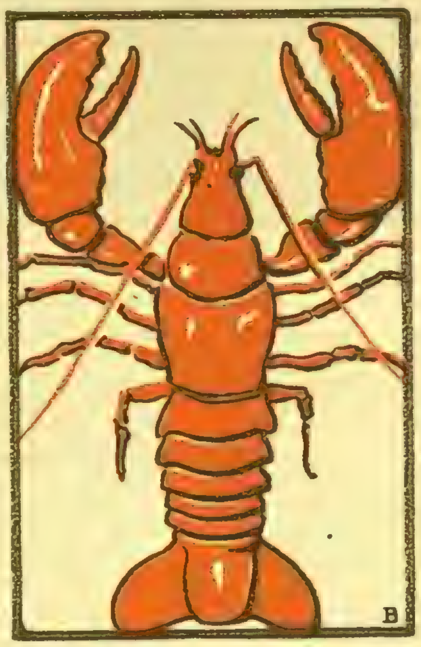
"I don't want to go to any Norfolk," she said.

He gave her a puzzled look. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know." She drew a long breath. "I can cook," she said, "or handle a boat, or dig clams, or—anything to help."

Joey just stared at her.

"I wouldn't bother you, or be any expense." One side of her crimson mouth was faintly smiling. "I'd be a goot gal, if you wanted me to be."



Joey Shafto's bronzed lean face had a stilled, almost frightened look as the dark color slowly surged. "Why," he managed to get out, "I—" And that was all he could think of to say.

"Me—I haven't got anybody either," she said.

It was a queer thing to see Joey Shafto in distress. He was so big and capable, so used to meeting things straight out.

"I guess you're just fooling," he said.

"Sometimes I don't fool," she told him. "Sometimes I'm not as wise-cracking as I sound."

"You don't mean—" Joey didn't seem to have enough breath in his lungs to finish his sentences.

"I meant it. But I don't any more. That's out." She lifted her eyes, clear and unashamed. "Well, I guess your neighbors are going to have a dull time of it."

"Neighbors?" he echoed. He scowled at her for an instant. Then he hauled his boots back on. Then he got up and walked away into the darkness.

INGA sat by the fire, a little forlorn-looking in her rag of a dress; not turning her head to see where Joey was going; just watching the rain slashing across the fire. She didn't look up, even when he came back.

"Neighbors!" said Joey in hot contempt. "To hell with the neighbors!"

"It's all right," she said. "Nothing to get upset about."

"You think I care what my neighbors say about me? I was just thinking about you. You're too—too— You're so—so fine and sweet!"

Inga let two handfuls of sand drain out of her fingers. "Joey!" she gasped. "I didn't hear you the first time! Please say that one again."

"I'll tell you something!" said Joey. "Anybody who comes to live with me is going to be married to me."

It was Inga's turn to look stricken and afraid.

"You're not asking—" Her voice broke with a strangled little sound. It would have taken a smarter man than Joey Shafto to tell whether she was laughing or crying.

He got down in the sand and found her hands, and they clung to him. "I'm nobody," he said, "and I haven't got anything. And I guess you think I've got a lot of nerve, saying anything about getting married to *you.*"

"Oh, sure!" she said. "A girl like me. With men after her including the police. It would take a lot of nerve for anybody to want to bring me in out of the wet!"

Even Joey Shafto knew now that she wasn't laughing. She was crying. And he had his arms around her then. She was no small morsel of a woman; but the way she let herself go, soft and quivering, as she held to him, made him feel colossal—colossal in his strength to hold and comfort her and in his capacity for pride and happiness.

"Inga!" His cheek was against hers, firm and warm in the damp chilliness of the night. "Tomorrow we'll go before the recorder, just the two of us—"

SOMEBODY was coming up behind them across the dunes. Joey dropped away. He could have smacked Hobe Wilkerson on the nose for finishing up his patrol so punctually.

"Well, I'm on my way back to the station," declared Wilkerson. "Miss— What did you say your name was?"

"On your way, snoop!" said Joey.

The surfman didn't seem to know that Joey Shafto was anywhere around. "The cap'n'll want to see you," he told Inga. "We got to report people wrecked on our beach."

He reached forward a ponderous hand to help the girl to her feet. "Come on!"

Joey Shafto reared up from the sand. He knocked the thick arm aside and then shouldered the man rearward almost hard enough to take him out of his sea boats. "On your way!" he said.

Wilkerson didn't say a word. He just ripped out of his cumbersome oilskins, and stood there in the wet—about two hundred bulging pounds of him. A government pistol was strapped to his hip, and he was all of the law there was along the miles of desolate beaches. "All right, Shafto," he said; "you get what you ask for."

And what nearly happened then could have turned into an epic of the New Jersey seacoast. Because Joey Shafto at that moment wasn't taking anything from anybody, up to and including the armed forces of the United States of America.

If it hadn't been for Inga. . . .

She was on her feet in one lithe movement. She planted her left elbow in Hobe Wilkerson's stomach, and swept her right forearm across Joey Shafto's brawny throat—a spacious, muscular gesture that sent a couple of big men reeling back on their clumping heels.

Her fingers slid down to Joey's wrist as he strained forward to evade her. "Please, Joey!" she whispered, and gripped him tight. Wilkerson was fondling his stomach; he said nothing more about taking Inga to the station with him.

His eyes had grown narrower and shrewder. "I was just talking to Wally Kewper from down at a Hundred an' Thirteen," said Wilkerson. "He says they had a phone call from High Point, other side of the inlet. There's a big barge battering herself to pieces on the bar."

"All right," said Joey.

"The High Point crew's waitin' for a little slatch in the surf, an' then they're going to try to stick a boat out."

"You boys always wait for a little slatch," said Joey.

"But—" Inga was suddenly excited. "You say they're going to— But they mustn't! Telephone! Tell them not to put out their boat!"

"They've got to see if there's nobody aboard the barge," said the surfman.

"There isn't—" Inga stopped short.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

One of the young men I talked with was a tennis champion. He said: "My ideal girl will be a good sport about everything she does. But she'll be feminine, too—a dream in an evening dress. Above all, she'll be *natural.*"

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WHAT'S A STORM TO A LOBSTER?
Continued from page fourteen

"How do you know there ain't?" asked the surfman.

"Because I was—"

"Wait a minute!" Joey tried to head her off.

"I was on that barge myself!" Inga flung out. "And there's nobody else aboard!"

Joey almost groaned.

"He was tricking you! Don't you know nobody's going to try to stick out a surfboat in a sea like this?"

"I just wanted to find out about her," grinned Wilkerson. "You got her off a barge, huh?"

"If I did, then what? Listen, Hobe!" Joey took a step forward. "If anybody shoots off their mouth about this girl I'm coming to you first. And then there's going to be a new rookie at Number Three oar!"

"You don't say so!" Wilkerson shrugged himself into his stiff oilskins and fastened the snappers. "Well, I'll be seein' you." He waved a derisive hand and slouched away into the darkness.

Inga stood aghast. "Now I've done it."

"It's all right," Joey reassured her.

"But they'll know about me. And when they see the papers from New York, they can put two and two together—"

"All right!" Joey fastened the strings of his sou'wester. "I'm goin' to work down along the bay front until I find a skiff tied up somewhere. Then we'll pull across to the mainland. And first thing in the morning you and I'll get married. Then, if anybody wants anything from Mrs. Joey Shafto, I'm the one they got to see."

Inga's hands closed on either side of his face, her fingers in the crisp hair at his temples. Looking at him, her eyes half shut, passionately absorbed, as though there were something that had to be learned by heart, and never forgotten.

"It's funny," said Joey, "how I could go crazy over somebody in just one hour!"

"It's not so funny," said Inga. "I always knew it would come to me that way—all at once, hard and sudden as—as ships head on in a storm."

She slipped into his arms and kissed him, wild and uncontrolled for a minute. Then she broke away and stepped backward, the rain beating her lifted face.

"Go find a boat!" she gasped. "Joey, please go!"

It was nearly daylight when he came back across the dunes. The roar of the sea, the hiss of the rain down the shore—nothing was different. Yet everything was different. There was no fire. No Inga. There was nothing but a strip of paper spiked to a charred log, so wet it was a wonder he could make out the penciled writing. And it didn't say much when he read it. Only:

Joey Shafto, on the beach—

JOEY: Hobe Wilkerson lent me the pencil and paper and he's driving me up to where I can get a train.

We'd have been crazy, wouldn't we? INGA.

Joey crumpled up the paper and threw it away. Then he started to walk northward in the dirty gray dawn. . . .

FLOTSAM. Drift washed up from far, mysterious shores. One tide brings it in and the next tide takes it out. Things are like that. The best way is to work and try not to think about it.

Work. They pile it on the boys at the fish pounds. Heavy ropes and blocks and wet clothes and slimy baskets of fish, unwieldy open boats, acres of tarred nets to pull at with torn finger nails, out at sea. Any kind of weather they go out to the pockets twice a day, no matter what.

The boys have this much to be grateful for—they sleep well. Anyhow, most of them do. On the other hand, take Joey Shafto; he didn't seem to need much sleep. Work? He tore into it like a horse mackerel. A surly boatmate who, likely as not, would half kill anybody who didn't leave him alone. Half the nights he prowled the beaches. Afternoons, when he could have been [illegible]hing up on his sleep, he'd probably be sitting alone on the Barnegat wharf, staring out to sea.

Like today. The sun was on the water and the inlet buoys were bobbing in the lovely chop outside. Herring gulls and terns were up aloft, stunting in the wind. Now and then a little boat would come glistening past, heading bravely to sea, nodding to other little boats coming in.

One was feeling her way through now, hunting for the bay. Plate glass and mahogany and a shining deck rail. Joey had a bowing acquaintance with every fine cruiser on Barnegat. This one was a stranger. But whoever she was, she knew how to read the marker buoys. She took the dangerous turn below the lighthouse, bold as her own glinting brasswork. A blue-and-red silk burgee broke out gayly from the after stick. Joey watched her sourly for a minute, and then turned back to his somber inspection of the horizon.

HE didn't know that the newcomer had swung in for the wharf until he heard the slap of water across the knife-edged cutwater. Even then he wouldn't look around.

Somebody called to him. A woman's voice. "Can you tell me, please—"

The voice stopped; so did Joey Shafto's heartbeats. He took a long stride across the wharf. The woman stood at the helm of the cruiser. Juno in seagoing blue. A sailor's blouse with the sleeves rolled up; bare white throat; bare head and fine gold hair gone crazy in the wind; eyes filled with laughter and sunlight.

"Joey!" she cried. "*Joey!*"

Yes, it was Inga—Inga with her impudent red mouth and the little alien ghost in her speech and her voice choked up. Joey just stood and looked at her.

She brought the boat around—easy on, right up to the dock. "Hey, you—take her up! Don't just stand there!"

It was Joey's nautical reactions, not Joey himself, that caught the line and took a couple of turns around one of the wharf cleats. Then Inga landed ashore in one leap. She started forward, and halted.

"What's the matter, Joey?"

"Nothing," he said.

"How do you like the boat?"

"She's all right."

"She's as fine a little cruiser as you ever saw."

"I've seen better ones," said Joey.

"Oh, yes?" Inga's eyes clouded up. "I get you! You don't like the boat and you don't like me. You just don't like anything, do you?"

"I like plenty of things," he said.

"Look here, Joey Shafto!" she said hotly. "Why wouldn't I blow out on you that night? You wanting to stand up and battle the coast guard and the police and the whole darned universe! And for what? So they'd bust you wide open. A nice gal I'd have been to let you in for that! A sweet kind of a wife! But not this baby. This one comes clean, or she don't come!"

Joey wouldn't look at Inga at all.

"I went back to New York," she said, "because I'm never going to run away from anything ever again. And what do you think? This turtle I knocked off the deck—he wasn't—he didn't— He grabbed a log or something, and floated downriver, and was picked up!"

Joey just blinked at her.

"A story had got around," said Inga, "about a chorus jane and a rich yachtsman who got pushed off his own yacht. And he was scared, what I mean. Scared the newspaper boys would get to the girl before he did. You can better believe this snake didn't lose any time looking me up."

Joey scowled menacingly down the companionway of the cruiser, but he didn't see any snake.

"He found me," said Inga, "and he said, 'I got five thousand dollars, sweetheart, if you get out of town and stay the hell out.' And I said, 'Do you think I'd touch your dirty money, but what about that little gas cruiser of yours?' And he said, 'She cost twenty thousand, but she's depreciated to ten and I'm sick of the sight of her another five thousand dollars' worth.' And—"

Inga waved a casual hand. "There she is, Joey. I owe you a boat."

Joey went crimson to the ears. "You go back and tell your friend I take no boat from him."

"But, Joey—please—it's not from—it's from me!"

"Nor from any woman, either," he said. "I don't get my boats that way."

"Right!" Her lips stiffened. She turned and cast off the cruiser's mooring line. She jumped aboard, her chin high, her head lifted. She gripped the wheel and let in the clutch. She gave the spokes a slight turn to wear her off the wharf.

In another minute the open blue water would have widened between Joey Shafto and Inga Pedersen as unbridgable and heartbreakingly wide as are the wastes of sea between Barnegat and Lofoten.

"INGA!" cried Joey. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to pile her up on the bar," she answered. "Just for fun."

It was a long jump, but Joey made it. He flung himself over the rail and shoved Inga away from the wheel.

"You idiot!" he said. "You'd drown yourself!"

"All right," she said.

He held the spokes. And a navigator like Joey Shafto only had to feel her pulse. He knew a boat when he felt her! She answered him, and he responded.

Inga was standing by. He glanced at her, shamefaced.

"I been acting like a big baby," he said.

She gazed off to sea and smiled.

"If anybody— If I had her," said Joey, "I could clean up with this boat. She's the best little boat I ever saw. In one season I'd make enough—" He expanded his lungs with the good sea air. "Why, I could make enough with her to buy her! I'd pay this snake off—I'll pay him every cent she's worth—"

"Where do you get that 'I' stuff?" asked Inga.

Joey looked into her eyes. And then he let go of the wheel. First time in his life he ever lost his head in a bad seaway. But he had to have both of his arms for Inga. It was lucky she was a navigator too. Not too cool, but cool enough to grab the wheel and veer them off the dangerous sand bank.

"Inga!" Joey wasn't making it any easier to steer. "Would you—you still would—"

The helmswoman brought her around into the channel. "Would I what?"

"Stay here?" pleaded Joey. "Stay with me?"

"Me—I stay with the ship," said Inga.

THE END

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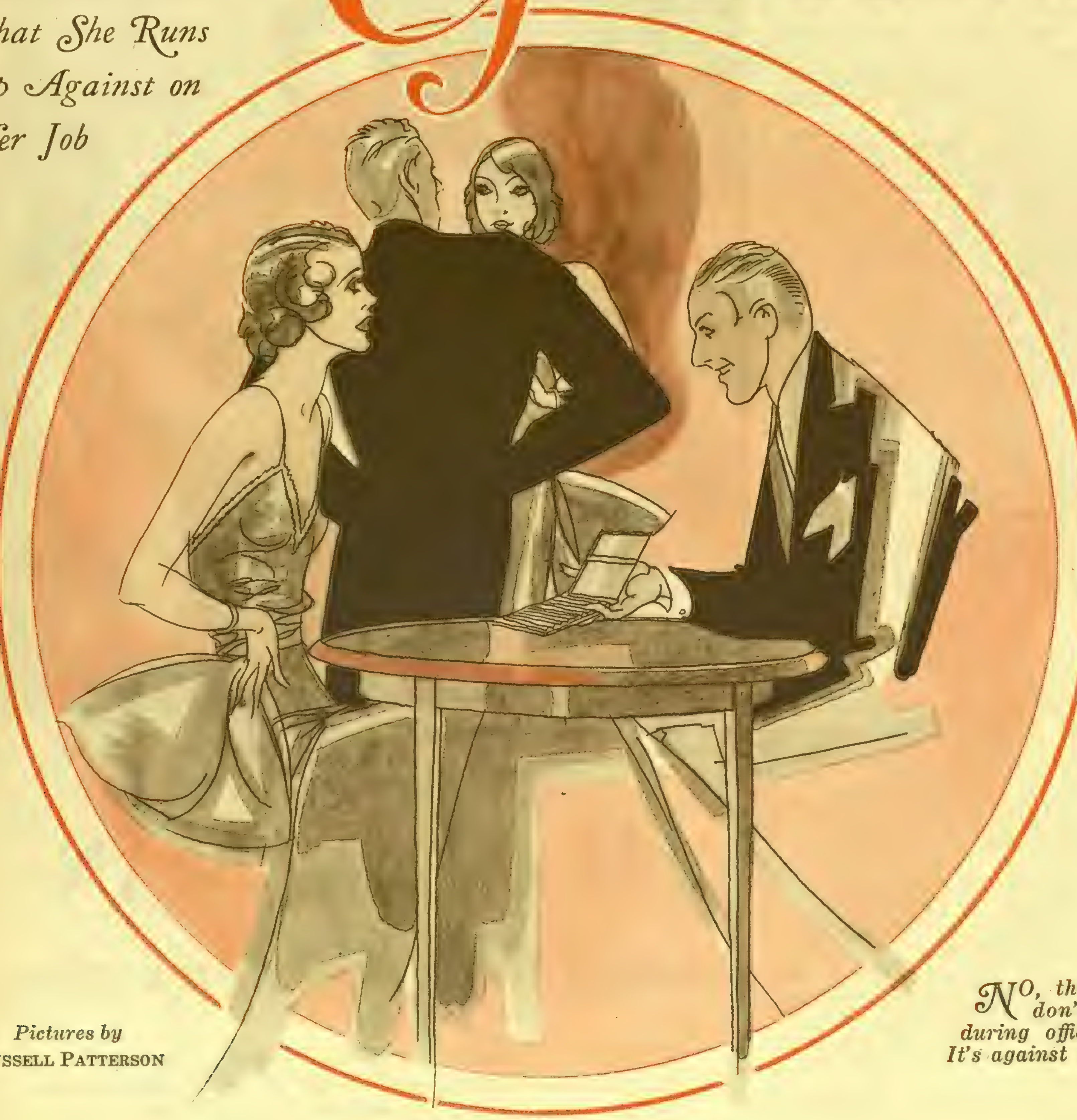
GIRLS

A Dance Hostess's Impressions of Other Women's Husbands and What She Runs Up Against on Her Job



NO, thanks—we don't smoke during office hours. It's against the rules.

Pictures by
RUSSELL PATTERSON

As Told to FORREST WILSON

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

Ten cents a dance—
That's what they pay me.
Gosh, how they weigh me down! . . .

PATHETIC, isn't it? Don't you feel sorry for us—poor little ballroom hostesses? You must have seen the movie they made about us. It was full of sobs. Just girls for hire—that's what we are: flotsam and jetsam on the tide of Broadway, toys for any man who has the price of a ticket.

As a matter of fact, we don't even get ten cents a dance. The song gives us too good a break, that way. We dance three dances for a quarter. The extra dime goes to the house. Isn't it awful? And we get *so* tired. Imagine, two to six, afternoons, and nine to one at night! That's eight hours. Of course, we don't have to come in the afternoon—that's optional with us—but at three dances for a quarter I can understand your imagining how hunger must drive us waifs into the ballrooms when we might be shopping or going to the pictures.

Anyhow, I'm going to take a vacation this summer—my first one since I've been a ten-cents-a-dance girl. I have to take it at my own expense, of course. We're not paid salaries—it's only what we make from the customers. If we get sick and miss a day, it's just too bad. We have to buy our own dresses, too. Nice ones, naturally—you can't look tacky in this business. And what

in the MONEY

eight hours of dancing can do to a pair of stockings!

But, as I was telling you, I'm going to have a real vacation for once. I've managed to pinch and scrape together a few pitiful dollars. I didn't get what you said—that amplifier was going so loud. Oh, you know some place in Connecticut where it's cheap? Well, thank you for telling me about it, but I'd already decided. Yes, I'm going to Europe—with my mother and sister. Well, perhaps not exactly Europe—but Paris, and maybe a little tour of the Riviera. I can't afford too much. You know what New York apartment rents are—and I'm putting my little sister through school. . . .

How much do I make—for heaven's sake? Well, nothing for heaven's sake, but for my own and my mother's and sister's—oh, it's quite a story. Do you really want to know? Well, if you'll dry those tears of sympathy for us dime-a-dance girls, I'll sit down with you somewhere. You don't mind the two-eighty, do you? That's what we charge by the hour for sitting out dances. Eighty cents goes to the house. Some men object. But it's only business, isn't it?

Why, yes, this table's all right. No, thanks—we don't smoke during office hours. It's against the rules. Oh, I couldn't—just order me a grapefruit. No, please don't insist; we're not allowed to drink anything alcoholic. I'd draw a two weeks' suspension if I took one drink; and terrible as this job is supposed to be, I cling to it.

NOW what were we talking about? Oh, yes, how much I make. Did you read about the survey of Broadway working girls that Herald Square department store made? Well, that would have given you an idea. They found that in money earning we dance-hall hostesses were so far ahead of the others there was no comparison. Next after us, but a long way behind, came show girls; then chorus girls, then stenographers, and down near the end of the list the girls behind the department store's own counters. And that store prides itself, too, on the number of college girls working there.

For that matter, we could brag about the college girls in here, too. We've got about seventy-five hostesses here, and I guess as many as forty have at least attended college. I went two years to Southern Cal myself. I'm from Los Angeles. One of the girls in here is a graduate of Radcliffe, another graduated from the University of Arizona, and another from Oglethorpe. Those are just ones I happen to know about. But we're all pretty well educated. They won't take in any other kind.

But you wanted to know how much I make. Well, this isn't a fair week to judge by. The railway men have been here this week, and that is always good luck for the girls in our outfit. You see, twice a year all the big railway equipment men get together in New York for a conference. They always throw a big dinner during the week as part of the program, and that's where we come in, for they send over here for dance hostesses. This time—it was Wednesday night—Mr. Manager sent fifty of us over. We had a wonderful dinner, and afterward we danced with anybody who wanted to dance, and we were all back here on the job at eleven o'clock. And each one of us had an extra hundred dollars in her purse. That's what they always pay us, and they come twice a year.

So this week I'll make about a hundred and ninety dollars. Ordinary weeks, however, I don't often drop below sixty-five or seventy dollars and I don't often go above

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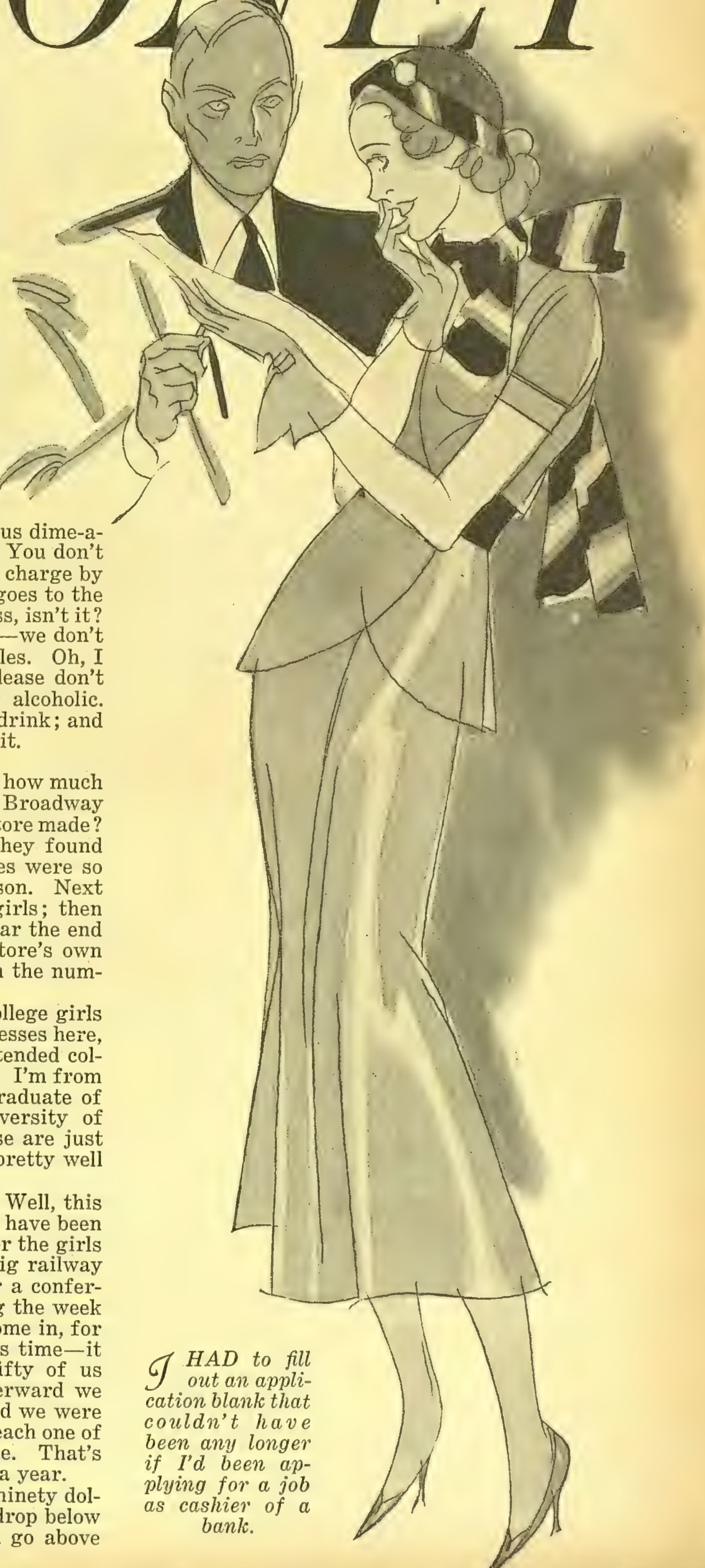
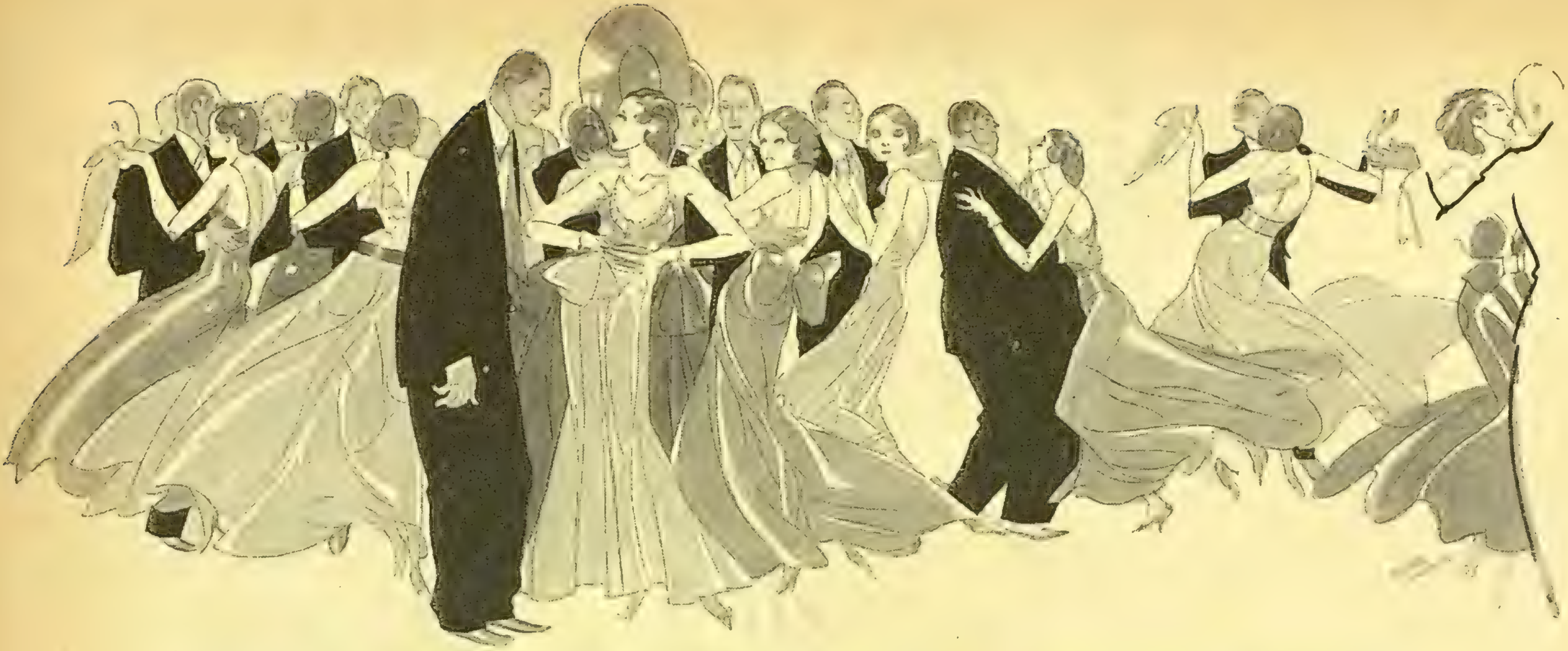


I HAD to fill out an application blank that couldn't have been any longer if I'd been applying for a job as cashier of a bank.



At that she got mad. "I dance for my living," she told him, "but I don't do anything else."

GIRLS IN THE MONEY
Continued from page nineteen

a hundred. But remember, this is during a financial depression—and dancing is one of the luxuries people can give up in hard times. Before the stock crash, I used to make as much as I do now, and I was a new girl then. If I'd had the clientele then that I have now, I'd have averaged a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Some of the girls used to do better than that. In here, right now, the girls are averaging from sixty to a hundred a week, depending on how long they've been in the work.

Do I get all that from ten cents a dance? Mercy, no. It's the tips that bring it up. If a girl had every minute of her time occupied eight hours a day, six days a week, she could make about a hundred a week; but, of course, nobody does that, not even the girls with the longest lists of personal customers. You see, the longer you work as a hostess the more men you get to know who ask for you every time they come to dance. That's the important thing—your acquaintance list. It explains the small turnover—isn't that what they call it?—among professional ballroom hostesses. When a girl is lucky enough to be taken in here, she usually stays right on.

Age limits? Well, I don't know that they've got any, really. I guess the management wouldn't hire a girl under seventeen or eighteen years of age. We haven't any hostesses here who are more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. By that time, I suppose, most girls get married, and their husbands won't let them be hostesses any more. Most of us in here are from twenty-two to twenty-five, and the average girl has been here two years.

DO we get many chances to marry? Do we? I've been here three years, and in that time I guess I've had a hundred and fifty proposals. And about three times that many propositions—three a week, say. A good many of the girls at our place have married men they met for the first time on the floor. Some have made wonderful marriages. One of our girls married a paper magnate worth I don't know how many millions. She was studying at Columbia and working as hostess here evenings. Another married one of the junior partners of a great international banking firm. Another married into the ownership of one of the big Fifth Avenue department stores.

And you never hear of the dozens of marriages of ballroom hostesses to men they meet professionally, because these men are not prominent enough in business to draw headlines. But they occur all the time. Some turn out well and some badly—in about the usual proportions everywhere.

But I was telling you about tips. I suppose you make from forty to fifty dollars a week from the actual dancing or sitting out dances. The difference between that and what you get represents tips. Of course we accept them —it's part of the business. Nearly every man tips you when he monopolizes any great amount of your time during an evening. Even in these times five- to ten-dollar tips are not rare. When everybody had money, I've seen tips of fifty dollars passed to dancing hostesses. There used to be big weeks in New York, when there were conventions here, when some of the best girls would make three or four hundred dollars in six days.

But please remember, I'm talking now of hostesses in the high-class ballrooms where the girls are protected, only nice people get in, and introductions are the rule. There are dozens of dance halls in New York and thousands of hostesses, but only a few of the houses are in the same class with this one. From this they range on down the scale until they are practically mere dives of the worst character. That kind, however, are not usually in the sections of New York that the ordinary visitor gets to.

THE great majority are the taxi-dance halls, and they're bad enough from the hostess' standpoint. I know, because I tried them—once. You see, here and in such superior places, we don't regard ourselves as taxi dancers. There's a difference in the way the two sorts of places are run. Here the majority of the customers are couples who come in to dance together, and the hostesses and hosts are provided only for men or women who come alone.

Oh, yes, we have hosts, too—only a few of them, though. They're nice boys, not really gigolos. Most of them have regular jobs during the day, and they come in here at night to make a little extra. Naturally, there isn't much call for them. So they don't make nearly as much money as we hostesses do—not more than a quarter as much.

But, I was telling you, I took a job as a taxi dancer not long after I came to New York. Have I mentioned that I'm studying voice? Yes, I hope to get into show business after a while; but it will have to be a good job—nothing in the ensemble. Every now and then some girl here will quit to take a job in the chorus; but after a while she's back, saying, "Never again!" She isn't always paid for rehearsals in show business, she gets fifty a week salary, and even musical shows do fold up occasionally after a few days or weeks. Here, after she's established, she gets her seventy-five a week as regularly as if it were a fixed income, and she can work fifty-two weeks a year if she wants to.

I won't bother you with how I got with the wrong voice teacher at first and lost a year of time. The main thing is that after a while my money began to get low. I heard about the money a hostess could make. I was a good dancer and not too hard to look at, so I decided to try it. I didn't know one place from another then, but I guess I struck a pretty tough one. The manager hired me like that, without even asking me a question.

Well, I lasted two days. Or almost two days, for I walked out on it the middle of the second evening. It was simply terrible. It wasn't only because of the customers, either, though they let in anybody. Here, the admission charge keeps out the worst element, and we have a well oiled system for getting rid of undesirable customers who manage to get past the ticket takers on the stairs. No bouncing or rough stuff or anything like that. The obnoxious person is merely escorted down to the door, paid back his admission, and told "good-by and don't come back."

In this taxi place, though, they admitted every Tom, Dick, and Harry that wanted to come in—pickpockets and gangsters, I suppose, and worse than that. Anyhow, I had to listen to some pretty hard talk for any girl to hear, wherever she comes from. I could have stood that, I think, for the sake of the money, for you made plenty. This place didn't admit couples, but only men, so you were busy all the time. The place gypped the customers on the length of the dances—you got just about a chorus, and then they were clearing the floor for a new dance. So you could earn a lot of dimes in the course of an hour. And then they ran on until all hours of the night, too. Oh, the money part's all right in the taxi halls, even if the tips don't amount to so much.

BUT it was the system that sank me. You had to solicit your own business on the floor—among such customers!—and collect for it afterward. And if you didn't collect, you were just out of luck, for you were only paid on the tickets you turned in. It was awful. But the worst feature of all was the other hostesses. They were the hardest-boiled bunch of girls I ever got thrown in with—and some of them only fifteen and sixteen years old! The whole combination was too much for me.

It's a funny thing to me that the reformers and vice crusaders can't seem to see any distinction between the ordinary cheap taxi-dance hall and the high-class public ballroom. We're always open to investigation here, and Mr. Manager even goes and makes addresses on the dance-hall evil—if it is an evil—before anti-vice societies and so on; but somehow they never can quite believe their eyes and ears. They've even sent detectives here to try to chisel out evidence against us.

I remember one night about a year ago a well dressed man came in, engaged one of the girls to dance, and right away began to proposition her. She told him politely that he'd made a mistake about the kind of girl she was, but he kept right on raising the ante until finally he offered her five hundred dollars to go to a hotel with him. At that she got mad. "I dance for my living," she told him, "but I don't do anything else." There was quite a little scene over it, and scenes are against the rules in here. But this girl was one of our best hostesses, and so the management didn't jump at any rash conclusions. Instead, they investigated the man in the case and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GIRLS IN THE MONEY
Continued from page twenty-one

found he was a detective, working for a welfare committee. He was deliberately trying to corrupt this girl for the sake of getting evidence against the ballroom. I call that pretty low.

I don't claim we're a bunch of paragons in here, but I'll bet our morality curve is as high as that of any group of seventy-five girls you can find working in any other business, no matter what it is. You ought to see the examination we undergo before we can get in here at all. Naturally, when I left the taxi-dance hall, I was pretty discouraged, for I simply had to get something to do or else give up the idea of a career. Then I heard about these better-class ballrooms, and I applied here for a place on the hostess staff.

Well, there was all the difference in the world. They sent me to the manager and he began by asking me all sorts of questions, even about current news events and what books I'd read. Imagine! Then they tested me for my dancing, and after that I had to fill out an application blank that couldn't have been any longer if I'd been applying for a job as cashier of a bank. I had to tell all about myself—my age, my health, my ambitions—and give references as to my education and moral character. There was no apple sauce about it, either. I didn't get my job until two weeks later. Most of my references were in Los Angeles, and the management waited until they heard from them.

After I'd been in here a while I discovered why they put such a premium on a girl's general information. To be a successful ballroom hostess, a girl has to have three qualifications—good looks, dancing ability, and intelligence. It may surprise you to learn that intelligence rates first, beauty second, and ability to dance last. I'll tell you why.

The customers come in three general classes, too—the young, middle-aged, and old. By far the largest class are what I call the middle-aged men, from thirty-five to fifty. They're the ones who want brains in a girl. They are mostly business men on business trips to New York, avoiding a lonesome evening by going to a ballroom instead of the theater. They don't want to dance all the time; but when they are not dancing, they like to talk, and it is up to the hostess to keep the conversation going, so that the evening won't become dumb.

That's why you have to know what's going on in the world. You can talk about almost any subject except business. These men come to try to forget business, and a good hostess will help them do it. Sometimes you get men who are not good talkers—embarrassed or something. I've had to fish sometimes for half an hour before I could find a subject that would make the customer open up. Another thing, we never wisecrack. Most men who come here would be uncomfortable trying to keep up with a wisecracking partner.

It's the older ones—men from fifty to sixty, say—who demand IT in a dancing partner. They like to be seen with a pretty girl in a crowded, exciting place like this, full of well dressed people, and they don't care so much about conversation. They're the next most important class in point of numbers, and they're the ones, too, who give the biggest tips.

As a rule, it's only boys who ask first for the good dancers. But most young men who come here live in New York and bring their partners with them. So they don't count so much, professionally.

FORREST WILSON

who wrote this article, is an Ohioan by birth and a newspaper man by early training, but he now writes plays, fiction, and articles, making his home in New York and Paris. He is the author of several books.

OF course, we don't always talk current events with the tired business man. A good many of them try to make love to you, though usually in a perfectly nice way. The hostess who is flirtatious and encourages love-making doesn't last very long in here. I've seen girls come in who seemed to have every qualification to make good. Then I've noticed how they danced and talked with men; and after a while they have disappeared, and I've drawn my own conclusions. The correct policy for the hostess is to laugh off the love-making and still keep on friendly terms with the customer.

It's funny how jealous men will sometimes get over a ballroom hostess that they're meeting for the first time. They try to date you up after the dancing, and if you hold back, they assume right away that you're going out with your sweetheart, and they get frightfully jealous about it. Or at least they pretend to. My technique is to let them think so, if they jump to that conclusion. Most of us hostesses are studying something or other or working during the day; and if we danced until one o'clock and then spent the rest of the evening in the night clubs, we wouldn't be good for much else.

Several of my customers think I have a boy friend, but really I haven't at all.

And male pride! That's another thing we have to deal with—the hardest of all for me. When you've been talking and dancing with some nice man and having a really interesting time, it's hard to tell him his hour is up and that he must pay for another if he wants to retain you. Old customers don't mind, but the new ones take it hard. They think it's cold-blooded of us. It's their idea that their own company ought to be payment enough for a girl. Then I have to explain that being a hostess is my profession. They might be buddies with their lawyers or doctors, but they wouldn't expect free consultations on that account. They usually see the point, but they don't like it.

Oh, it's a great place for observing human nature. Most of the customers who ask for hostesses are married men. Some of them tell you they are, and some don't. Often you can spot the latter by the way they act. You can fairly see that they're regarding themselves as perfect devils, and they have as much fun as kids playing hooky from school. But they're safe enough with us—if wives only knew it. It's our business to keep them from becoming too much in earnest. You don't often hear of any divorce scandal involving a ballroom hostess.

MISUNDERSTOOD husbands? Oh, yes, we get our quota. They like to tell us their troubles? That makes me think of something. A man came in one evening, and the chief hostess introduced him to me. He said, the first thing: " I'm married, but my wife understands me, and we have two children. Now let's have a nice evening." I got to be good friends with him. One time, when he came to New York, he brought his wife to meet me, and she was perfectly darling. I had a nice time taking her shopping while she was here.

Bad experiences? Oh, I haven't had many. Yes, of course, men try to make us. Why shouldn't they, and what of it? We're not dumb-bells. We know the reputation dance-hall hostesses have with the public generally. For the sake of the money and opportunity this profession gives us, we're willing to accept that reputation. As long as our consciences are clear, it's all right, isn't it? That's the modern attitude.

When some man from Kansas City or Omaha who's never been in a public ballroom in his life, comes in here, naturally he's going to assume that he can pick up any hostess he likes for money.

We have a regular system worked out for dealing with that. They train us how. Yes, we have a sort of school here. I told you this was a profession. We have our regular hostess meetings. Each girl brings a written report of any unusual experience that's happened to her since the last meeting. Then we discuss our problems with Mr. Manager and the chief hostess and decide what is correct to do if that situation ever arises again. In that way we work out our technique, and you can imagine that after all this time we've got it down pretty fine.

The stranger who comes in under a misapprehension is the oldest problem of all, and we have a standard way of handling it. We're all modern, broad-minded girls in here who know the facts of life and all that. So when some new customer makes what used to be called an in-decent proposal, we don't faint or scream or call the police. We don't even get mad at him, for we know his mistake is natural.

Instead, we sit down with him somewhere and explain what type of girls we have here—how we act solely as professional dancing partners—and make ourselves as pleasant and friendly as we can while doing it. Nine times out of ten he likes us all the better for it and becomes a better customer.

In fact, some of these men later have married the very girls they propositioned in the first place.

If a girl has much trouble of that sort with men, it's usually her own fault. She lacks tact or diplomacy or something.

IT takes a special type of girl to make a good hostess. You seldom see any New York girls or even girls from the East in the profession. They're too aloof and clannish. We're nearly all either from the South or from west of Chicago—country where the people are friendly and good mixers by nature.

Do I like it? I love it. The lights, the music, the excitement of meeting new people—it would take a pretty good job to get me away from it. But now my time's up and I'll have to go. Someone may be waiting for me. Business is business—and, you know, I have to keep thinking of that trip to Europe. Don't mention it—it's been a pleasure. I hope you will come and see us again some time. Good-by.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—What Wisconsin city has the name of an outdoor game?
2—From what source is castor oil obtained?
3—What is the capital of Korea?
4—What does finical mean?
5—Who was Ceres?
6—Who was the first Democratic President of the United States?
7—What is a flexure?
8—Who was the organizer and first commander of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War?
9—What is a *particeps criminis?*
10—Who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage?
11—What is alluvial soil?
12—Who was Solon?
13—What are steppes?
14—What is the warp in weaving?
15—What is an eleemosynary institution?
16—Which is greater in area, New York or Florida?
17—What is a festoon?
18—What is a triad?
19—What is jetsam?
20—What is a mendicant?

swers will be found on page 30)

Know the truth
before accepting
substitutes for Kotex

Doubtful substitutes for Kotex may be health risk—you *know* Kotex is safe.

BE cautious—when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex." How do you know it's just like Kotex? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Surface resemblance does not make a pad "just like Kotex." It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of *purity,* of cleanliness.

Hospitals use Kotex

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals. Their choice should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness as well as hygienic safety.

Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding that absorbs scientifically, away from the surface. Thus, the original softness *lasts.* It is adjustable. It is treated to deodorize.

Kotex is sold at drug, dry goods and department stores, and singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

1 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
2 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
3 *The Kotex Filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
4 *Kotex is soft . . .* laminated layers absorb scientifically, away from the surface.
5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt,

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX
Sanitary Napkins

Vengeance

A Dramatic Tale of the Jungle and an Atonement in Blood

By WINSTON W. EHRGOTT

Picture by
ALBIN HENNING

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At twenty-nine Mr. Ehrgott has behind him enough adventures to fill an ordinary lifetime. Born in Colorado, he grew up in New York City and, after three years at West Point, went with Byrd to the Arctic. While in Colombia last year on an engineering job he was fired upon by a federal patrol, which prompted him to join the revolutionists led by Cedeño. He served as captain of cavalry and had the position of adjutant general. He is now writing a book about his Colombian experiences.*

I WAS a captain of cavalry in the Venezuelan rebel army under Emilio Arevalo Cedeño, the best of the generals produced by the struggle against the tyranny of Juan Vicente Gómez. I was on my way up the Rio Meta with an escort of twelve men to see about a shipment of arms which we had been expecting.

We traveled in a *bongo* with a machine gun in the bow, and among us was my good friend Juan de Jesús Gorrin, who is corregidor of the region of Santa Elena de Upia. He is a little chap, this Gorrin, burned by the sun, fifty-one years of age, energetic and tireless as any man I have ever known. His snapping eyes are like little black beads, and his nose is sharp and bent like an eagle's beak.

He spent a year in the college at Tunja, where he acquired contempt for the ignorance of the llaneros, among whom he dwells and administers justice in the name of the Colombian Republic. Cedeño taught him some English, and he pestered the life out of me for practice in speaking it. He loves to orate, and used to recite to us from memory the choicest bits of Spanish verse.

It was hard for me to understand why a man of his ability, and he certainly has it, has stayed buried in the *sabanas*, where there is no stimulation for an active mind like his, and where his companions are usually low-caste whites, Negroes, Indians, and treacherous mixed bloods. I told him as much, but got no satisfaction from his reply; he merely said something about the fortunes and circumstances that surround one's life.

I knew the story of his son's murder by the Guahibo Indians, the worst tribe in Colombia, and knew, further, that he had sworn to kill every Guahibo that crossed his path—man, woman, or child. Sane on everything else, he was a raving maniac on the subject of Indians.

We were about two days' journey from Orocue, our destination on Colombian soil, many miles from the Venezuelan frontier, when we sighted among the trees close to the river's bank smoke from the fire of an Indian camp. We shouted the salutation used on the Meta, "*Orocue-e-e-e-hay-y-y!*"

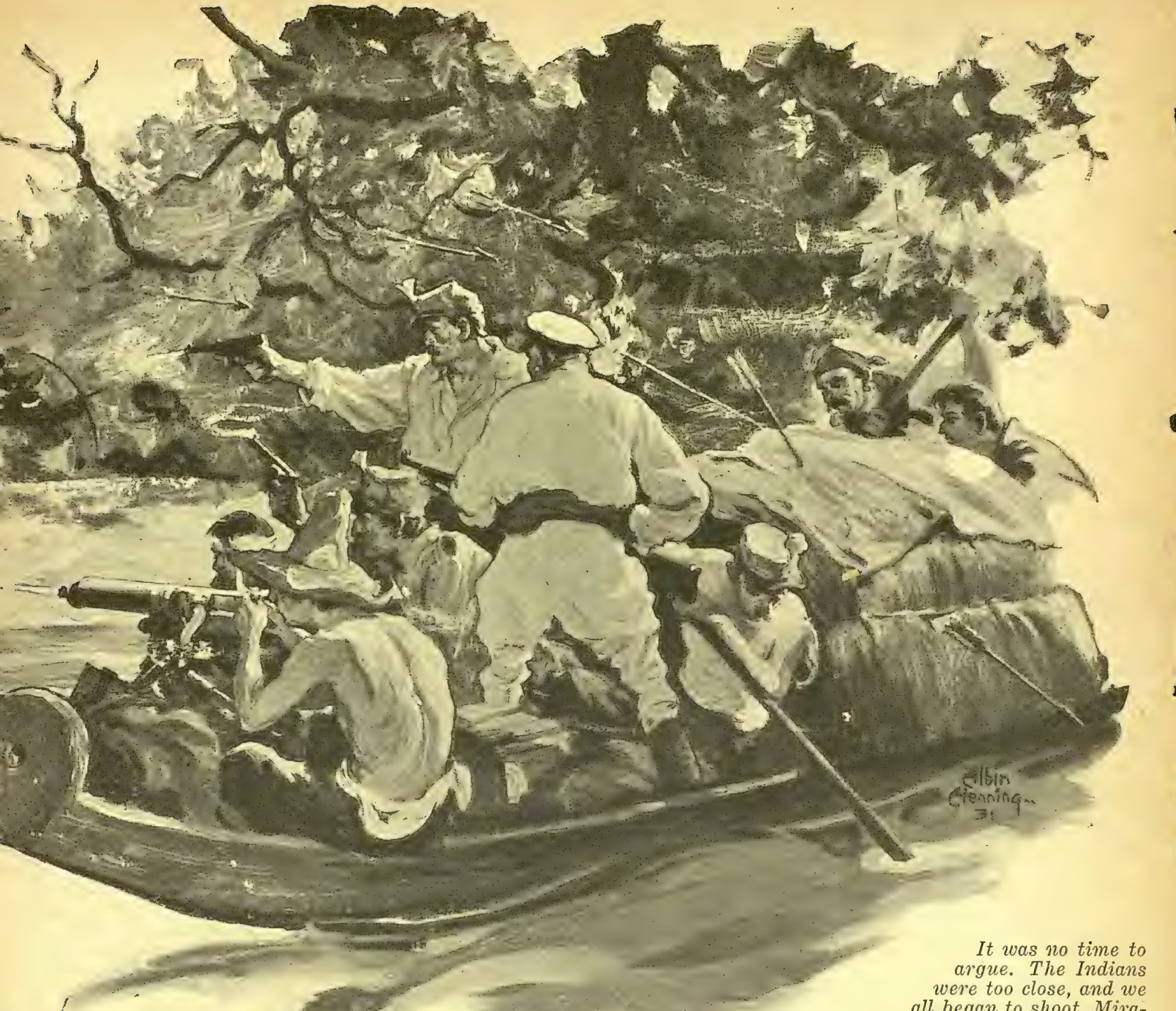
There was a howl from the woods in response to our call, and twelve naked Indians, Guahibos, emerged from the thickets and trotted across the sands to the water's edge, screeching and making the sign for trade.

Now, while these Indians are treacherous they are also the world's biggest cowards, and won't attack unless they vastly outnumber you, and not always then if you're facing them. Their way is to creep up at night on a small, sleeping camp and slice off your heads with machetes, dig you with spears, and shoot you full of poisoned arrows.

We had made good time up the river and were much ahead of our schedule, and the boys all wanted to trade. So, warning the men to keep their weapons handy and to make sure that the Indians saw that they were handy, and detailing several men to stay by the canoe and cover us with fire in case of need, I ordered the "patron" of the *bongo* to steer for shore. I suppose it was dumb of me to have taken a chance like that with this guy Gorrin aboard, but who in the world ever would have thought that he'd try to massacre an Indian camp when it was peopled by several times our number? He hadn't acted queer when we sighted them, but merely said quite calmly the word, "Guahibos."

GORRIN got out of the canoe, and I saw him look hard at a shriveled Indian with the face of a devil, who was wearing a white man's money belt around his middle. Then he walked off over the sand and entered the woods where the Guahibos had their camp. He came back in a few minutes and said that he had counted only forty-six in the woods, and that, adding the men we were bartering with, he was sure that there could not be many more than fifty-eight, anyway. I didn't get his drift until he said to me that at last he had located the man who had bumped off his son, Don Pablo. The homely guy with the belt was his man, and now was his chance to square accounts.

This news excited me a lot, because I had heard that when the Guahibos kill white men who carry guns, they also eat them. I had no intention of nourishing a stinking Guahibo on my flesh. Furthermore, we were in n position to resist an onslaught. If our man at the car used the machine gun, we would be in the line of fire. "Listen, you poor nut," said I, sore as hell. you bump this guy now, what chance do you we'll have? Even if we kill a few, how about that



It was no time to argue. The Indians were too close, and we all began to shoot. Mirabal was sitting at the machine gun, and he drove them to cover by squirting a few bursts.

in the woods? Get back to the canoe, and shut up!"

With this speech off my chest I ordered the men into the *bongo* and we shoved off. But I reckoned without Don Juan. While I was congratulating myself upon the way I had handled him, I was startled by the crack of a pistol shot next to my ear. Don Juan had yanked his gun and bumped the Indian with the belt.

It was no time to argue. The Indians were too close, and we all began to shoot. A few of the Guahibos slung arrows and lances at us, but their aim was erratic, due to their surprise. Civilized troops are the same.

Well, anyway, the Indians who were not dropped by our fire dashed for the woods, from the edge of which a lot of others were now banging away at us with bows and poisoned arrows. Mirabal was sitting at the machine gun, and he drove these men to cover by squirting a few bursts at them, but his sights were set at the wrong range, and no one was hit.

On the sand, midway between us and the woods, lay the "capitan" of the Guahibos, who had been hit in the leg. He fitted an arrow to his bow quickly, as only a Guahibo n, and let it fly at us. The arrow dropped into the noe next to Don Juan and it seemed to tickle him to th. He had it all worked out how to exterminate the nded on the sand.

Meest" said ith glee in his voice, "you take that man with the big mouth, and I will knock off the little angel with all the decorations on him!" He meant a wounded Indian who was covered with whitish scars from the bites of insects. The man was crawling toward the woods on his belly.

THE whole affair lasted only ten minutes, during which time some twenty Guahibos received free transportation to kingdom come. Then, as quickly as we could, we pumped the Indian canoes full of holes, and picking up our paddles we lit out up the river. We traveled fourteen hours without a rest—until we felt we had outdistanced all pursuit. Then we picked a place to sleep that offered no cover for any sneaking Guahibos.

I posted three men as sentinels and the rest of us lay down to sleep. That is, all but Don Juan. He went downstream a little way, and in the light of the moon and stars I could see him washing something. It was the bloody shirt they had found on his dead boy.

A little while later he came back and lay down on his blankets next to me. He thought we were all asleep and I heard him sobbing softly:

"Ah, Pablo! *Hijo mio, hijo mio! Lastima, mi corazón! Lastima! Lastima!*" ("Ah, Pablo! My son, my son! Pity, my heart! Pity!

OFF

The Story of a Young Man Who Punched His Way into Matrimony

By
Philip Drouer

who was born in New York City in 1906. He has been a taxi driver, street-car conductor, and lumberjack. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and lately has been doing graduate work in physics at City College.

Pictures by John A. Haelen

(Reading time: 16 minutes 5 seconds.)

"YOU'RE a liar," said Johnny Masters.

He closed the lavatory door and stepped back from the kick that Ed Scaluzzo aimed at his groin. He had expected that kick. Scaluzzo would want to end the fight quickly. Johnny wanted to prolong it. Scaluzzo picked up the metal container that held the used paper towels and threw it.

"No good, Ed," Johnny grinned. He caught it and placed it on the floor; there must be no clatter about this. Scaluzzo's gorillas would shoot the door in if they knew what was going on in the men's room. Scaluzzo could handle himself—Johnny knew that; but he knew that he could handle Scaluzzo and give him what was coming to him.

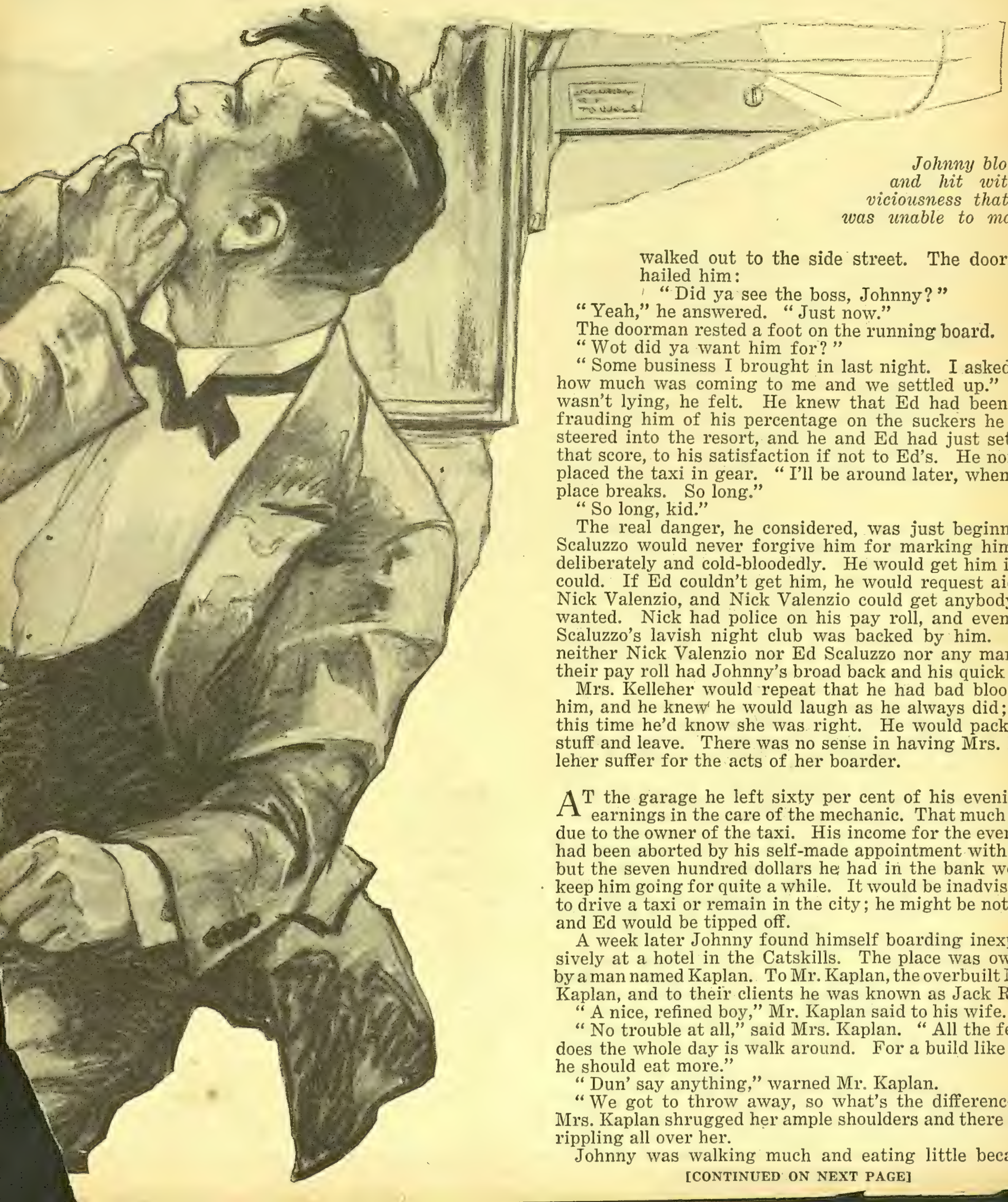
They grappled over the washbasin, and Scaluzzo's thick fingers crept toward his eyes. Johnny seized the heavy wrist and bent it back. He released his grip suddenly and caught Scaluzzo behind the ear. Ed's head bobbed against the frame of the full-length mirror and his arm flew backward as if it had been wound. Johnny's heels lifted, and his wrist jerked his fist across the bridge of Scaluzzo's nose. His right hand found Scaluzzo's ear again. It would be puffed tomorrow.

The night-club owner was fighting back silently; he was too pressed. Johnny winced. Scaluzzo could hurt if he landed. His fist exploded violently against Johnny's ribs, and Johnny gave back a bit.

Then he came in again. He lifted his arm from his waist with some lethargy; but then his shoulder rotated a few inches, and far away his fist snapped heavily against Ed's cheek. Ed tried to slip inside and counter, but Johnny shifted balance upon his toes and came chest to chest with Scaluzzo. Then he shoved him away, and for a minute thereafter he blocked and hit with a viciousness that Ed was unable to match.

That was a sufficient revenge, he thought, as he unlocked the window and stepped on the fire escape. The problem before him now was one of getting away. He the iron ladder that dropped him into the his coat and casually

the SPOT



Johnny blocked and hit with a viciousness that Ed was unable to match.

walked out to the side street. The doorman hailed him:

"Did ya see the boss, Johnny?"

"Yeah," he answered. "Just now."

The doorman rested a foot on the running board.

"Wot did ya want him for?"

"Some business I brought in last night. I asked Ed how much was coming to me and we settled up." He wasn't lying, he felt. He knew that Ed had been defrauding him of his percentage on the suckers he had steered into the resort, and he and Ed had just settled that score, to his satisfaction if not to Ed's. He noisily placed the taxi in gear. "I'll be around later, when the place breaks. So long."

"So long, kid."

The real danger, he considered, was just beginning. Scaluzzo would never forgive him for marking him up deliberately and cold-bloodedly. He would get him if he could. If Ed couldn't get him, he would request aid of Nick Valenzio, and Nick Valenzio could get anybody he wanted. Nick had police on his pay roll, and even Ed Scaluzzo's lavish night club was backed by him. But neither Nick Valenzio nor Ed Scaluzzo nor any man on their pay roll had Johnny's broad back and his quick eye.

Mrs. Kelleher would repeat that he had bad blood in him, and he knew he would laugh as he always did; but this time he'd know she was right. He would pack his stuff and leave. There was no sense in having Mrs. Kelleher suffer for the acts of her boarder.

AT the garage he left sixty per cent of his evening's earnings in the care of the mechanic. That much was due to the owner of the taxi. His income for the evening had been aborted by his self-made appointment with Ed, but the seven hundred dollars he had in the bank would keep him going for quite a while. It would be inadvisable to drive a taxi or remain in the city; he might be noticed and Ed would be tipped off.

A week later Johnny found himself boarding inexpensively at a hotel in the Catskills. The place was owned by a man named Kaplan. To Mr. Kaplan, the overbuilt Mrs. Kaplan, and to their clients he was known as Jack Ross.

"A nice, refined boy," Mr. Kaplan said to his wife.

"No trouble at all," said Mrs. Kaplan. "All the feller does the whole day is walk around. For a build like his, he should eat more."

"Dun' say anything," warned Mr. Kaplan.

"We got to throw away, so what's the difference?" Mrs. Kaplan shrugged her ample shoulders and there was rippling all over her.

Johnny was walking much and eating little because

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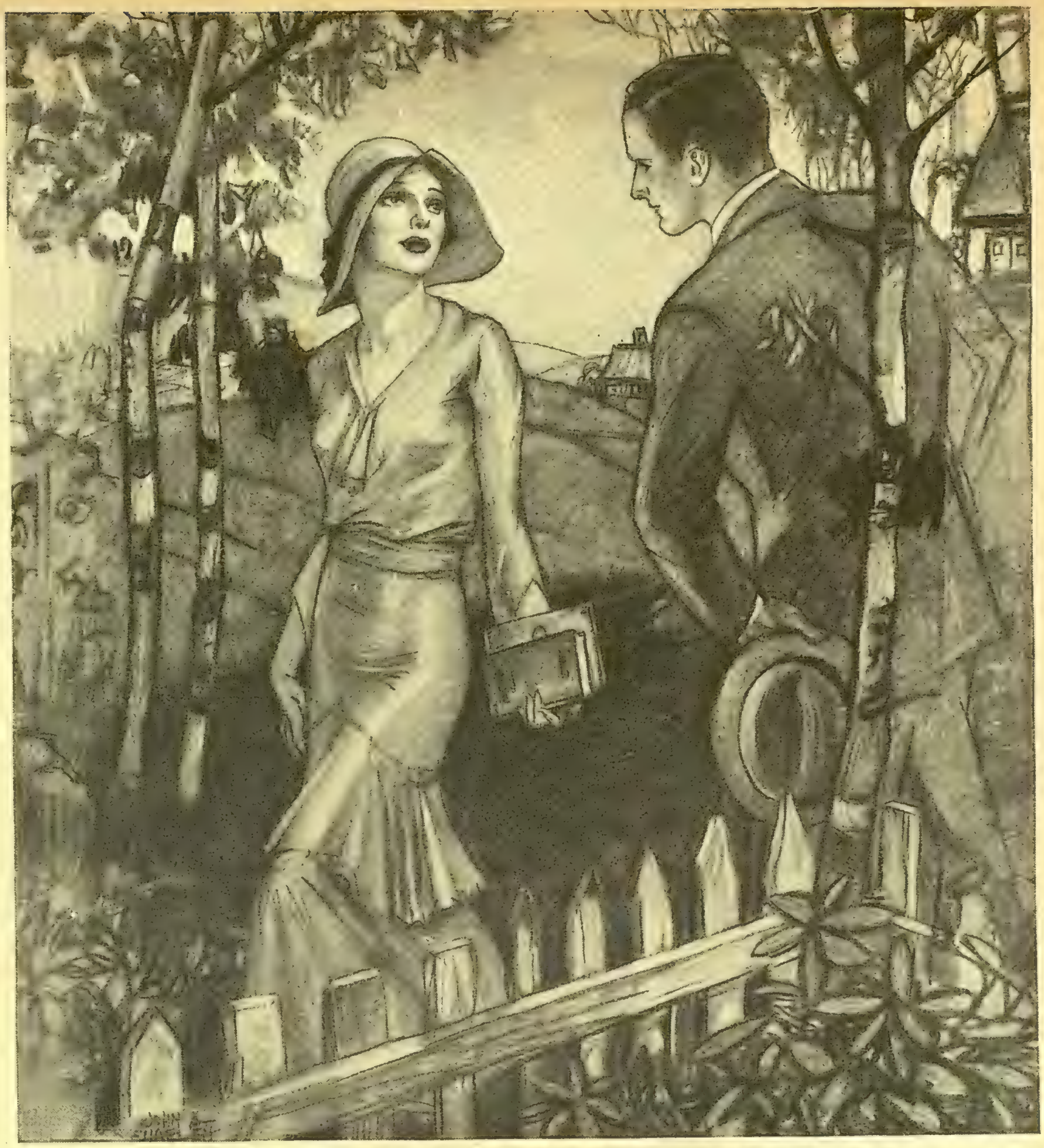
[OFF THE SPOT
Continued from page 27]



They found themselves outside and Johnny wondered how he could keep in her company.

town was two miles away and in town was a restaurant and in the restaurant was a cashier whose name was Harriet Bogardus. For some reason or other, when he looked at her Johnny was reminded of Mrs. Kelleher and her acid comments on his bad blood. Therefore Johnny determined to demonstrate to Miss Harriet Bogardus that his blood was genteel and that he was quite a gentleman.

HE had been a customer at the cafeteria for over a week before he decided that Miss Harriet Bogardus would not mind if he spoke to her.

"How did you discover my name?" she asked.

"I asked who was the prettiest girl in the town and the state trooper told me. He also gave me directions how to get to where you worked. Ain't that simple? How much does the check call for?"

"Fifty-five cents, Mr.—? You see, I don't know any state troopers."

"Neither do I. The name is Ross—Jack Ross. I've joined the circulating library."

And then she knew. Two days ago, while borrowing a volume, she had observed Johnny's height and good looks from the corner of her eye. She had left first, and he must have learned her name from the borrower's card on the librarian's desk.

Johnny paid the check and was back the next day. For a few days thereafter they made an amiable rite of conversation and politeness. Five days after he had first addressed her, he met her at the library—Johnny had ascertained when the book was due.

"I wonder what's a good book to read?" he began. She led him around. They were becoming humorous over some of the titles when the librarian looked disapprovingly at them for making too much noise. "Maybe we'd better take the air," Johnny suggested. Harriet nodded. "We'd better," she said.

They found themselves outside and Johnny wondered how he could keep in her company.

"Are you going back to the restaurant?" he asked.

"Through for the day," she said. "I'm going home."

"I'll bet," Johnny declared pensively, "that I go the same way. Now, let's see—which way do you go?"

"That way," and her arm boxed the compass.

"What did I tell you?" he asked triumphantly. "I go the same way! May I go along with you?"

Mrs. Kaplan, in supervising the kitchen help, was accosted by her husband.

"You going to be through soon?" he asked.

"Maybe soon, maybe not. With such boarders too much work ain't enough."

"One of them ain't nothing to kick about. That young feller, Ross, didn't come for supper again."

"He's a funny boy. But he's O. K. No trouble at all."

Harriet, Johnny learned, lived with her brother Fred, the proprietor of the largest garage in town; he proved a thin, bespectacled man of thirty.

"Are you up here on a vacation, Mr. Ross?" Fred asked.

"If you want to look at it that way. I drive a taxi in New York."

"I've seen you fellows work. I'm down in New York about once a month and that's plenty for me. I guess you've heard of Nick Valenzio. I do business with one of the men who works for him."

Ed Scaluzzo worked for Nick Valenzio. . . .

"Yeah," Johnny said slowly. "I've heard of him."

"I DON'T suppose you know Ed Scaluzzo. That's the man I do business with.

"Can't say I know him, either," drawled Johnny. "New York's a big place. What kind of business do you do with Scaluzzo? Is he in the garage line? I know some people in that."

"Scaluzzo," Fred grinned, "pays for the trucks in my garage that are owned by Nick Valenzio, and what Nick Valenzio wants those trucks for is his business, not mine."

"I get you," said Johnny, smiling. "I don't have to look at those trucks to know what they're used for."

But as he, Harriet, and Fred passed the garage on the return from the movies that night, Fred pointed out f trucks, all inclosed, with balloon tires, air brakes, geared to go above a mile a minute. Johnny stared said nothing.

Fred, like a decent chap, went to his room and permitted them a subdued conversation. It had long stretches of silence that Johnny found inexpressibly sweet.

When she took him to the door he said, " I won't be seeing you at the restaurant any more, Harriet."

" Why not, Jack? "

" I'd like to see you at home instead. I guess I've been an apprentice long enough."

" Then when? "

" Tomorrow night? "

" Fine."

By the time he reached Chez Kaplan, Johnny was wondering if he would meet Ed Scaluzzo, if Ed's right ear had lost its puffiness, and if Ed ever paid visits to this village in the Catskills. Whether he did or not, Johnny was certain there would be no more fleeing from the machine guns of Ed Scaluzzo and Ed's well paid gorillas. Harriet lived in this village, and if she did, Johnny was there to stay.

As he came up to the stout little home the following evening, Fred commented amiably:

" Giving sis quite a rush, I see."

" I hope you don't mind," Johnny answered.

" What for? You're O. K. with me, Jack, as long as you're just as decent as you seem to be—and," he added humorously, " as long as you're able to take care of her and three, four, five, six little extensions."

" It hasn't gone as far as that," Johnny grinned. " And, since you brought it up—I wonder if you know of any job I can get around here? "

" This Scaluzzo I mentioned last night might be able to do something for you. You want me to speak to him? "

" Better don't," Johnny said hastily. " No beer-running for me. I want a job, not a racket."

" Atta kid," commended Fred. " Though, aside from that, I don't know of anything right now. Oh, say! " he exclaimed. " What do you know about used cars? "

" It's a good business," Johnny said tactfully. " What do you want me to know about them? "

" I've got a job for you if you can repair cars like you say you can. I buy cars here and Jersey and I sell them in New York. I want somebody to drive them into the city for me. You've got a chance to make a few dollars on the side if you pick up some old loads, fix them up yourself, and sell them in the city to the regular dealers. All you need is a license—fifty dollars."

" When do I start work? " Johnny asked promptly.

The door opened. " Make it tomorrow," Harriet said. " You've got an appointment with me tonight. Are you staying home, Fred? "

" I suppose you want me to," he said calmly. " Where will you be at—the movies? "

" That's up to Jack. Where are we going? "

" For a walk," Johnny Masters responded.

" We're going for a walk," she repeated to Fred.

THE usher led them to their seats, and they held hands from the overture to the end of the feature. Harriet was rosy over her soda, and Johnny was certain that Mrs. Kelleher was cockeyed. If Harriet liked him he could stand any amount of bad blood. They looked at the moon and counted an inconsequent number of stars.

Finally Johnny decided it was time to go to bed. He had a job in the morning. He discovered for the first time that a kiss could be tender. Then he went home, singing at the sky.

From what he could see the next day, what Fred chiefly required of him was good judgment. The used-car business, though profitable, was somewhat of an interference in a garage that was so smoothly conducted.

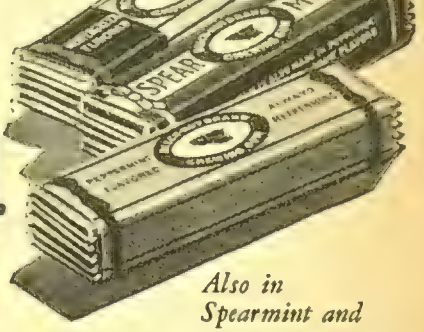
The following Saturday a representative of a used-car dealer in New York bought Fred's stock of eight automobiles, and left a check for a sum that meant a profit of seven hundred dollars.

" That's what I call one good business," said Johnny. " Since when has this been going on? "

" Ever since one man had something that another man thought was a bargain," said Fred. " Why don't you hop

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

After every cigarette



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MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors.

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Made by Beech-Nut Packing Company — Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

[OFF THE SPOT
Continued from page twenty-nine]

on the band wagon? That is, if you've got a little money and a little judgment to invest."

"I got it," Johnny said grimly.

"Go to it, Jack," Fred invited. "You can borrow my bus tomorrow. See what you can pick up."

Dusty and worn with traveling, Johnny returned to the village Monday evening.

"I left deposits on four cars," he told Fred. "I've got enough money to buy two. Do you want the other two? If you don't I'll drop the deposit on 'em."

"Bring 'em along," said Fred. "We'll go in together."

Johnny and Harriet disregarded the movies and the moon that evening and made romance out of their very own substance. It was the first time that Johnny had told a girl he loved her; and Johnny knew, bad blood or not, that he was not lying. It made him glad that Harriet could believe him.

He had the cars paid for and in Fred's garage two days later, and started work on them the same day. He noticed that three of Ed Scaluzzo's trucks were missing.

"Out on business," Fred said, in response to his question. "They won't be in before tonight."

The trucks returned that night. Johnny looked closely at the men in the trucks and saw that they were strangers; he did not know any of them. They seemed to be rather young and had evidently been recruited from the neighborhood. They appeared sleepy.

"They look as if they live around here," Johnny commented.

"Three of 'em do. The others come from further upstate. They've got to know the roads in their neck of the woods, you know."

"I guess so. And they all work for Scaluzzo."

"You bet. It's a big organization."

Johnny began to realize that punching Ed Scaluzzo was not a thing lightly to be undertaken nor easily overlooked. Johnny did not know if he had been brave or stupid. Scaluzzo was still in a position to get back at him.

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning

SILVER
BRIDE

ETHEL M. DELL'S
Greatest Novel

also

the first of a new series of cartoons by

JOHN HELD, Jr.

AT the Kaplans' there was feverish preparation for the summer season. It was only two weeks away. Mrs. Kaplan was investigating the condition of silverware and kitchen stock, while her jovial husband did carpentry, repaired the radio, hired a four-piece jazz band, purchased casters, decorations, and three rocking-chairs.

Then Nick Valenzio, Ed Scaluzzo, and two limousines full of gorillas and plug-ugliness breezed in. Nick was on a trip to fix a certain misunderstanding with his upstate trade, and Ed had come along to iron out some difficulties with a judge and a few lawyers.

Fred Bogardus led Ed and Nick into his office, and while they were making amiable comment about the impending summer season and the business it would bring, Johnny walked in carrying some yards of upholstery and a tack hammer. He dropped the upholstery and came chest to chest with Ed.

"Hello, Ed," he said. "What are you doing here?"

Nick had long been out of contact with active gun play, but he knew that no bullets would fly—Ed had no gun and he had a feeling that this tall kid had never carried one. He sat tight.

"I'm not looking for you," Ed rasped uneasily. "Put that down."

"What's the matter, Jack?" Fred asked. "These people are customers of mine. Go easy."

Johnny secured Ed's gun arm and turned to Fred. "I ran away from this guy in New York. My name's not Ross—it's Masters, Johnny Masters. This —— cheated me out of some money and I gave him a beating—"

Nick's palm descended violently on his thigh. He burst into a hearty guffaw. "So you're the guy!" Laughter stood in his eyes. "And I've been looking all over New York for you!"

Johnny glanced suspiciously at him. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Nick Valenzio. I think you're too good to be pushing a hack."

"Listen," said Johnny. "Either I'm dumb or you're trying to be wise. How do you know I'm a hack driver?"

NICK arose. "Let his arm go, kid," he said kindly. "He won't hurt you, and I won't either. I'd rather take a beating than feed the violets. For a couple of days after you smacked Ed you were pretty hot. I couldn't get in touch with him, and no one else could, either. He was so ashamed"—he was interrupted by his own laughter—"that he wouldn't let anybody have a look at him. Imagine a tough guy like Ed, who used to be a fighter, and don't think anything now of using a machine gun where it'll do some good—imagine him getting his ear swelled and his eye shined! Like a kid in the street! Ho! Ho! I'm telling *you!*" He declined to gravity and asked, "What did you run away for?"

"Did you think I'd let Ed get back at me?"

"I don't blame you," Nick said thoughtfully. "You were hot for a couple of days, but then I saw him. I put him wise." He looked critically at Scaluzzo. "Any guy who does a hack driver out of a rip ought to get licked, and I told him so. And I told him that he was to lay off you and take his medicine, because I'd make faces at him if he didn't. You're fixed, kid. Don't worry. I wouldn't be surprised if it was the best way to settle the arguments we get in our line. What about a job?"

"I got one," said Johnny. "Besides, I don't like the booze business, anyhow."

"Every guy to his own racket," said Nick. "How are you making out in this burg? You work for my friend Mr. Bogardus?" He laid a hand on Fred's shoulder.

"Just started here," Fred said dryly, "and he's running my used-car business."

"Nothing like beginning from the bottom," Nick said piously. "Be good, kiddo. Let me shake your hand." Johnny, dumfounded, shook hands with him. Then Nick turned to Scaluzzo. "Out, wop," he said. "We got to travel. Hope you enjoy that wine, Mr. Bogardus. Good luck, kiddo." And he was gone.

Fred looked aggrievedly at Johnny. "Did you beat up Scaluzzo," he asked, "and is your name Masters?"

"Yup." Johnny sighed.

"Sweet daddy!" Fred said. "What a brother-in-law you'll make!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—La Crosse.
2—Seeds of the castor-oil plant.
3—Seoul.
4—Unduly fastidious.
5—The Roman goddess of growing vegetation.
6—Andrew Jackson.
7—A turning or curving.
8—Leonard Wood.
9—An accomplice.
10—Esau.
11—That which is washed away from one place and deposited in another.
12—A sage and lawgiver of ancient Athens.
13—Vast unforested plains of southeastern Europe and of Asia in general.
14—The threads that extend lengthwise in a loom and are crossed by the woof.
15—One devoted to charitable work.
16—Florida.
17—A garland or wreath hanging in a curve; anything so arranged.
18—A group of three.
19—Goods cast overboard to lighten a vessel in distress.
20—A beggar.

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 6 seconds.)

SMALL towns give us our best knowledge of the strange and devious ways of life. Big cities give us bright, brief glimpses of the human pageant—of an hour's comedy, melodrama, tragedy. But if you want to see a human story through from end to end—if you want to behold the pattern of an entire life—then you must go to the small town, where contacts endure through the long years, where the *results* of life's entanglements cannot be hidden from view.

All this philosophy is prompted by a little human story I heard last week—in a small town.

A selfish father, a devoted daughter, the fortune he left her—these are the ingredients of my story.

Harriet's father was well-off, miserly, cantankerous. He discouraged her from marrying because he would not forgo the comforts of her care. With saintly patience she sacrificed her life to him. No fun, no beaux, no extravagance. She was one of the sweetest, kindliest girls in town, but life passed her by until at the time of her father's death she had become one of the town's old maids.

When her father died Harriet's friends sympathized with her bereavement, but they hailed her freedom as well. "She'll be her own sweet, lovable self now," they thought.

Then came the surprise.

Instead of the modest legacy everyone had expected, her father left her TWO MILLION dollars. Harriet was *rich.* And her character changed overnight.

With her father's millions she seemed to have inherited another legacy from him—his harshness. Her charming ways vanished. She ignored her lifelong friends, sold her family estate, moved away to another town, married a man many years her junior.

Her marriage was a complete failure. Disillusioned, uprooted, Harriet has now become as miserly, as cantankerous as her father was before her.

How curiously the thread of life winds back to the source from whence it started!

"GOLF WIDOWS" have accused the game of alienating their husbands' affections—of causing their menfolk to neglect them shamefully. Well, they don't complain about it any more—not if they know what's what. Wide-awake wives have changed their tune because they understand that golf is no longer a pastime, but has now become an important part of the masculine business career.

"Jack *has* to play every Sunday," a young bride told me recently. "All the men from his office go out—from the greenest clerks right up to the heads of departments. If Jack stayed away he might miss some chance for advancement."

Jack works for a public utility concern—electric light and power—in a city of medium size. I asked him later if it were true that he considered golf essential to his career.

"Positively," he said. "Golf and promotion are tied pretty close together these days. All the executives play, so any bright lad who wants to climb into their class ought to be able to play with them as well as work with them. An extra good game is liable to attract the boss' attention—and you never can tell what may come of it.

"That's why the municipal golf courses all over America are crowded to overflowing. No matter how insignificant their present job is, all the young fellows know they'll stand better chances of getting on in business if they can play a good game of golf."

VELVETEEN sports coats in bright jewel colors—ruby red, sapphire blue, emerald green—are extremely useful for the coolish summer day and for evenings. These coats come in several styles, but the most practical, I think, is the buttonless, collarless, "fingertip" type, which looks equally well over a cotton-mesh sports frock, or over a fluffy chiffon dress. The coat I refer to is lined and has half a dozen rows of stitching all around the edges. It is cut to wrap well over on the hips. Paris favors this coat in canary yellow. Personally, I do not think the yellow looks as smart as some of the other colors.

Maggy Rouff has just turned out a very swagger sports jacket, double breasted, with enormous revers. The material is white flannel striped with very broad double stripes of bright red. The stripes run diagonally. Hip length, this jacket is belted, and shows four very large mother-of-pearl buttons.

BREAKFAST means the strangest things to some people. A popular preacher I know always breaks his fast on thick pea soup. A well known artist eats tuna fish sandwiches for breakfast every morning. Swiss cheese is the breakfast food preferred by a certain celebrity, while the morning meal of another features shrimps and tea.

My own husband begins his day on celery. A woman friend of mine starts hers by nibbling almonds.

Well, they say it takes all kinds of people to make the world. Evidently it takes all kinds of eatables, from soup (literally) to nuts, to make the world's breakfast.

A much traveled Frenchman told me he considered his beloved France superior to these United States in all ways save one. That lone superiority of ours, he said, is our American breakfast.

Like most foreigners' ideas about us, his were only about fifty years behind the times. He meant the old-fashioned American breakfast, now almost extinct—the breakfast consisting of cereal, fruit, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, hot rolls, at least two large cups of coffee, and a big piece of pie if you weren't snobbish.

Superior or not, I don't think we'll ever go back to that heavy morning feed. We've learned better. Of course those of us who get lots of physical exercise in the morning will want to stoke the furnace of energy well at the outset, but most of us now spend our forenoons at desks indoors.

To fuel up sparingly has become our national breakfast habit, a sound, modern habit upon which we seem to be thriving, and I feel sure that we will be wise in sticking to it.

The Return *of the*

Cecil de Mille's Farewell, A New Kind of Racket, and Some Flirting

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez in The Squaw Man.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 25 seconds.)

MAYBE Fate caused Cecil de Mille to remake The Squaw Man as a talkie.

The Squaw Man was de Mille's first film and it may be his last.

Back in 1914 the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company was organized by Mr. Lasky and Mr. de Mille. For $5,000 the movie rights to Edwin Milton Royle's then current success, The Squaw Man, were purchased. The embryo producers paid $1,000 down and gave notes for the rest. Then, for $5,000 additional, they secured Dustin Farnum, popular stage idol of the day. Finally, they rented a barn in Hollywood. Out of that barn grew the Hollywood of today.

From that first film, de Mille stepped to high directorial success. He went on to discover bathtubs, sex, and Gloria Swanson.

In 1918 he returned to The Squaw Man and remade it, with Elliot Dexter as the Englishman who married a pretty squaw in order to forget.

Now—in 1931—he has reshot the old play as his last film. De Mille himself says he may make no more pictures. His vogue as a director of ornate, gilded screen drama seems exhausted. He has not been able to hit the Hollywood bell for a long time.

This is not a sentimental plea for de Mille. He has made a fortune—and kept it. I merely point out the part that The Squaw Man has played in his cinematic career—and wonder if he did not deliberately pick the old story for his valedictory.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ THE SQUAW MAN

CAST

Jim Carson	Warner Baxter
Naturich	Lupe Velez
Diana	Eleanor Boardman
Sir John	Roland Young
Henry	Paul Cavanagh
Cash Hawkins	Charles Bickford
Taby Wanna	Mitchell Lewis
Little Hal	Dickie Moore

Directed by Cecil de Mille.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The tragic problem of the brave, self-sacrificing Britisher who marries an Indian girl, thereby becoming a despised squaw man, seems to have lost its punch in the passing years. I fear we have discovered so many things more modernly menacing.

The Englishman of this old play goes to the pioneer West to bury his futile love for his cousin's wife. Out where men were men and most of the women were Indians, he takes a little redskin into his home—and has a son. Then his cousin dies and he falls heir to his title, estate, and the beautiful widow. What can the upright Englishman do with his squaw?

The story creaks badly, although a modern touch has been given to the bad man of the yarn. This fellow used to be satisfied with stealing cattle. Now he smuggles liquor.

I did not get much of a kick out of either Warner Baxter as the Britisher or Lupe Velez as the squaw girl. And less out of Charles Bickford in that picturesque old rôle of Bad Man Cash Hawkins. I seem to have pleasanter recollections of Mr. Dexter, Ann Little, and Jack Holt in these rôles of Mr. de Mille's 1918 version.

★ ★ ★ SMART MONEY

CAST

Nick	Edward G. Robinson
Irene	Evelyn Knapp
Jack	James Cagney
Sleepy Joe	Ralf Harolde
District Attorney	Morgan Wallace
The Attorney's Girl	Margaret Livingston
Marie	Noel Francis
Greek Barber	Maurice Black

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Hollywood had the happy thought of putting the boastful killer, Little Cæsar, and the tough hoodlum of The Public Enemy into one and the same story. With that story written by the authors of The Public Enemy, your anticipation is realized.

Not that Edward Robinson and James Cagney are killers now. The vogue of the deadly gangster has passed. Mr. Robinson plays Nick Venezelos, a small-town gambler who aspires to buck the big-city racket. Mr. Cagney is his Irontown barbershop pal.

Nick the Barber makes the grade, but his weakness for blondes wrecks him finally. Be sure to watch the way the slightly disillusioned Nick plants a well directed protest against blondes in general—and one in particular.

Between Mr. Robinson's corking performance, Mr. Cagney's expert aid in a lesser rôle, and the pungent, shrewd, unsentimental exposition of the ways of the upper underworld, this film is an absorbing panorama of roving poker games and roving blondes, marked cards and marked racketeers.

★ THE GIRL HABIT

CAST

Charles Cadwallader Floyd	Charles Ruggles
Jonesy, his valet	Donald Meek
Luck Ledyard	Sue Conroy
Mrs. Ledyard	Margaret Dumont
Tony Maloney	Allen Jenkins
Sonya Maloney	Tamara Geva

Directed by Edward Cline.
Produced by Paramount.

Charles Ruggles has been promoted to stardom by Paramount. His current effort is a farce built about a bachelor who just can't give up the

Squaw Man

Sue Conroy, Charles Ruggles, and Tamara Geva in The Girl Habit.

Edward Robinson and Evelyn Knapp in Smart Money.

habit of flirting, even with his wedding just around the corner. The events progress along the lines of old-fashioned farce, but the hilarity just doesn't come off.

★ CONFESSIONS OF A COED

CAST

Dan	Phillips Holmes
Patricia	Sylvia Sidney
Hal	Norman Foster
Peggy	Claudia Dell
Adelaide	Florence Britton
Lucille	Martha Sleeper

Directed by David Burton and
Dudley Murphy.
Produced by Paramount.

hough this purports to be the day-by-day diary of a campus cutie and is written by no less an authority than Anonymous, I have my doubts about it all.

Dormitory life is too much like being back stage at the Follies. And too much like old-fashioned melodrama.

The little heroine, I regret to report, has a baby by one student, but she marries another without telling.

To all old grads I recommend the sessions of Gamma Theta, where the lingerie-clad sorority gals discuss men and love and life.

Do you know that—

John Boles will not play the philandering tenor in Strictly Dishonorable after all? . . . Universal has borrowed Paul Lukas for the part? . . . George Arliss is to do Clare Kummer's A Successful Calamity, played behind the footlights by William Gillette?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs.

A MASSEUSE

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By SYLVIA of Hollywood

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

(Reading time: 18 minutes 37 seconds.)

HAVING begun this story of Sylvia's career with her arrival in Hollywood and the break of luck that gave her Marie Dressler's friendship and a stellar clientele, in last week's installment her secretary reached the point at which her success was assured. This came about when Gloria Swanson, out of shape and in need of massage, got the Pathé executives to offer Sylvia an enticing contract. Sylvia signed it, and settled down to living—as Alan Hale said—" off the fat of the ' hams.' "

PART FIVE—THOSE SAPPHIRE BLUES

TAKING it by and large, the fat with the lean, the work on the Pathé lot was turning out pleasant enough. The pets quarreled among themselves, naturally, but not obstreperously. The money rolled in and the fat rolled off—and everything was jake.

And then Connie Bennett turned up.

Pathé scouts had trailed the newest recruit to Paris and, over there, had got her to sign on the dotted line. After which they sent a bushel of raves by cable, saw La Bennett off on the boat, and sent a final blast of cables to the general effect: " Oh, boy! Wait till you see her! "

For the next few weeks executives on the lot sat around gnawing their knuckles and calling up railroad information to ask if it looked as if next month's trains would be on time.

What I'm trying to convey is that Connie Bennett's arrival in Hollywood was built up like a musical-comedy entrance: Ta-da, ta-da—here comes the queen!

And, after Bennett got here, she personally saw to it that the excitement didn't die down for want of fuel.

But the first effect she made on the Pathé people was—well, let's tell what happened.

Sylvia got her first impression of the newcomer at second hand. She didn't lay eyes on her for a while, but she looked at the faces of Joe Kennedy and Bill Sistrom every morning, and she saw, by the way they began developing complexion troubles, that something was wrong. The boys didn't say anything, exactly; but when they were asked when Bennett was going to start her first picture, they stalled and turned sort of green.

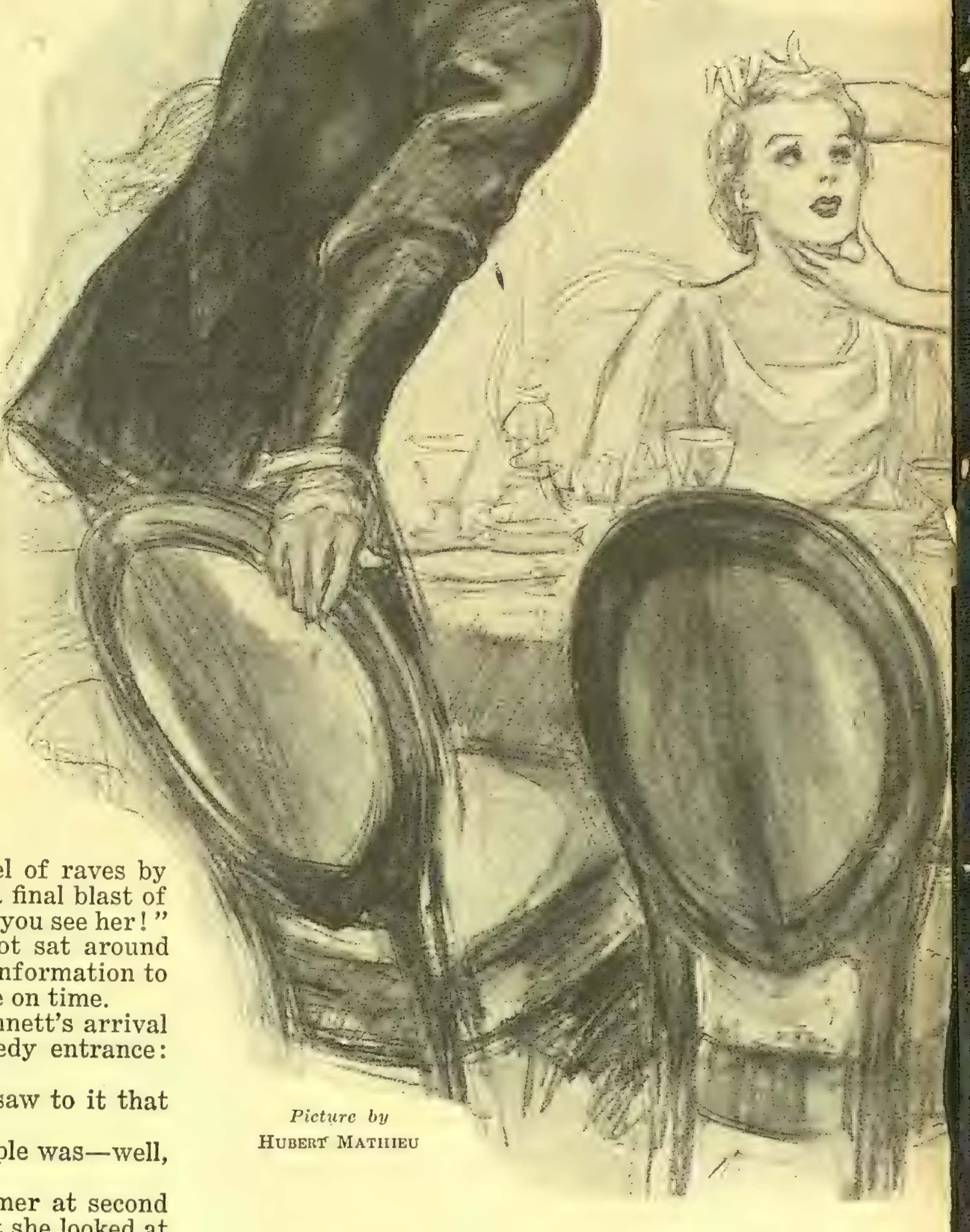
Finally Joe Kennedy dropped into Sylvia's shack for the unusual purpose of inviting the boss to dinner.

Well, Joe Kennedy saw enough of the boss daytimes to be able to stand an evening away from her, and Sylvia, figuring there was a catch in it somewhere, asked him:

" And what do I do for the eats? "

" Well," said Mr. Kennedy, trying to be casual, and failing, " Miss Bennett'll be there."

The boss understood. She was to be present to do her magic undressing act, which, as you shall see, is accomplished wit removing a pin or a button.



Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

Sylvia took one look at the fair guest and got medical. " The girl's sick. Look. No flesh on her face."

Maybe this is a point that doesn't need explaining, might be mentioned that Hollywood buys its beauty blind. They say that on Broadway they don't hire th lookers without having pretty well satisfied thems personal inspection, that it's all true—not wooden stuffing. But the Hollywood boys, devilish fellows t may be, buy their stars pretty much the way the ave shops for a wife—nothing to go on but having on wench into a taxi. And their chances aren't muc

LOOKS *at the* STARS

e average citizen's in the ne spot. Men are such boobs udging a woman's points! t even Joe Kennedy could at there was something tter with Bennett. The n that was turning his hair gray was, what? He Sylvia's expert opinion.

re was the Kennedy dinner party collected—all but te as usual. Gloria Swanson, Laura Hope Crews, and Bennett were the ladies; Kennedy and a couple of dos made up the company. After a while the boss She took one look at the fair guest from over the t medical.

" You look rotten, baby," she started in. " What've you been doing to yourself? Not sleeping? "

Joe Kennedy had failed to tip off the newcomer about Sylvia's habits and customs, and Bennett took the outburst like a sock on the chin. The others were trying to give Sylvia the high sign to go easy, but it's hard to stop the boss once she's started. And, anyway, her understanding was that she was supposed to do her usual act.

" The girl's sick," Sylvia lectured the other guests, something like a doctor demonstrating to medical students. " Look. No flesh on her face. And "—she turned Bennett around—" and you could play a xylophone solo on your backbone, baby."

BENNETT began to look miserable. " I *have* been sick," she protested. " I lost pounds and pounds in Paris. This isn't the way I look, at all."

" Of course not," confirmed Sylvia.

And then Kennedy managed to change the subject and, presently, to get Sylvia off into the hall, where he gave her hell for tearing into his guest that way, but ended up by anxiously inquiring: " Is that right—what she said about it's all being due to sickness? "

" Sure; she's a swell looker when she's fit," opined Sylvia.

What worried the technical people and cameramen more than anything else was that back, on which the vertebræ could be counted. The actress was scheduled for a series of those high-society comedies where about half the scenes are views of the heroine's bare back. And no magic of lighting would disguise the fact that every joint in this spine threw a shadow.

When the boss went t work to cover the bones calle Bennett with some phot graphable flesh, production o Connie's first talkie, Rich People, was postponed, waiting on the star's rounding into shape. She looked more like poor people than rich people when Sylvia started massaging.

Connie was plainly a proc uct of the metropolises, on of those high-bred, high-strung girls. As restless and jumpy as a flea, the new star seemed to have a horror of being alone. Sylvia was treating her at her home. The preliminary work was a nightly rubbing of a gentle kind, to induce sleep, and it had to be done in the bed the patient was to occupy for the night.

Right away the boss had a job that isn't usually considered part of a masseuse's vocation. Every night she had to clear Bennett's apartment of an assortment of friends and companions who couldn't get it through their silly heads that an order given by a hired rubber that their hostess was to be in bed at nine each night was meant to be obeyed. The first few evenings, when Sylvia turned up and yanked Bennett off to bed at the stipulated hour, the merry company was all for crowding into the bedroom with the card table and the glasses and helping out the health program with cigarette smoke and close harmony.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page thirty-five

The effect of going back to a babyhood régime—sleep with the sun and fattening messes for meals—soon developed Bennett into the hot looker she really is. Rich People got under way, and you could hear the Pathé executives whistling at their work through the open windows in the main offices.

Everything was lovely.

And then, one day, Bennett had to wait because Sylvia was busy on Swanson. That was the match that touched off the fireworks.

They were waiting to be touched off, according to the rumors of a private difference between the two. Anyway, it was plain on the lot, from the first, that Connie and Gloria weren't going to get along. It's dangerous putting two such high-powered belles in the same county, let alone on the same movie lot, where all everybody ever does in idle hours is try to steal one another's water coolers, jobs, mascara, and boy friends.

One thing you've got to say for Bennett: she doesn't avoid a fight when she sees it coming. On the contrary, she sticks to the good old principle—applied equally by school kids, prize fighters, Napoleon, and professional belles—that the first sock is likely to win.

From week to week Bennett was getting more and more restless about the one thing on the Pathé lot that no one had ever yet dared to contest—the admitted fact that the sun was a big Klieg light created for the purpose of making a camera halo around Gloria Swanson's hair, and that any of its light that happened to fall on anyone else was graciously permitted to do so by Swanson Productions, Inc.

It's about time to take a side glance at one of the elements of this general situation which has been neglected—the snatching and grabbing of boy friends that went on under the sur- ce. If you go back to the moment hen all these ladies were in differ- t parts of the earth, satisfied with their respective lots and loves, you find that, in the way of pairings, all were contented.

Picture by Hubert Mathieu

To Sylvia —
with my affection —

Gene Markey inscribed this picture of himself for Sylvia.

Ina Claire had her Gene Markey. Gloria Swanson had her Marquis Henri. Greta Garbo had her Jack Gilbert. Connie Bennett had her health.

Ina started the war when she busted up the combina- n by grabbing off Jack Gilbert. That left Gene Markey one wolf, and the long moonshiny nights in the Beverly othills were filled with baleful bachelor bayings.

ANOTHER thing Ina did when she swooped out of the East and rustled herself a branded bull out of the contented herd was to set up a sort of self-conscious stir among the other females. Example is contagious.

And the wisest ones saw at a glance what was the trouble, the chronic Hollywood trouble, cause of most of the ructions that set the news wires periodically to humming.

Out here there aren't enough Class A-1 boy friends to go around. What I mean is blue-ribbon boy friends with stars in their foreheads, the kind that throws sod over into the next pasture when he starts snorting and pawing the ground.

At the time of Connie Bennett's arrival there were only two real pedigreed prancing papas on the prairie—Jack Gilbert and Marquis Henri de la Falaise. Others? Oh, sure, there are others. But I don't mean others. I mean sirloin. I mean the kind that can flip a hoof and shoot sand right over the Rockies into the Eastern public eye.

Right now it looks as if the town at last has got one more boy friend to fight over. Gene Markey has been coming right along ever since his arrival here, just after he hit front pages as Ina Claire's discard-board lover. Maybe that wasn't such a good start; but a front page is a front page, whether you hit it in a graceful pose or on your ear. Right away Gene made himself felt, so to speak.

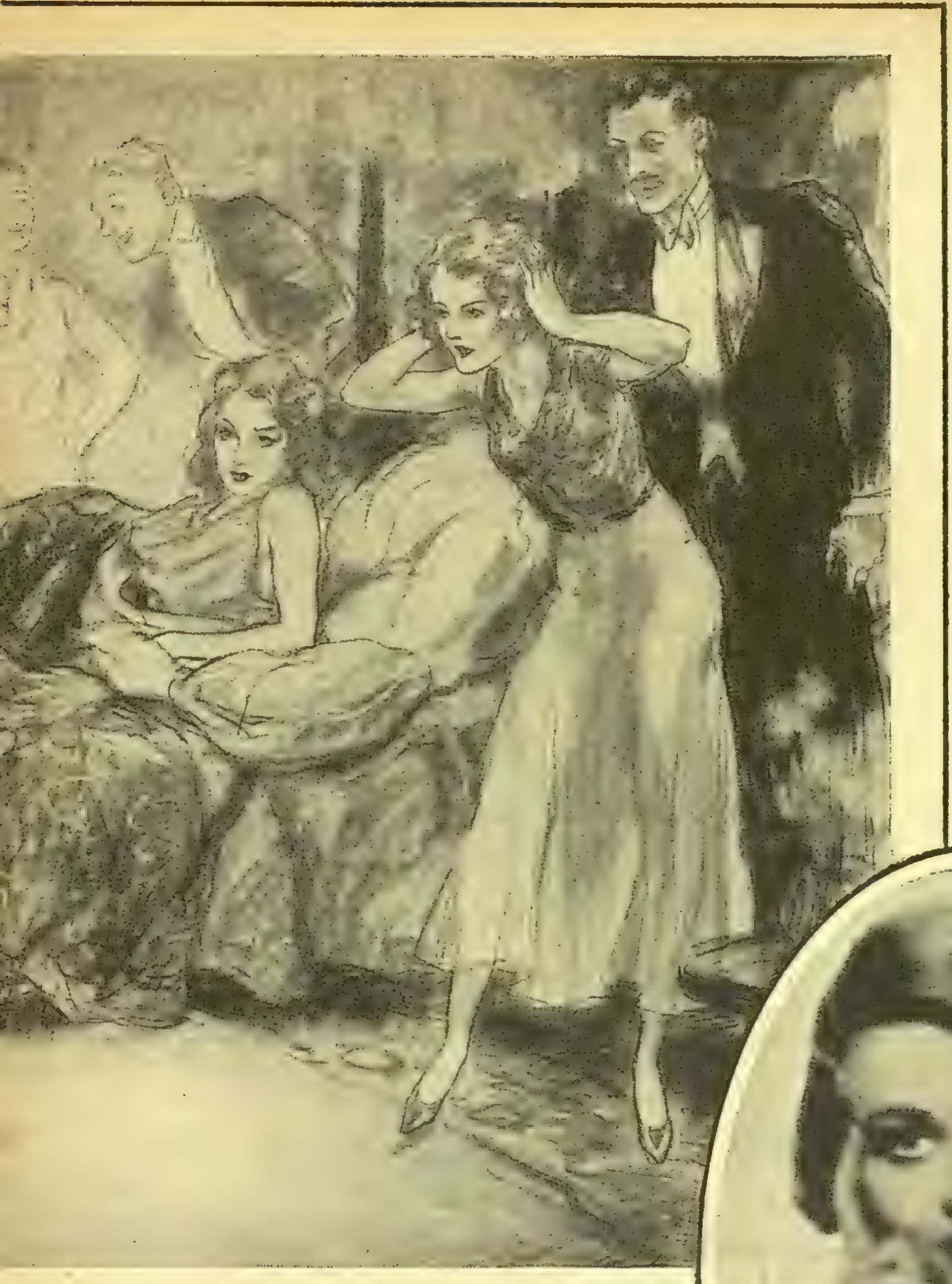
Anyhow, when Gloria Swanson found herself without an escort, it was a civic scandal. Gene saw what was wrong and, public-spirited citizen that he is, walked up and set it right. The neighbors went back to watering their lawns, and the consensus was that Markey had been sent by heaven to fill an aching void.

There was a momentary calm—only a breathing spell between rounds of the battle royal, as will be seen; but for a while everybody settled down in a neutral corner and caught a deep breath.

In fact, deceived by appearances, Gloria Swanson took a chance and went away. She finished The Trespasser, saw the film released, assured herself that it was a hit, and breezed for Paris and a little vacation from the toil and heartache of Hollywood.

On the way East, she stopped off in Chicago and gave Sylvia the biggest break she ever had. The Chicago reporters interviewed Gloria and told her she was looking like a million dollars, and Gloria shoved the boss into the news by telling the boys that her face and form had been tailored for The Trespasser rôle by a masseuse out in Hollywood who asked you what you wanted to be—Venus or Diana—and then slapped you into a ringer for either one, take your choice.

Out in Hollywood, things were quiet on the Pathé lot. Swanson was headed for Paris. Joe Kennedy had gone to New York. With the big boss away, all the little people were happy. And with Swanson absent, Bennett ranked



The first few evenings, when Sylvia yanked Bennett off to bed, the company was all for crowding into the bedroom.

"To Sylvia, without whom I should not be on my feet today. Best wishes and many thanks—love—

Constance Bennett"

supreme and was happy too. But Bennett was smart enough to know that she would have to step down into second place again when Gloria came home. Unless—

Well, Bennett apparently decided that the best time to attack enemy positions is when they are undefended.

Sylvia was working on Bennett one day when the Chicago interview given by Gloria was printed in a local paper. Bennett had been reading the blurb. She looked up from the page and asked Sylvia: "Do you think it's true that you got Swanson in shape for The Trespasser?"

"Figure it out for yourself," said the boss, always the shrinking violet. "Do you remember what *you* looked like before I took hold of you?"

BENNETT didn't say anything, just looked as if there was a bit of strategy on her mind. She kept her thoughts to herself until the rubdown was well under way, and then she came back to what was bothering her. She took a new angle.

"Working on Gloria was a great break for you, wasn't it?" she said to Sylvia. "It's making you famous."

She was lying face down, but she twisted around to look at Sylvia as she continued.

"If you want to be famous all over the world, I could set you in places where Swanson wouldn't even get invited. Look here"—and she turned completely around and sat up. "Do you want to massage the King of Spain?"

Sylvia didn't have the answer for that and let Bennett rave on.

"I could take you first to Paris and fix you up there so that every celebrity in the world would patronize you. Not just movie actors, either—but real people. And then I'd take you down to Spain. I know everybody in Spain. You know—people of the royal court. What do you say?"

Sylvia said it with a whack that laid the temptress out on the slab in position for finishing the treatment.

In the next few days Bennett returned incessantly to the subject. What she proposed was that Sylvia accompany her abroad, leaving the Pathé people to like it or take whatever other course they saw fit. Plainly, only one interpretation was to be put on Bennett's move. She had it firmly in her head that Sylvia was the secret of Swanson's beauty. The brains of these professional beauties act like that.

It's their private thoughts that give them those dimples we all adore.

THE amazing development that came next was that, way off in Paris, Gloria got wind of what was going on. Call it female telepathy, or assume that some dear friend of both girls spent five dollars on a week-end cablegram just as an investment in fun—the fact was that Joe Kennedy, sitting in the Pathé offices in New York with nothing but booking and release dates on his mind, was suddenly jerked out of his seat by a radiogram from Gloria, who had set sail for home.

The message was full of anger and hurt, and informed Kennedy that Connie Bennett, the so-and-so, was kidnaping Gloria's Sylvia from the home lot, and would Joe please call out the militia and start action at once against Bennett for mayhem and points south.

Sylvia was over in Bennett's suite late that night, giving the lady her go-to-sleep patting, when the phone bell rang. Sylvia heard one side of the ensuing conversation, but pricked up her ears when she realized that the call was from New York and that herself was the subject thereof.

"I only asked her to accompany me on my trip to Europe," Bennett was telling Kennedy at the other end of the wire. Judging by Bennett's frequent pauses and the way she winced and explained, she was getting a bawling out.

"I don't see why Swanson misjudges me that way," she complained into the phone. "Why, I—I—"

Again she was silenced by an outburst from Kennedy, who raised his voice so high that his words could be heard by Sylvia.

"Is that double-crossing little bum Sylvia with you now?" he yelled.

Connie Bennett started to deny, but Sylvia was at her elbow, grabbing for the phone. She passed it over and Sylvia called into the mouthpiece: "Here I am."

Then she blinked and spluttered and tried to cut in for about two minutes while Joe Kennedy called her names. According to Joe's information, Sylvia was a traitor and a renegade and a few other things. And Bennett was—oh, well, a movie actress. And the two of you, boil your hides, are conspiring to do Gloria dirt. And after all Gloria has done for the boss! Joe Kennedy almost cried.

Which anyway gave Sylvia a chance to say the first word she had got in.

"But I'm not accepting Miss Bennett's offer!" she shrieked. "And you can go to ——!" And she hung up.

She turned around to go for Bennett as cause of all her woe, maybe cause of her losing out with Pathé and being put out of a swell job. But all that Bennett listened to was the part about Sylvia's Pathé connection being in danger. She pounced on that.

"Certainly," she agreed. "Now the Pathé people will

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page thirty-seven

look for a chance to kick you out. Don't wait for that to happen. Come to Europe with me."

She was feverishly excited about putting it over. You'd think that she wanted this one thing more than anything else in the world. At the moment, no doubt she did. It was a matter of who wins? Gloria or Connie? And Connie wasn't stopping at anything to make the answer suit her self-esteem.

Sylvia was packing up to get away. She had had enough for one night and she wanted to get home and cry on family shoulders. She turned to say good night to Bennett.

And there was Bennett, sitting up in bed, with her hand stretched out so that it was under the spotlight from the bed-table lamp. She had a star-sapphire ring on one finger that Sylvia had once admired, and she was making the sapphire flash in the light and looking at Sylvia with a coy expression.

SUDDENLY she stuck her head to one side and pulled the ring off her finger.

"Do you like my ring?" she cooed. "It's yours if you'll come."

And she stretched an arm out over the footboard and tried to put the ring in Sylvia's hand.

Oh, well, the boss got out of there still unpersuaded. She is superstitious. And a few weeks later she was struck all of a heap one day when she happened to notice how "sapphire" is spelled and that you split it up and it just about spells "*Sap Hire.*"

Well, the excitement died down, and Sylvia wasn't fired, and she didn't go over and massage the King of Spain, and Gloria Swanson came back to Hollywood and laughed about the whole thing (the winner's laugh!), and Joe Kennedy came back and had his treatments as before and—and what do you know?

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Connie and Gloria met up after Gloria got back from Paris, and the two girls kissed and hugged as if one was a blotter and the other the ink and they loved each other so much that it was all you could do to—oh, rats, pass me the bicarbonate!

Mind, I'm not saying there isn't a great kick in watching a set-to like this between rival screen beauties. Maybe you'd get the same kick out of being a second to a heavyweight prize fighter of championship caliber. But the fight for screen supremacy is much subtler than what takes place around and about the prize ring. For one thing, the girls aren't supposed to sock. For another, they're *supposed* to lie back, look their best, and just wait for the championship to happen to them!

Bennett took the trip to Paris without Sylvia and, somewhere along the road, she adopted a baby. That girl certainly must crave company!

At that, a baby can [illegible]man's weight better than a masseuse can. But Connie, the little innocent darling, should be told that it isn't done by *adopting* a baby.

The diet below is the only fattening diet herein. Meals similar to these will build up your weight, but not at the expense of your health.

THE CONSTANCE BENNETT DIET
(Fattening)

Breakfast:

- 1 glass of orange juice
- 1 dish of hominy mixed with 1 over-ripe sliced banana with cream and sugar
- 1 glass of certified milk (half milk, half cream)

Lunch:

- ½ avocado (alligator pear) on lettuce with mayonnaise (made in your own kitchen)
- 3 heaping tablespoonfuls of turnips *en purée*
- 3 heaping tablespoonfuls of fresh green peas
- 2 slices of whole-wheat toast with plenty of fresh butter
- 1 dish of stewed fruit
- 1 glass of certified milk

Dinner:

- 1 cup of creamed fresh tomato soup
- Mixed grill of lamb chops, kidneys, and two strips of crisp bacon
- Beets in fresh melted butter (melted by the heat of the served dish)
- Mashed potatoes
- 1 cup of custard, vanilla sauce (the custard made with a one-day-old egg)
- Black coffee.

COMMENT: On stewed fruit.

Fruit is stewed when there is any reason for avoiding raw foods. Raw foods are stricken from the diets of persons suffering from colitis or kindred disturbances of the intestinal tract.

Whenever you feel "out of sorts" you will do well to suppress raw foods from your diet.

When you stew fruit, do not cook it until it is shapeless and tasteless. Follow this plan:

1. Cook the fruit whole, except fruits that must be peeled and cored.
2. Cover with cold sugared water.
3. Bring to a boil. Then take off the fire immediately and cool.

When you are on the non-raw-food régime, salads are also cooked. Lettuce and the other edible leaves are immersed in boiling water for two minutes and served as a vegetable.

In next week's installment Sylvia's secretary will tell of yet another challenge to Gloria Swanson's Hollywood supremacy. This time the challenger is Grace Moore. As usual, Sylvia and her professional services are one of the bones of contention.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Homo Sapiens

Joseph appeared at his father's downtown office unexpectedly during his spring vacation. "Anything wrong at home?" inquired the father.

"Yes. Mother's cleaning house and I think it's no place for a man," replied the youngster.—Mrs. J. Buergler, 36 West Southern Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Hadn't Failed Yet

My small son brought home a paper almost every day with a mark under average in arithmetic. The other day he announced, with a broad grin on his face, that he was doing better, with this explanation:

"I know I'm doing better, because teacher says I'm doubtful now."—Nelson Huntley, 29 Wolcott St., Portland, Me.

EASY SMITH

A Short Short Story

By

REX REGAN

whose first literary work was writing stories of Broadway, although she comes from Boston. She lives in New York, the wife of an advertising man, but she is equally at home in Paris and spends much time in travel abroad. She says she likes people rather than scenery.

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

EBENEZER SMITH, called "Easy" by the office force at Graham & Dwight's, looked up with a smile at the seventh intruder upon his time during the afternoon.

"Hate to bother you, Smith," Caxton said, laying a sheaf of papers on his desk, "but you're the only one I can get to help me out on this export jam."

"O. K. by me," Easy said, already running through the papers before Caxton had time to get to the door.

"I think it's a shame," Miss Gray blurted. "When anyone has anything extra to do he puts it on you."

Easy shrugged. "Oh, it's all in a day's work." But his eyes lingered a long moment on her slim figure as she snapped out of the room.

"If I'd stayed I'd have said something," she confided to the phone operator outside. "Working himself to death for everyone! And do you think it gets him anywhere? Not a bit."

"Anyone who gets anywhere with old Dwight," jeered the phone operator—and turned quickly back to her board as the old man himself appeared, following a beeline to Smith's office.

"Where's the report on Elmira production?" he asked, poking his head in at Smith.

"Crane has it for you," Smith said, scarcely looking up.

"Hm!" said Dwight. "Seems he has about everything I ask for."

"He's a good assistant," Easy said cheerfully.

"What I want to know is what you do?" he continued.

"I guess a little of everything," Easy admitted.

"I'd like to find one of them," Dwight growled as he started to walk away. "If you have nothing to do at five o'clock," he added irritably, "I'd like a talk with you, Smith."

Smith looked up. "Certainly, sir. I have nothing to do that Crane can't get out for me."

"Just what I thought," the old man muttered as he turned on his heel.

Easy called Miss Gray.

"Take a memo for Caxton," he said smiling. And he dictated a half dozen sentences. "That is all," he said suddenly, "except"—he looked full into a pair of remarkably blue eyes—"that you're angry with me."

The girl looked at him, startled. "I'm not angry with you, Mr. Smith. But I'm tired of seeing you do everyone's work and getting no credit for it."

HIS eyes twinkled though his face was grave. "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

She stared at him.

"I mean it," he said seriously. "I've been meaning to ask you for some time, but I've been pretty busy."

"I'll go out with you if you'll tell Mr. Dwight just a few of the things you're doing around here," she dared.

"I'll tell him," he said, not taking his eyes from hers. "I've an appointment with him at five. As a matter of fact, I think he's going to fire me."

"If he does there'll be a lot of folks around here who'll have to go to work," she countered.

"And I might just as well tell you"—his manner was suddenly as shy as a young boy's—"I've got an important question to ask you."

Again she stared at him. From the look on his face one would say that the question was the age-old one. Only, such a thing could not be possible!

She fled hurriedly with her notes.

"What nerve! What u bounded nerve! Easy Smit If any of the office for knew, they'd die laughing But somehow she could n laugh. There was a wistf little-boy quality about hin that got under the skin.

Mr. Dwight looked up whe Smith came in. "I want t find out," he said, "if ther is one thing that you do here that would not get don without you?"

"Nothing that I can think of, sir," Easy said.

"Will you tell me, then, why we are paying you fou thousand dollars a year?"

Smith smiled. "I haven't the faintest idea."

"I can get a man for two thousand that will do more Dwight sputtered.

"As a matter of fact, Crane could manage quite wel and with an increase of salary to encourage him—"

Mr. Dwight stared at him. When he fired a man ther was gore spilled, figuratively speaking.

"You're fired," he said.

"Thank you, sir," Easy Smith said. "I was hopi you'd see it my way. I've been on this job two yea now and I didn't like to bone you for another until yo saw, yourself, it was silly to keep me here."

"Bone me for another?"

"YOU see, I have quite an itch for organization," Eas went on, while Dwight was trying to pull himsel together. "This job has gotten to running so smooth I've been taking on a few others. I've learned a lot Caxton about exports. And I'm pretty solidly i on production. And for the last six months I've ha quite a finger in the sales department. And when I foun you were opening a Paris branch, I brushed up on m French. So now that you see I'm not needed here, I wa to ask you to give me the job as Paris manager."

Puzzlement faded slowly from the old man's face. Bu his bristling eyebrows rose in a frown to thwart th grin that was struggling for expression.

"Caxton wants the job," he said gruffly.

Easy looked straight into his eyes. "Caxton is a goo man," he said. "But"—his mouth twitched slightly— "I think he's going to be pretty busy the first few months after I leave."

"They call you Easy Smith around the office, young man."

"I know, sir; but if folks are willing to let me learn their jobs in exchange for a little extra work on my part, I'm not easy enough to refuse to use what I learn." His tone was suddenly brisk. His whole manner ale "And I'd like to settle this thing tonight because I wa to know exactly where I stand before I ask someone else a question—tonight."

The old man grinned. "As a matter of fact, Smith," he said, "that was what I wanted to see you about. When I hear that one of my men is being imposed upon by the others, I make it a point to find out why. The salary is six thousand and the Aquitania leaves a week fron tomorrow."

Easy Smith went tearing through the outer office.

"There goes Easy Smith on a jump for some errand for the boss," a file clerk laughed. "Never saw such a sap for letting himself be imposed on."

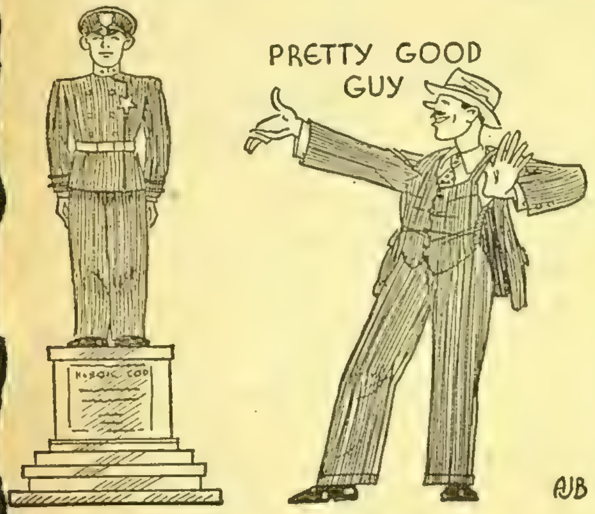
While Easy, crowding through traffic, was wondering if it was an imposition to ask a girl to get ready to live in France on a week's notice. And then he suddenl laughed at his own assurance. "No girl gets so mad at man she doesn't care about," he told himself happily.

THE END

Vox

Straight Talk from One Who Knows

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—As a police reporter I have observed police, bad and good, in more than twenty cities between Manhattan and the Golden Gate. I have been cussed and fumed at by desk sergeants and dicks and inspectors and chiefs, and have told them where to go hundreds of times, but I want to second whole-heartedly your editorial "On Which Side Are You?" defending the police systems of the country.



As a whole, they are not corrupt, incompetent, nor brutal. I've worked on and with them in Salt Lake City, Omaha, Oklahoma City, and a score of other inland cities and towns, and they're a fine lot, considering the bum pay they have to risk their lives for.—*Charles Speedie.*

A Pair of Comebacks

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your editorial entitled "The Mad Search for Beauty" was a lot of bunk.

Why don't you put a good editorial out on "What Will the Unemployed Do When Winter Sets In Again?"—*A Big Shot in St. Louis.*

FAIR PLAY, MO.—Wonder of wonders! Liberty had an editorial for July 4 that I could agree with. "The Mad Search for Beauty" was fine.—*Edwin C. Hadley.*

Distance Lends Perspective

U.S.S. TULSA, SHANGHAI, CHINA—I see that, in your editorials, you keep hammering on the fact that Americans are the most lawless people in the world.

Practically all Americans, and especially those who are away from home, agree with you.

We who are away from home feel it more than those at home, because it is constantly rubbed in by Europeans and other foreigners we meet out here.

There are quite a number of periodicals sold out here from the States, publishing illustrated stories of our gangster warfare and all of the crimes that ng into being since that big joke, prohibition, was forced upon us. Now these magazines are purchased and read by many foreigners who can read English. It is quite embarrassing to have some of those people ask us, of the service, why we are not sent home to protect American lives and interests instead of being kept in the Orient where there is apparently nothing for us to do.—*D. Viens.*

That Nest Complex

ST. LOUIS, MO.—It is very seldom I write in regard to the interest of a narrative.

"The Nest Complex," by Lawrence Saunders, provided an absorbing 33 minutes 44 seconds.

The story contained modern pep—zest of the present and future.—*Wm. Wehmueller.*

FT. WAYNE, IND.—Aw go on, Mr. Lawrence Saunders—you and your "Nest Complex"—you're kiddin'!

I ought to know because I've been in Minnesota where there're lots of Norwegian girls, but none I ever knew would let a professor soap her back!—*R. W.*

WYANDOTTE, MICH.—I wish to congratulate you on the splendid number of Liberty for July 4.

I enjoyed a number of the articles, but I wish especially to mention the story by Lawrence Saunders. While this, of course, was supposed to be fiction, I surmise there is much more than a grain of fact in it.

I think the coauthors handled a delicate matter in an admirable fashion.

I have understood the Scandinavian peoples have become far more advanced in matters of the human body and its exposure under proper circumstances than have we and that it is quite a common practice for them to bathe in the open in mixed groups.

I believe our people are coming to this view gradually, as consider our bathing suits as compared with those of thirty years ago. I consider this a great advance from a health standpoint.—*Dr. Earl F. Townsend.*

Mr. Smith Takes a Bow

OCEAN BEACH, CALIF.—Now I can go to a show and know I'm going to see a good show—if Frederick James Smith says so. Fred very seldom gives four stars to a picture, but when he does you know you're going to see a picture that's a *picture*. The longer you keep him the better shows we'll see.—*"Lad."*

What'll You Have?

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Why don't you try serving refreshments with your magazine?—*Benny G.*

The Dream of a Warless World

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Please give us an editorial on keeping women in their places, if they won't do it themselves. They are simply tying the hands of our government by their continual cry of "We will have no more war."

Some preachers advocate the same stuff, saying that we will educate people up to outlaw war. All right, let's see you do it. Read your Bibles again and note that war has been waged from the beginning of time and will do so to the end. Travel in all nations. Hear what the kiddies, playing with their toy soldiers, will tell you: "We're playing war. Bang, bang! Now they're dead."

So let the women raise honorable children, teach them to work, look well to the ways of their households, and when the next war comes upon us we will be better prepared. For it's coming! You say you're not raising your boys for cannon fodder? Don't forget someone raised boys that became cannon fodder for you.—*Jack Truefelt.*

You Ought to Rent It and Get Rich

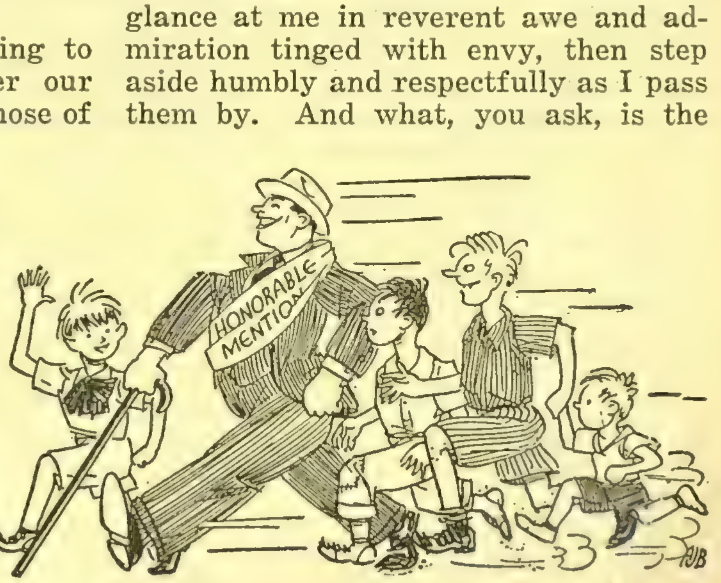
WINNIPEG, CAN.—Your estimate that every copy of Liberty is read by four or five persons is wrong. Here, at least ten use mine. The last one complains that your cover is not securely bound.—*Jay Dee.*

For All of Us, Too

SUPERIOR, WIS.—You may tell the cockeyed creation, for all of me, that the story, "A Count Now Due," by MacKinlay Kantor, was a clever, well written story about glamorous and gullible womanhood.—*Otto Nett.*

Such Is Fame

CHICAGO, ILL.—Everywhere I walk, I am pointed out as a man of unusual brilliance and attainment. Little boys glance at me in reverent awe and admiration tinged with envy, then step aside humbly and respectfully as I pass them by. And what, you ask, is the reason for all this idolatry and approbation? Sh-h-h! I'll whisper the great secret! I received an honorable mention in a Liberty limerick contest!



(It won't be long, now!)—*H. Short.*

Pop

And We Wouldn't Have Had This Letter

NEOSHO, MO.—Certainly we have gained something from prohibition. Prohibition has given us many things, including "jake paralysis." If there had been no prohibition, we would have had no alky, hooch, needle beer, synthetic gin, speakeasys, home bottling outfits, or hip flasks.

No one except bartenders would have been able to mix cocktails, no one but brewers would have known how to make good beer.

Very few would have known how to make wine, raisin jack, Choc beer, dandelion wine, corn likker, etc. No one would get to drink canned heat, shellac, jake, radiator alcohol, hair tonic, rubbing alcohol, extracts and numberless other things with a "kick."

We would have had no twelve-mile limit, no "Hello, sucker," no rum row, no snooping, no jails and prisons (which prohibition was to empty) housing 25 to 100 per cent more inmates than they were constructed to house.

No Al Capone, and what would the magazines and newspapers have done for manuscripts and copy if there had been no Al Capone and his kind? Besides, look at the income tax the government would have missed.

There would have been no—oh, you clever, estimable prohibitionists think of the rest of it. I could write more and better, but I'm tired.—*The Ozarker.*

Stick Around

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—So Liberty, good old Liberty, is going to be an uplift sheet from now on—passed by the National Board of Review and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Good-by!—*Ex-Reader.*

Cold Wind from Canada

TORONTO, CAN.—General Mitchell's article, "The Next War—What About Our National Defense?" was a splendid article. It must have afforded par- cular satisfaction to the citizens of United States, which undoubtedly was meant to do.

should think that after General Mitchell has been so modest as to admit that the future of the world, as regards whether Asiatic or European culture shall rule, is in the hands of the United States, it would make the people of that truly great nation more self-important and more weighed down with the thought of what the rest of humanity owes to them.

That is, if possible. Puny Britain, of course, with her vast empire, will have nothing to say or do in such a momentous issue, but will stand by meekly as a child and with childish admiration and adulation applaud while the savior of mankind decides its fate.

"Never in history," so says the general, "has there been such a self-contained, well balanced country from the standpoint of location, population, government, and natural resources."

Quite right.

I might also add that never in history has there been such a country so rotten in its morals, its social, political, and religious life and so bigoted as to its own importance. —*A. F.*

The Good Work Is Going On

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Liberty's contests have caused our present hard times, but, if Liberty should stop them, 2,500,000 contestants would have to go to work to earn a living instead of trying to get something for nothing—that's sure what the winners have been getting! Let the good work go on.—*Phil.*

Meditations on Mr. McEvoy

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I wonder if your readers realize what a wise and witty piece of work J. P. McEvoy did in his "Show Girl in Society"? He extracted the full amount of juice from every situation—squeezed each one dry. And in amazingly few words.—*H. M. D.*

MIAMI, FLA.—Fer gosh sakes! Don't give us any more of J. P. McEvoy and his maniac, "Dixie Dugan." Why don't you bury her? Don't you know she's been dead from drinking too many cocktails since the first installment?

Now you ask me some. You gimmie the "Willies."—*(One) Willie.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Good for McEvoy and his clever serial! The boy's *been there.* He knows.—*Mike.*

Bull's-Eye!

DALLAS, TEXAS—Please, *please,* Mr. Editor, have General Smedley Butler write some more of his thrilling experiences for Liberty—and I know he's had lots, being a marine!

Congratulations, general! Your story, "My Toughest Five Minutes," was the well known berries.—*Jeanne.*

One and a Half for Benchley

BURLINGAME, CALIF. — Of Robert Benchley I wish to say that he is one of the cleverest and most humorous writers of today, and I'd like to see those who don't like him try and do better themselves.

It's impossible for a magazine to please everybody, but I myself wouldn't have Liberty one speck different from the way it is now.—*S. Jackson.*

DALLAS, TEXAS—That Robert Benchley thinks he's awfully witty and I'm willing to agree that he's *half* right.— *D. Albright.*

Figure It Out for Yourself

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—You are spoiling my reputation and I am out for blood. I get all my bright sayings and smart ideas by reading what Alexandra Kropotkin has to say in "To the Ladies!"

Then I repeat them at parties and everybody thinks how clever a conversationalist I am. Last week you cut Miss K's page in two. So what does that make me—a half-wit?

Don't do it any more, please.—*Myra Connolly.*

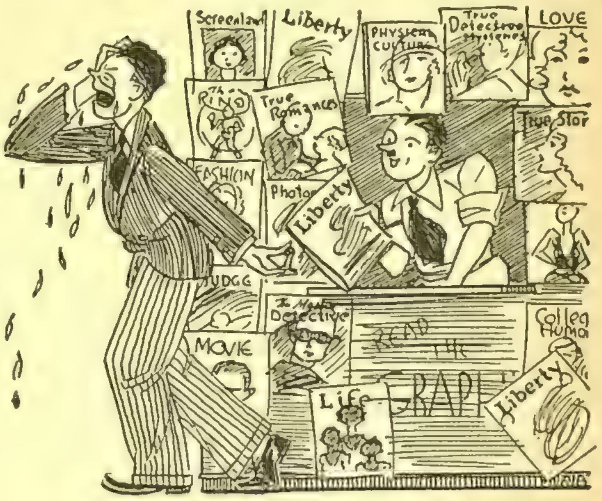
Look Out You Don't Hit Your Head

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—It always pains me when I buy Liberty.

I take a long time to get my courage up, and then sneak out of the house. I go to the corner news stand and kind of hang around, hoping people will think I've come for a stick of chewing gum.

Finally, when I can't delay any longer, I turn my back to the news dealer, not daring to look him in the eye. I put my hand, with a nickel in it, behind my back, and walk backwards till I hit the counter.

I stand there, tears of shame streaming from my eyes, till the dealer takes the nickel and puts a Liberty in my hand. Then I quickly hide Liberty under my coat and run, yes, run, from that spot. All of which proves one of two things: either I'm a nut to force myself through all that, or Liberty's a good magazine.—*Harry.*



The Conscientiou

The Story of a Girl Who Remembered What Her Boy Friend Forgot

By

EDWARD L. McKENNA

who is a professor of mathematics at the University of Pennsylvania and still has found time to write an amazing number of short stories, as well as several novels. He has also done newspaper reporting.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 40 seconds.)

UP to the time when he became a book salesman, Johnny Hinton had never taken a drink nor shot a game of pool. At college he'd been assistant editor of the Literary Monthly, and his fraternity brothers pointed him out to the pledges as a solid man and a good influence in the house. He'd done a little track work, because something of the sort was usual, and had picked up a few mysterious medals, as all track men seem to do. He weighed a hundred and forty pounds, his hands and face were always nice and clean, and he shaved every day.

Johnny wanted to be a publisher. Just why anyone should want to be a publisher is not easy to explain. Maybe he wanted to mold public opinion; possibly he felt that he was a literary Balboa; perhaps he wanted to go out to lunch with actresses, chorus girls who have written a book of poems, and lovely lady authors. Also, it may be that he believed there was good money in it.

He and his Phi Beta Kappa key and his fraternity pin appeared one sunny day in June in the reception room of the offices of Doubleray, Holt & Co., over on Fifth Avenue. Perhaps he had thought that he'd start in as an editor; however, he learned that it's more usual to become a book peddler first. Doubleray, Holt & Co. didn't exactly sigh with relief at his approach. Still, these were the good old days when employers were hiring people; so presently Johnny found himself with forty-four pounds of books, a list describing these volumes, a copy of the Publishers' Weekly, the current announcement of Baker & Taylor, and the freedom of the cities. Speedily he began to develop a strong right arm and a sagging shoulder and the stern qualities that belong to a book salesman.

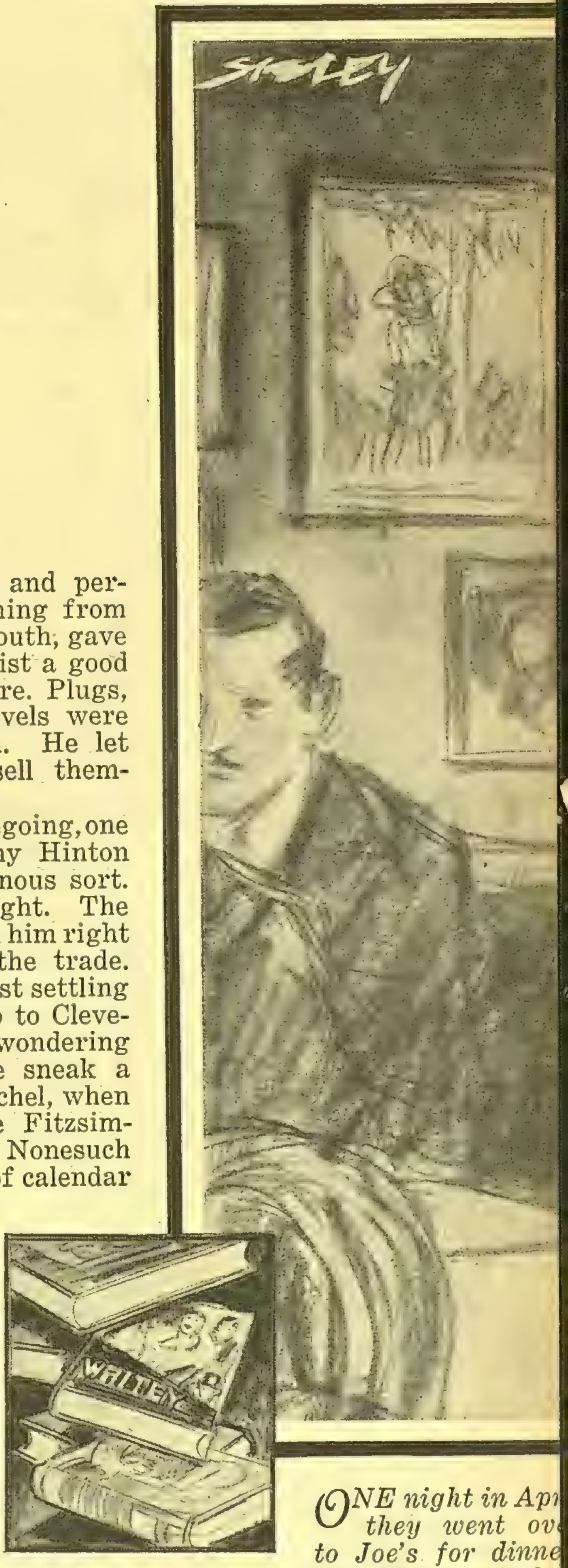
Those who sell books take some pains to let you know they never read them. If their suitcases contained tear bombs and machine guns, they couldn't sound a bit more dangerous than they do. Frequently their conversation is full of blasphemy and biology, and they play a little pool and drink a little gin every day, so nobody will ever guess they're just a lot of nice kids not long out of school.

Now, Johnny Hinton was an earnest, energetic fellow. Cursing came hard to him; still, he cursed. He hated gin; yet he learned to hold his nose and drink quickly. He loved to read books; he read even the books on his own list. He played a fair defensive game of pool, and struck like a cobra at his own money ball. Alas, however, this was usually number eleven, or above; for his luck, like that of most virtuous men, distinctly wasn't good.

Could he sell books? He certainly could, and did. He was a conscientious young man, and everyone knows how tough these babies are. They're always right; they always have their own approval. Johnny Hinton, his soft hat firmly aslant, and persuasive words rushing from the corner of his mouth, gave every plug on his list a good hard ride for the wire. Plugs, duds, and first novels were just Johnny's dish. He let the best sellers sell themselves.

From all the foregoing, one might think Johnny Hinton was a fairly poisonous sort. That isn't quite right. The other peddlers liked him right well, and so did the trade. Johnny would be just settling himself for a jump to Cleveland or Erie, and wondering whether he'd dare sneak a book out of his satchel, when along would come Fitzsimmons from the Nonesuch Press, or a couple of calendar salesmen from Dutton's or McBride's. They'd grab him, and make him play rummy or bridge, and he'd lose, and they'd buy gin, and he'd have to help drink it. What good would it do him if he won? He'd have to buy the gin himself then. For the longest while he used to pay for set-ups of ice and ginger ale at his hotels out of his own pocket; but finally his associates convinced him that this was against the ethics of the book business. A careful fellow he was, and as time went on he prospered. Almost invariably he'd have an extra two, or five, or ten, though he kicked lik a steer at any request for over three dollars. He'd len it, though, just the same. And they'd borrow it, too, t vultures.

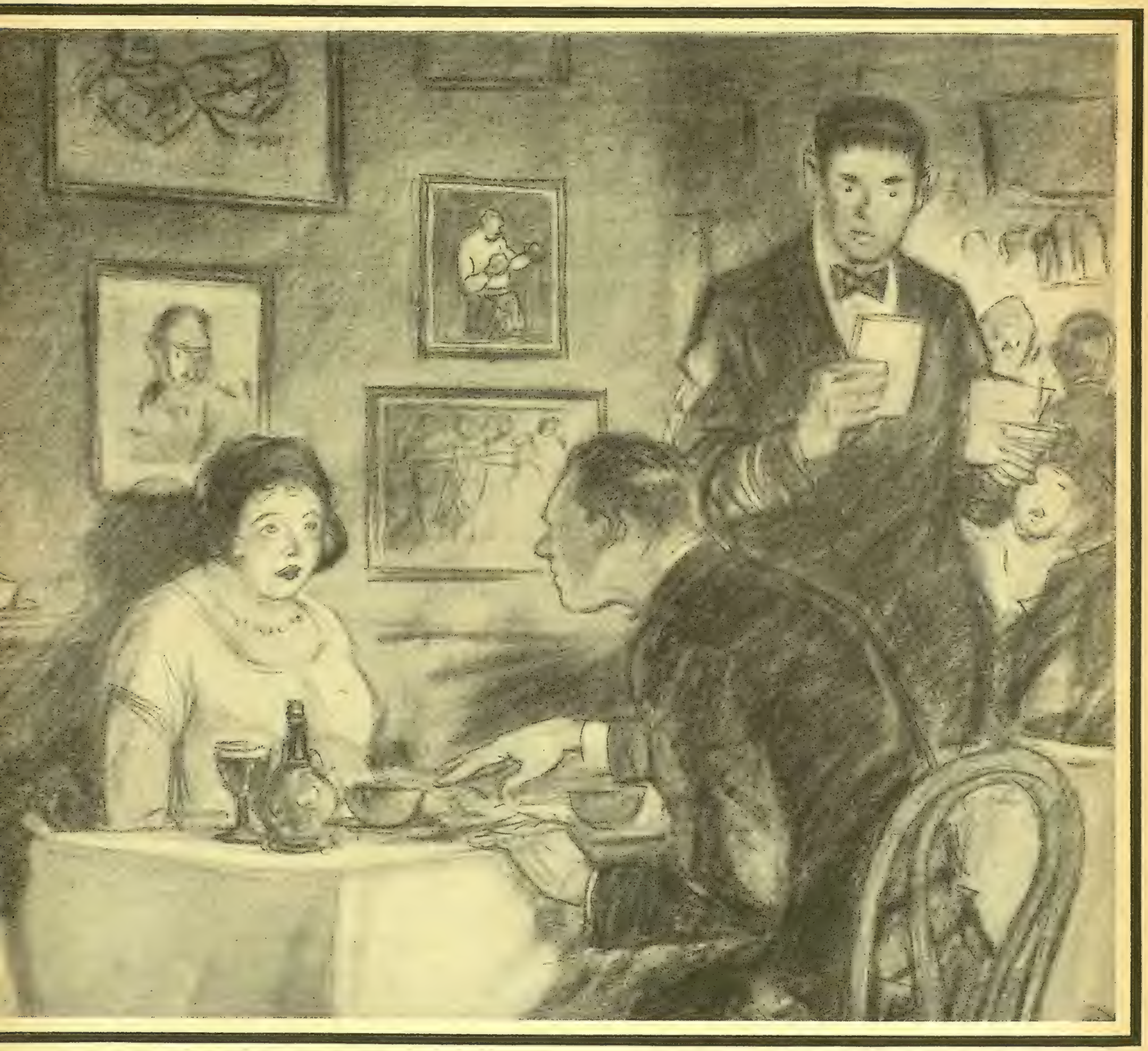
A fine, fat chance he had of getting back into the of Anybody can read; how many can sell? And out of t how many can carry forty or fifty pounds of books?



ONE night in Apr they went ov to Joe's for dinne and Emma had Martini.

Caveman

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY



raised his pay now and then, and soon he was twenty-five, and twenty-six, and twenty-seven, and he still had his eyesight and his reason unimpaired, which is more than can be said for most editors, many of whom can carry nothing heavier than a cane.

So, then. A rough, tough book peddler, a forward-looking, up-and-coming Argonaut of the press, the thrifty, nifty Johnny Hinton—our hero, ladies and gents.

NOW, perhaps, while the hidden orchestra plays an obbligato, not too softly, of "Thank your father—thank your mother," the director'll give you a shot of miles and miles of dancing slippers. There should be whole closets full of them, all size seven C, silver, and scarlet, and green, and snakeskin, and bronze, tarnished and scuffed, and with their medium heels worn still lower.

Where have the slippers been? Why, they gone to the Phi Delta house, and to the Beta formal, to the Locksmiths' Convention at Arion Hall, to the Hotel Astor and the Hotel Marseilles, to the Larchmont Yacht Club, yes, and the Canarsie Yacht Club, too, to Stauch's and Trommer's, and the Palm Garden, to the Crescent Club, and the Montclair Country Club, to the Hasty Pudding Club, and the College Inn at Coney Island, to the U. S. S. Amphitrite, anchored out in the stream, to Roseland, and the Ideal Pavilion. They've gone wherever dancing was, and they've carried a big blond girl as lightly as if they had wings.

Give her a laugh for an entrance line; she always laughed a lot. It was a laugh that didn't sound at all like temple bells, a laugh that wasn't high and mirthless and self-conscious, or low and full of come-hither and allure. It belonged to a great big girl who looked like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAVEMAN
Continued from page forty-three

the pictures in the Police Gazette or the old Sunday Sun, whose spirits were as high as a Valkyrie's, and whose disposition was a lot more pleasant. Emma Berger her name was; she lived in Yorkville.

She was twenty-eight years old, and she weighed a hundred and forty-seven pounds, but she never told anybody. On the other hand, she cheerfully stated that she was doing something to her hair. Whatever it was, she should have patented the process. She was five feet seven and a half, and in 1870 no doubt they'd have said she was a fine-looking girl but a bit thin.

When Emma was sixteen, she was ladies' champion—that's what they call it, not women's champion—of the Williamsburg Turnverein. That's got nothing to do with boxing or bowling; it was gymnastics—parallel bars, and rings, and so on. Also, she was a good cook, and a good judge of cooking. She never read any books, but she played the piano. The Germans have some good ideas about bringing up girls; at least, up to the age when you can't do a thing with them.

People in her neighborhood referred to her as "that awful Berger girl," probably because her hair was so yellow, and because they'd hear her coming in at all hours. They predicted hopefully that she'd come to a bad end.

She was a stenographer, and she could keep a job for a surprisingly long time. Now and then she'd change jobs, usually not much for the better. Twenty a week, twenty-five, twenty-eight, thirty, then back to twenty-two or twenty-five again. Ambitious? No. Clever? Not too clever. Not too witty, not too subtle, not too lazy, not too careless, not too bad at all, though that's nobody's business. She kissed some of the boys, no doubt, or let them kiss her; and she could smile at a joke that'd never get itself printed in these pages, and cap it with another only a little more decorous. She drank; she tasted beer when she was nine. She didn't smoke because she didn't enjoy it.

The Germans have two adjectives that were just made to fit Emma Berger—*hübsch* and *gemütlich*. *Hübsch*—*hübsch*, that means pretty, or nice, or fine, or swell. When you get a raise in pay, they say that's *hübsch*. That's what they say when they meet your girl—*hübsch, ein hübsches Mädchen*. *Gemütlich* is—well, it's companionable. It's never used to describe a grouchy person. Somebody you like to sit around with and talk to is *gemütlich*. Well, that was Emma Berger.

This Berger girl was as jolly as a Strauss waltz, as easy-going as an old shoe; she never was cross, she never was cranky; parties never seemed to bore her. You never could tell, from the way she acted, whether her escort had a Rolls-Royce or, say, a dollar eighty-seven to last him until next Saturday. She had just as good a time at a clambake as she did at the Ritz. She'd been to both, and she didn't look out of place at either of them.

Probably any woman would love to be blonde and twenty-two. At twenty-four, and twenty-five, and twenty-six, and twenty-eight, it's not so unmixed a pleasure. Particularly when every year means two more pounds, or four, and when you're living in an age when Junos are not in style. Still more particularly, when you don't care much about other girls—and big girls frequently do not—and when, although you're not in love with anyone, you'd sort of like to be.

THE boys say, "Em Berger? Sure, she's a good kid," and let it go at that. Somehow, they know you're not fast; they understand that. They drag you to a few dances, a few parties, and then go away and leave you for someone who's slim and mysterious, or little and clinging. Some of the boys you grew up with are pushing baby carriages.

The bachelors of twenty-seven, or twenty-eight, or thirty—well, either they're the same as yourself, with one poor job after another, or, if they're prosperous, they're a little too calculating, a little too self-assured, a little too ready to compare you with their cheap sweethearts, who may be years younger than you, but who have grown up faster, just the same. . . . It certainly is tough for us poor girls, no fooling.

What can you do? There isn't much you can do. You can wait; you can keep waiting; you can say to yourself, well, there isn't any Mister Right for me, I know there isn't; still, maybe— Anyhow, I can't keep sitting here in the parlor. I could get Rose Hartigan, and we could go round to the Ideal. We'll dance with each other; the kids who'll cut in won't amount to much; they're so young, or so terrible. Still, we don't have to bother with them. We'll dance a while, and we'll come home early, by ourselves— Mom! I'm going out with Rose Hartigan for a while. . . . Oh, nowhere. Won't be late—

ALL right, professor. A little heavy on the sax now; a little more heat. That's got it. "Thank your father—thank your mother." Couples dancing gravely to the saxophones, so hot and sweet, of Phil Sarony's orchestra at the Ideal Pavilion. They dance well, and with great propriety. "Thank your father—thank your mother. Thank them for the way they've been to each other." Come on, Johnny. Come on—what do you say? Let's break those two, huh? The little one just give me the eye. When they come round again. Ah, come on. You grab the big one.

Johnny Hinton, who's had far too much gin, otherwise he never would be here, steps out of the stag line with Wally Hines of Viking Press. Wally Hines and Rose Hartigan go floating away, it may be for years, and it may be forever. Johnny can just see the top of Emma Berger's twenty-eight-dollar permanent. He likes it. He's not the first one. . . .

"It was hot in there. It was too hot. It's nice and cool out here," says Johnny solemnly, and Emma nods. They're out in balmy Sixth Avenue, after two dances.

"Now, I tell you what. I tell you what we'll do. I'll take you home, huh? Take you home; go home myself."

Emma looks sidewise at him. "You can't go home yet," she says. "You'll have to get straightened up first."

"What do you mean? Perfectly all right. Come on. Whereabouts do you live?" "Now, look," says Emma. "I tell you what. We'll go over to Fifth and take a bus. We'll go up on top and take a little ride. Then we'll ride back. How's that?"

"Let's take a taxi," says Johnny.

"Oh, no. We'll take the bus. Come on." . . .

On the way up to Grant's Tomb, Johnny recited practically half of The Shropshire Lad. Coming back, he held Emma's hand and continued with Last Poems. He also told Emma a great deal about the book business. And Emma listened, and for once in her life she wasn't laughing much.

"There's Washington Square," she said. "Now, look. How do you feel?"

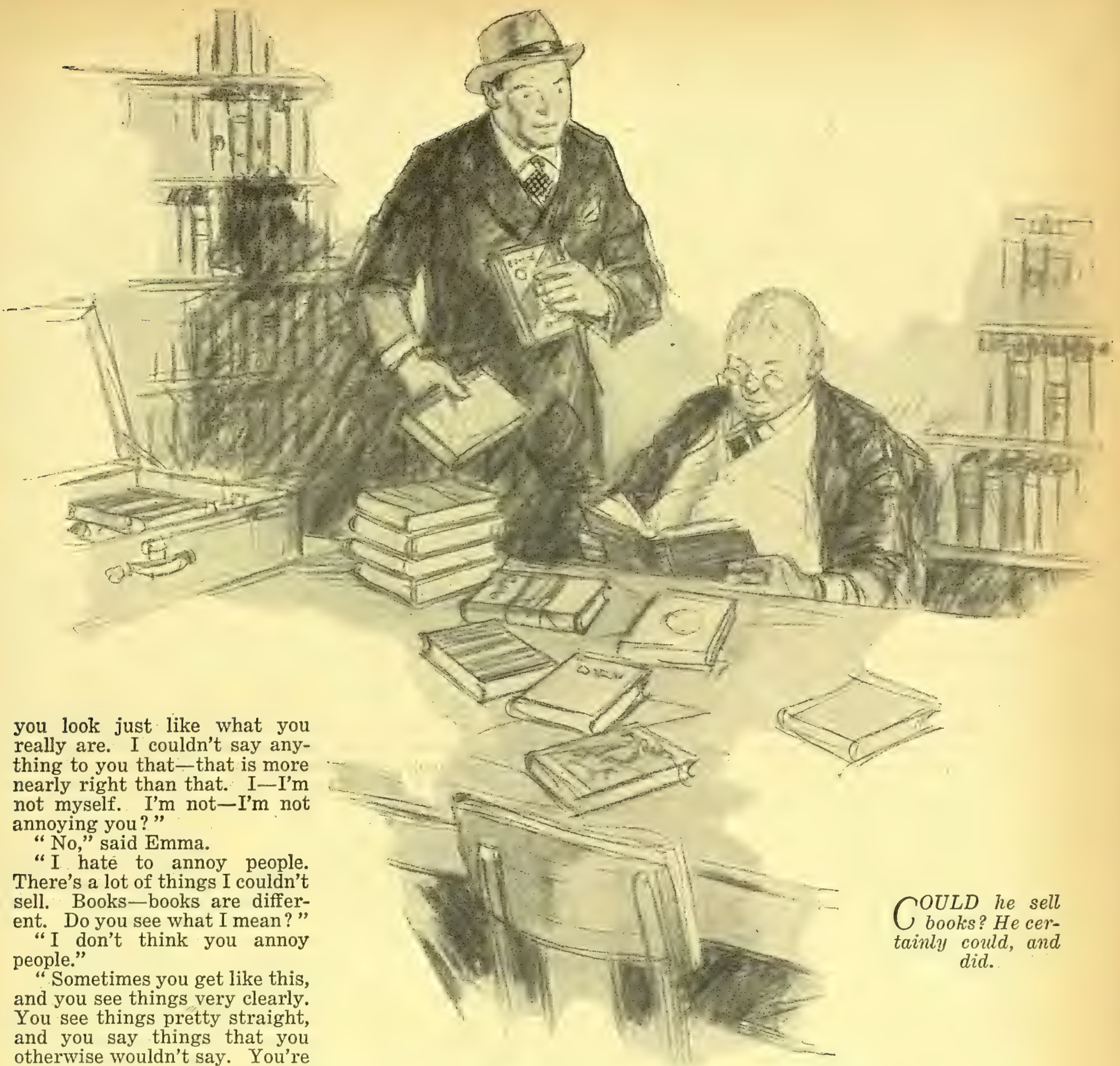
"I'm O. K.," said Johnny. "There is a good line in Epictetus: 'If a fig falls into my lap, I will take it and eat, and give thanks to the gods. But am I a child, to scramble for figs in the market place?' Judas! The guy was a hunchback and a slave. What do you think about that, huh? Listen. There's a piece by Richard Hovey—Down the Road with Marna. Jever read it?"

"I think maybe we'll ride back one more time," said Emma. "I'll treat this time."

"You'll what? Don't be ridiculous. Here. Look. I got no change. You take this, and when he comes around you get it changed, huh?"

"O. K.," said Emma, and took the five-dollar bill. By and by, in an absent-minded sort of way, she gave it back to him. "He had no change," she said, and nodded gravely.

"'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your golden hair,'" Johnny said. "You know this one—'A thousand years were not enough to kiss her feet.' Look. I never saw anyone as beautiful as you. Look. All the girls in this town are skinny. Everyone of them's skinny. You—



COULD he sell books? He certainly could, and did.

you look just like what you really are. I couldn't say anything to you that—that is more nearly right than that. I—I'm not myself. I'm not—I'm not annoying you?"

"No," said Emma.

"I hate to annoy people. There's a lot of things I couldn't sell. Books—books are different. Do you see what I mean?"

"I don't think you annoy people."

"Sometimes you get like this, and you see things very clearly. You see things pretty straight, and you say things that you otherwise wouldn't say. You're very big, and you're very kind. People don't have to know each other forever. I've only just met you, and still I know what I'm telling you is true."

"Look. I think maybe we might get out pretty soon. Do you think you could drink a cup of coffee?"

"No. Better not. Come on, push that button. We'll get out, and I'll take you home. O. K.?"

"O. K.," said Emma, and smiled at him.

NEXT day he found a card in his pocket, upon which he must have scrawled Emma's name and address and telephone number. Johnny looked at it, and scowled. He knew that he'd been in a bad way the night before, and he had a vague recollection that he had said some foolish things. Picking up a bimbo in a dance hall, and treating her as if she were the Queen of Sheba— Still, he remembered also that she had been pretty nice to him.

At four o'clock he called her up, quite curtly, and more or less from a sense of duty. She sounded as if she'd been expecting the call, and her laugh came floating to him over the wire. The first thing he knew, he was making a date with her. . . .

Time went on. Johnny and Emma were to be seen together at plays, at dances, at the movies, and at the beaches.

He soon found out that there were a good many things about Emma that needed reform. He lectured her about drinking, and about going to dance halls. He learned that she was on the third meal of an eighteen-day diet, and got very cross about it, and wanted to know if she were trying to ruin her health. Many of his remarks were prefaced by "Hey, you." That was Johnny's system. It was more a result of theory than of practice. He'd always heard that women like strong, rough, masterful men. He'd seen them on the screen; he'd read about them in books. Doubtless, after six years in the book business, he had an idea that he was really a pretty tough citizen anyhow.

What did Emma do? Did Emma show him her medals from the Turnverein? Did she turn a few cart wheels for him on the beach, or swim out half a mile? Did she drink her fair share of the bottle of ink over at Joe's speakeasy? What? Do you think Emma was crazy?

Ah, no. She seemed just to eat it all up. He'd order her around, he'd tell her what to do, and she'd do it. He told her she wasn't being paid enough, and that she should speak to her boss about it. She did, and she lost

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

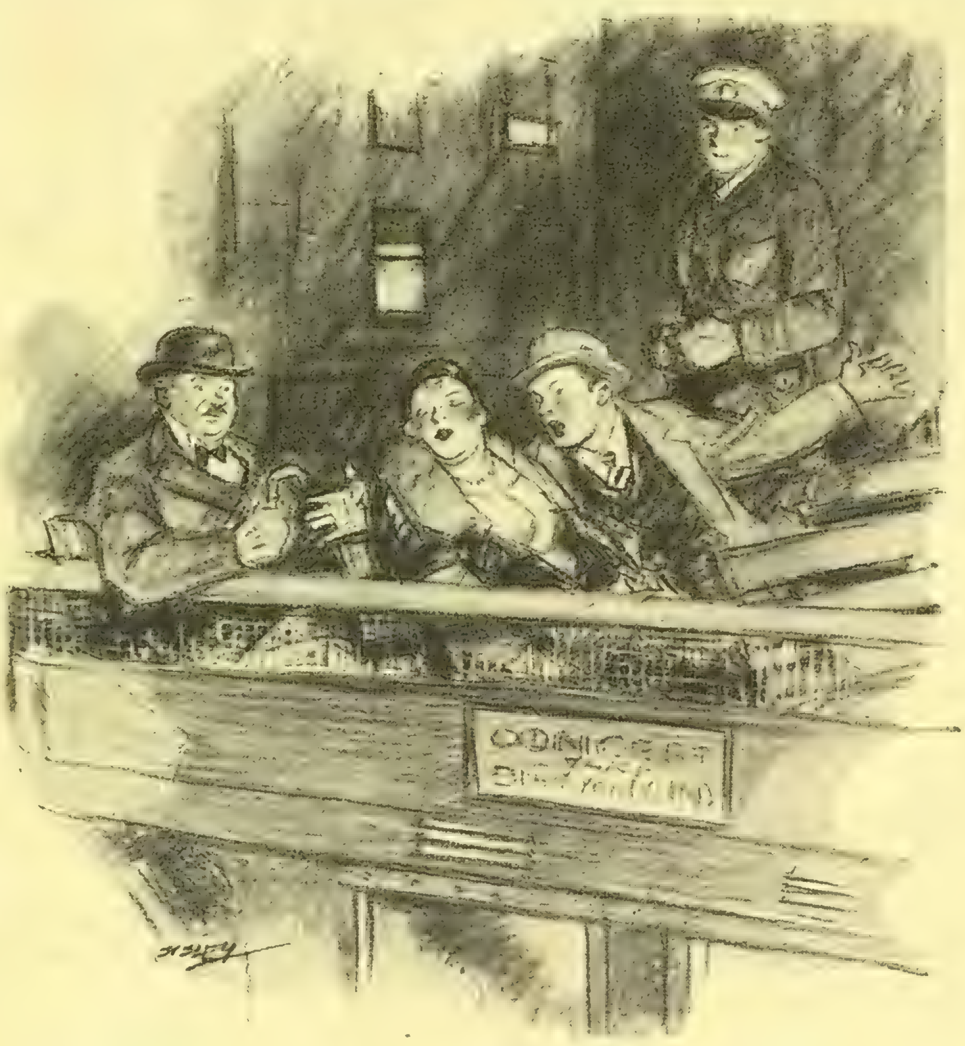
THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAVEMAN
Continued from page forty-five

her job. Still, she got another right away. He told her a coat was too thin, and promptly she got her fur coat out of storage.

He was jealous, too, or, at any rate, he didn't approve of Emma's genial habit of kissing anybody and everybody. He'd kiss her good night and hello, himself, of course. It wasn't that he had any real doubts about Emma; he wasn't quite that cuckoo. But he told her, darkly, that there were a great many cads in the world who would misunderstand her. Emma didn't reply that in that case she would give any such person a good sock in the eye. She just listened thoughtfully.

When he was on the road, he'd write her hard-boiled letters, mostly about the size of the orders he was getting. That's the way love letters are written on the American plan, and, all things considered, perhaps it's not such a bad way, either: "Dearest, I got a big order today; I'm knocking the trade dead; I love you." As for Emma, her letters were long, simple, matter-of-fact, little-girl letters: I went here, I did this, I did that; I bought a dress; I had lunch in Schrafft's; when are you coming home?

They weren't sloppy, or sentimental, or witty, or amusing. Johnny would read them, and grunt, and stick them away in his pocket, and read them again later in the day.



On the way up to Grant's Tomb, Johnny recited practically half of The Shropshire Lad.

One night in April they went over to Joe's for dinner, and Emma had a Martini. When Giuseppe brought the bottle of Christopher Street Chianti, she began to drink that too. Johnny looked at her with some displeasure.

"I'm thirsty," she said.

"Yeah?" said Johnny. "You don't want to drink this stuff."

"You're not blind yet. I'll stop drinking it when you do."

"Ain't you tough!" said Johnny viciously; and they drank the whole bottle, share and share alike.

"Now we'll have a big cup of coffee, huh?" he said.

"I don't want any coffee," said Emma.

"You'll have it, and like it," said Johnny.

The coffee was certainly as poisonous as Joe's Chianti. Nevertheless, Emma drank it meekly.

"Now, come on, let's get out of here," said Johnny.

THEY walked through the Village, and over to the square, and Emma looked across at the old houses, and at the electric lights of a church's cross, and said, "Johnny—"

"Uh-huh?"

"I think this is the prettiest town in the world, Johnny."

"You do, huh?" said Johnny, and grinned. "You wait till I get you home."

"You and who else?" said Emma, and hugged his arm.

They had expected to go to the Roxy that evening.

"Want to walk over to the subway, or will we get a cab?" said Johnny.

"I tell you what," said Emma. "Let's get a bus, huh, and ride up on top to Grant's Tomb."

"O. K.," said Johnny.

She put her hand in his overcoat pocket, and he held it. About at Fiftieth Street, she said, "Johnny, I—what was that thing about liquor, love, and fights?"

"Huh?" said Johnny.

"Something about a man being drunk with liquor, love, and fights. You said it for me, before. Say it for me. Go on."

She snuggled against him, contented, and Johnny looked around uncomfortably.

"Well. It—I guess I don't remember it."

"Well, then. Say the other one. Say the one about—I don't know—something about a thousand years not being long enough to kiss a girl's feet."

Johnny sat silent for about a block, his ears quite red.

Then he turned around to her. "Well," he said, "I guess, when you come right down to it, it's not enough, either. What do you think of that, huh?"

EMMA, with parted lips, sat silent. Her waiting was almost over. Don't think she didn't know it.

"Now, look at here, Emma. I—I didn't intend—I didn't figure on getting married until I get off the street and in the office. But I'm telling you that I'll never marry anybody else but you."

"Check," said Emma faintly.

"Check, huh?" said Johnny, and nearly broke her fingers.

"You heard me," said Emma, still faintly. She raised her voice. "I'll wait ten years for you, or I'll get married tomorrow. Whatever you say."

"I'll take good care of you, baby," said Johnny.

"You know what you said that first night—nothing but skinny girls in this town? I—I'll probably get awfully fat, Johnny—"

"Huh! Not on what I make, you won't."

"Johnny, I'll work. I'll keep my job."

"Oh, yeah? And me making seventy-five a week? I see myself. I'd like to see you!"

"Seventy—oh, Johnny, we can live on that. I'm a pretty good housekeeper. I—"

"You'll have to be."

"Johnny—you know what they say about the truth coming out when you're drinking? I was crazy about you ever since that first night. You didn't say one thing to me that wasn't swell."

"Oh, I got a good hot line, no doubt about it. They fall for me, practically all over."

"I'll never forget the things you said to me, riding up on this bus, that first night. I—I want to be everything you think I am, Johnny."

He looked at her.

"Listen. Don't work hard at it, will you, babe?" he said. "Anybody would take one look at you and know what you're like."

"Check," said Emma.

He never told her that he didn't remember being on a Fifth Avenue bus before.

A little deception is necessary in romance—isn't that so?

THE END

LIMERICKS

ANOTHER $500 *OFFERED*

For Last Lines That You Can Write Easily

New Schedule Offers 27 Big Cash Awards

Every One Worth While

Get Busy! Send in Your Last Line Today!

EACH week Liberty prints the first four lines of a Limerick and invites its readers to complete it by writing their own last lines. A total of $500 in cash is awarded weekly for the best last lines submitted. Get in on this. Write a last line yourself and send it in. Your chance for a prize is just as good as the next person's. The prize money must be paid. Why not claim a share for yourself? Under the new prize schedule there are twenty-seven big prizes as follows: one prize of $100, two prizes of $50 each, four prizes of $25 each, and twenty prizes of $10 each. It's your opportunity!

THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK

A Limerick ender named Hugh
Was puzzled for rhymes that rang true.
But smile erased frown
When, inspired, he wrote down

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, August 1. This gives every one ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 5.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

JUNE 27 PRIZE WINNERS

(Old Prize Schedule)

$250 FIRST PRIZE

Sue Sunlove, who dozed on the beach,
Awoke with a sob and a screech.
Each place the sun kissed her
Developed a blister—
" Fried chicken " was " maid " from a " peach."

Sam Murphy Birmingham, Ala.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

Sue's a sadder but smart-er young peach!

Mrs. Walter D. Chase New York City

$75 THIRD PRIZE

And the ocean roared at her speech.

Harry Hetzel Philadelphia, Pa.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

If beauty's skin deep, she's a peach!

Catherine Wenzler Memphis, Tenn.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

That took oceans of lotions to bleach.

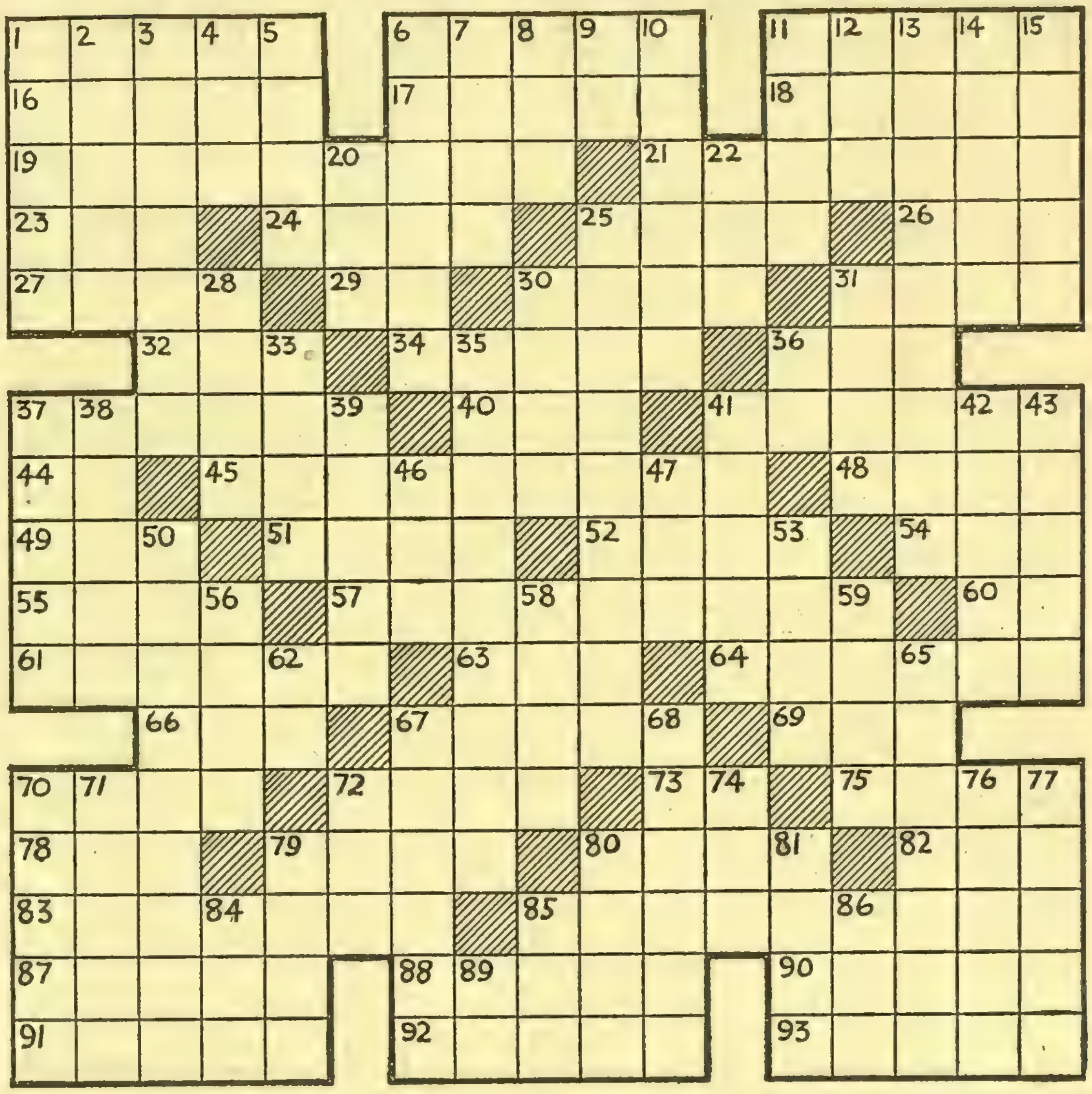
Oscar A. Janes Dodson, Mont.

HONORABLE MENTION

Mrs. S. A. Kingston, Toronto, Can.; Bruce Price, Sac City, Iowa; Mrs. McCaskill, Hollywood, Cal.; Helen Tanner, Liberty, N. Y.; Marion Duncan, Seattle, Wash.

MORE WINNERS AND ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN MONEY NEXT WEEK!

Two Puzzles for

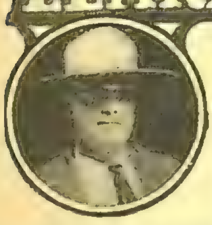


HORIZONTAL
1 Fine powdered lava
6 Of the poles
11 A tree
16 A kind of rock
17 A size of type
18 A scene of action
19 In a like manner
21 Pompous procession
23 Equip with weapons
24 Blaze
25 A shallow tray for holding type
26 Fitting
27 That which is bestowed in consideration of merit
29 Pronoun
30 The thing here present
31 Retained
32 To move over with friction
34 The son of Jahath (I Chron. iv.)
36 Counters used in the game of chess
37 Mounted trooper
40 Morass
41 One affectedly precise as to diction
44 Indefinite article
45 Custodian of funds
48 Upon
49 Nervous twitching
51 Amend and revise
52 District nearly corresponding to ancient Babylon
54 An opening
55 Town in England
57 Estranged
60 Exist
61 Abide; endure
63 Brood of pheasants
64 Pass away, as time
66 Surrounded by
67 Bamboolike grasses
69 Pastry
70 Line an inner roof
72 Transmit
73 Toward
75 Small thin cake
78 Worthless leaving
79 Compass point
80 Shaded walk
82 Spring
83 Round disk or shield
85 Eternal death
87 Sacred song
88 Angry
90 Brief
91 Vends
92 Provides with an inner covering
93 Probes for searching a wound

VERTICAL
1 Province in India
2 English district corresponding to a county
3 Beats with heavy blows
4 One of the Prophets
5 Selfishness
6 A jackstay
7 Amorous look
8 A song
9 By
10 Recompensed
11 Place of confinement
12 Sooner than
13 Impairing in force or activity
14 Make void
15 Classified
20 Point
22 An equine
25 Mortified
28 Fine particles of earth
30 You
31 One of distinguished valor
33 Nude
35 Abstemious
36 Letter of the Greek alphabet
37 Detester
38 Join
39 A type of fortification
41 Prattle
42 Punctures
43 Kind of head covering worn in the tropics
46 Suffer illness
47 Period
50 Commitment
53 Seaweed
56 Fastening device
58 Gazed fixedly
59 A platform
62 A fish
65 An allowance
67 Renavigate
68 Looks searchingly
70 Military unit
71 Irregularly notched
72 Salt
74 Aged
76 On the larboard side
77 Breathes in short gasps
79 A tree (plural)
80 Apportion
81 Roster
84 Measure of length
85 A hard subsoil
86 Article
89 Japanese measure

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

FLIT
©1931
Dr. Seuss
"Quick, Henry! The Flit!"

LEARN TO WRITE
SHORT STORIES

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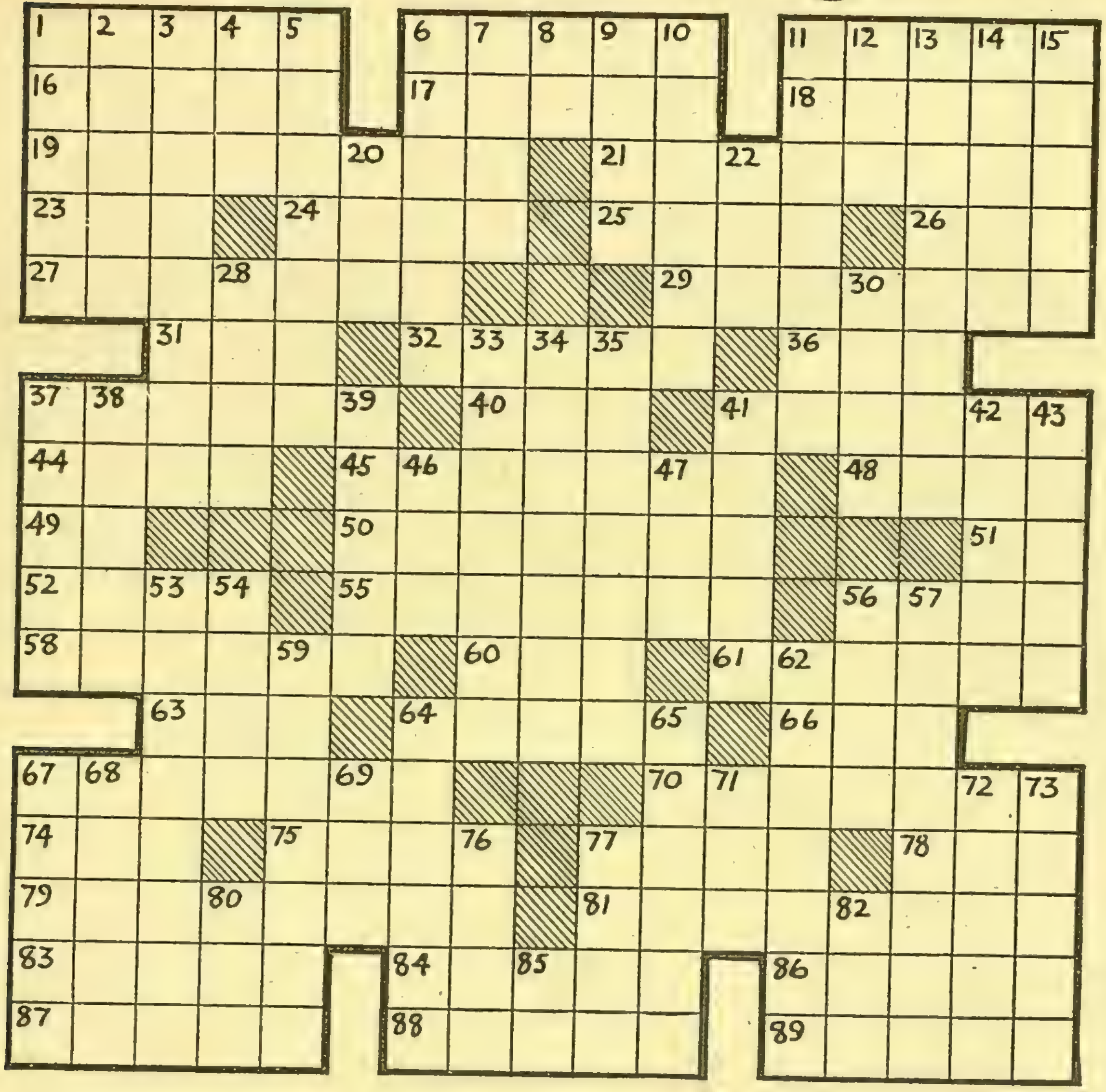
Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 Imprint
6 Stretches from one limit to another
11 A shot in the game of billiards
16 Pertaining to a heavenly body
17 Student at a military academy
18 Unfasten
19 Unpacked
21 Contended with by grappling
23 The common European gull
24 Becomes sunburned
25 Kind of pastry
26 The day before any important day
27 Pretense
29 Longed eagerly
31 Fabulous bird
32 Natives of a former European country
36 Cause to be quit of
37 Summits
40 A constellation
41 Gives a right of entrance
44 Political radicals
45 Quiverings
48 River in Scotland
49 While
50 Rescinds
51 A deity in Egyptian mythology
52 Cried
55 Calcium phosphate
56 An insect
58 Stellar
60 A cardinal number
61 Climbs, as by a ladder
63 A bond
64 A great mass of ice (plural)
66 Greasy liquid
67 Royal mace
70 The food of cattle taken by grazing
74 A jar
75 Genus which includes the olive tree
77 Separate
78 Tatter
79 Member of an international chain of clubs
81 Charging with guilt
83 Concerning
84 To hash
86 A disease of animals
87 Years of adolescence
88 Narrow apertures
89 Moved forward gradually

VERTICAL

1 Sudden and marked decline, as in value
2 Tone adjuster
3 Replied
4 Entangle
5 Shield; guard
6 Perfume
7 Walks or tramps along; trudges
8 Public notice (colloquial)
9 Salamander
10 Wanders from proper limits
11 Pungent powder used as a condiment
12 An insect
13 Magnificent
14 A sifter
15 Concluded
20 To increase
22 Sooner than
28 To heave up and down; tumble
30 Hoarfrost
33 Heighten
34 Farther away
35 Registering
37 Crops
38 Replace
39 An escaped domestic animal
41 Equines
42 Concise
43 Sudden breaking or rupture (plural)
46 A fabric
47 Steep or expose to moisture, as hemp
53 Receiver of a grant of rights
54 A journey
56 To stay in expectation
57 Enticing
59 Sharp replies
62 Garb
64 Fishes of the carp kind
65 Intervals
67 An inferior cotton cloth
68 Withered old woman
69 High priest of Israel
71 Part of a circle
72 Extent of space
73 Incited
76 Indigo plant
77 Agreement
80 Feminine personal name
82 Downcast
85 Not so

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

FREE
Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

Just Try
Hires Root Beer
At Our Expense

MAKE this trial with our compliments. Get your family to vote on Hires Root Beer. See if they agree that it's one of the finest beverages they ever tasted.

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Asheville, N. C.	2,222	1,783
Bar Harbor, Me.	100	38
Burlington, Vt.	1,248	835
Charlevoix, Mich.	160	55
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New London, Conn.	2,401	1,656
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Good Policy

A New For the Love o' Lil

LIL had baked a cake. Lil had set the table very carefully. Ulysses was staying overnight with his grandma, and she was to have dinner with Sandy—just themselves. . . .

She sighed as she tied a pink ribbon round the meerschaum pipe that was carved like an old salty sea-captain's head. It had taken a lot of allowance to buy the pipe that Sandy had always wanted to color.

Lil brought out her frosted anniversary cake with its six candles. He'd be here any moment now. And he *knew* it was their anniversary. She had *seen* to it he knew, after having been stung for three years past.

Funny feeling! Being married so long. An old married woman. Past the tin wedding! Gee!

Lil glanced into the hall mirror and straightened out her new pink muslin with white dots. Gosh, she hoped Sandy would have that little reversible black-and-white velvet jacket for her anniversary present. She had told him just where it was, and the saleslady's name she had talked to, and the price—

This week's cover picture.

She put her head to one side and saw herself in the mirror with the velvet jacket already wrapped around her. Sandy was such a good cluck. . . .

The door opened, and Sandy's voice boomed out. His arms open. *And no package in them!*

"Hello, old lady! Do I smell onions?"

"Yeh. Don't put your coat on the floor!"

"'S deliberate," grinned Sandy. "Maybe if you fall and break your neck over it, you'd remember to sew on that button for me."

Lil swallowed. Between that and the lack of a big square package. . . .

"Gosh a'mighty! The pipe I wanted! Come here, little woman. I know you hate being called little woman, but you're the only little woman I have; and really, I just might kiss you."

Lil achieved a big good-fellow smile, and closed her eyes as she put back her head for the kiss. Her arm stole up around his neck.

"Look, kid. Oh, forget the dinner. Let the horse meat burn, and look," he insisted, as he drew forth from his coat pocket a large noble-looking envelope. "My anniversary present to you. It took this year of depression to do it. Open it."

Sandy's face was beaming; his eyes held that proud, self-satisfied look.

"Oak Life Insurance Company," said the envelope.

Thoughtfully Lil opened it. She couldn't read all the high-sounding paragraphs. . . . But she did see "beneficiary—Mrs. Sanford Jenkins."

"Why, Sandy," she said, bewildered. "Five thousand bucks!"

"Huh. That's nothing. That's only a start. I'm going to take out another twin sister to that policy every single anniversary that I can afford it."

"Gosh," mumbled Lil. She was thinking every time the premium payments came around, she'd have to scrimp on something. And yet, if Sandy ever walked out that door and never came back again . . .

"I'll sew on that button tonight," she said suddenly.

"Well, do you—I mean, are you happy with your present?" he demanded.

Lil threw her arms around his neck.

"Happy? Why, Sandy, how did you ever guess? It's just what I needed!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Fur Stayed.)

The PERIL at End House

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

Maggie Buckley

(Reading time: 24 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the murder of Maggie Buckley, shot while stopping with her cousin Magdala ("Nick") Buckley. Poirot, a famous Belgian detective who was working on the case, believed that Nick was the intended victim. He believed also, after Nick's statement that she was engaged to the lost airman, Michael Seton, that it was murder for money. For Michael was probably wealthy.

Nick's will, apparently lost in the mail, made her friend, Frederica Rice, residuary legatee.

Frederica, discussing Nick with Poirot, Poirot's friend Hastings, and Nick's admirer, George Challenger, suddenly became agitated, leaned forward.

PART EIGHT—A BOX OF CHOCOLATES

WE watched Frederica awkwardly.

She sat up in a minute.

"How absurd! George, darling, don't look so worried. Let's talk about murders. Something exciting. I want to know if Monsieur Poirot is on the track."

"It is early to say, madame," said Poirot noncommittally.

"But you have ideas, yes?"

"Perhaps. But I need a great deal more evidence."

"Oh!" She sounded uncertain.

Suddenly she rose.

"I've got a head. I think I'll go and lie down. Perhaps tomorrow they'll let me see Nick."

She left the room abruptly.

Challenger frowned.

"You never know what that woman's up to. Nick may have been fond of her, but I don't believe she was fond of Nick. But, there, you can't tell with women. It's 'darling, darling, darling,' all the time. And 'damn you' would probably express it much better. Are you going out, Monsieur Poirot?"

Poirot had risen and was carefully brushing a speck off his hat.

"Yes, I am going into the town."

"I've got nothing to do. May I come with you?"

"Assuredly. It will be a pleasure."

We left the room. Poirot, with an apology, went back.

"My stick," he explained as he rejoined us.

Challenger winced slightly.

And, indeed, the stick, with its embossed gold band, was somewhat ornate.

Poirot's first visit was to a florist.

"I must send some flowers to Mademoiselle Nick," he explained.

He proved difficult to suit.

In the end he chose an ornate gold basket to be filled with orange carnations. The whole to be tied up with a large blue bow.

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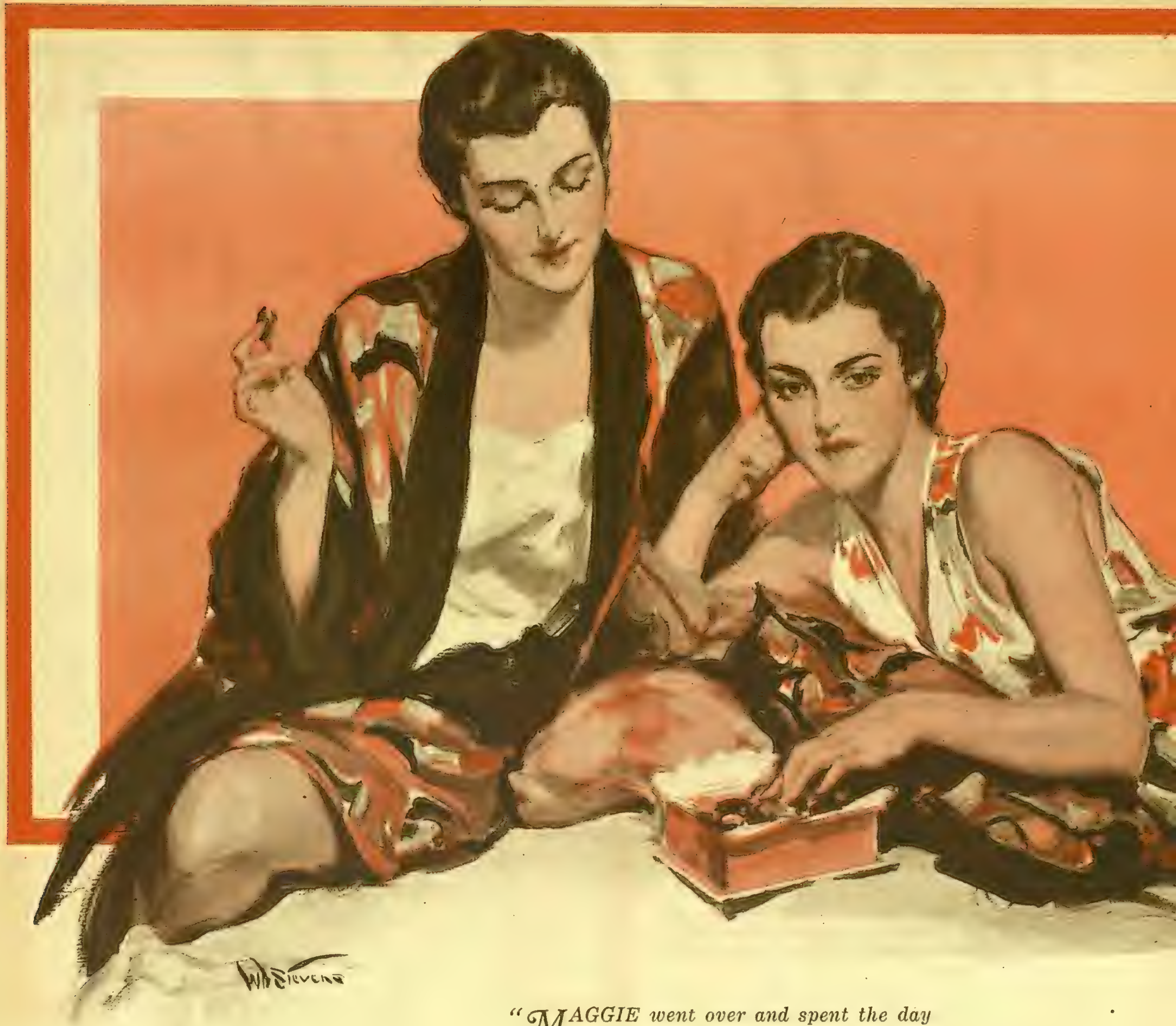

"MAGGIE went over and spent the day with her and then she came back and spent a night with us."

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-one

The shopwoman gave him a card and he wrote on it with a flourish:

"With the compliments of Hercule Poirot."

"I sent her some flowers this morning," said Challenger. "I might send her some fruit."

"*Inutile!*" said Poirot.

"What?"

"I said it was useless. The eatables, it is not permitted."

"Who says so?"

"I say so. I have made the rule. It has already been impressed on Mademoiselle Nick. She understands."

"Good Lord!" said Challenger.

He looked thoroughly startled. He stared at Poirot curiously.

"So that's it, is it?" he said. "You're still afraid."

II

THE inquest was a dry proceeding; mere bare bones. There was evidence of identification, then I gave evidence of the finding of the body.

Medical evidence followed.

The inquest was adjourned for a week.

The St. Loo murder had jumped into prominence in the daily press. It had, in fact, succeeded "Seton Still Missing. Unknown Fate of Missing Airman."

Now that Seton was dead and due tribute had been paid to his memory, a new sensation was due. The St. Loo Mystery was a godsend to papers at their wit's end for news in the month of August.

AFTER the inquest, having successfully dodged reporters, I met Poirot and we had an interview with the Reverend Giles Buckley and his wife.

Maggie's father and mother were a charming pair, completely unworldly and unsophisticated. Mrs. Buckley was a woman of character, tall and fair and showing very plainly her northern ancestry. Her husband was a small man, gray-headed, with a diffident, appealing manner.

Poor souls, they were completely dazed by the misfortune that had overtaken them and robbed them of a well loved daughter—"our Maggie," as they called her.

"I can scarcely realize it, even now," said Mr. Buckley. "Such a dear child, Monsieur Poirot. So quiet and unselfish; always thinking of others. Who could wish to harm her?"

"I could hardly understand the telegram," said Mrs. Buckley. "Why, it was only the morning before that we had seen her off."

"'In the midst of life we are in death,'" murmured her husband.

"Colonel Weston has been very kind," said Mrs. Buckley. "He assures us that everything is being done to find the man who did this thing. He must be a madman. No other explanation is possible."

"Madame, I cannot tell you how I sympathize with you in your loss, and how I admire your bravery!"

"Breaking down would not bring Maggie back to us," said Mrs. Buckley sadly.

"My wife is wonderful," said the clergyman. "Her faith and courage are greater than mine. It is all so—so bewildering, Monsieur Poirot."

"I know—I know, monsieur."

"You are a great detective, Monsieur Poirot," said Mrs. Buckley.

"It has been said, madame."

"Oh, I know. Even in our remote country village we have heard of you. You are going to find out the truth, Monsieur Poirot?"

"I shall not rest until I do, madame."

"It will be revealed to you, Monsieur Poirot," quavered the clergyman. "Evil cannot go unpunished."

"Evil never goes unpunished, monsieur. But the punishment is sometimes secret."

"What do you mean by that, Monsieur Poirot?"

Poirot only shook his head.

"Poor little Nick," said Mrs. Buckley. "I am really sorriest of all for her. I had a most pathetic letter. She says she feels she asked Maggie down here to her death."

"That is morbid," said Mr. Buckley.

"Yes, but I know how she feels. I wish they would let me see her. It seems so extraordinary not to let her own family visit her."

"DOCTORS and nurses are very strict," said Poirot evasively. "They make the rules—so—and nothing will change them. And doubtless they fear for her the emotion—the natural emotion—she would experience on seeing you."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Buckley doubtfully. "But I don't hold with nursing homes. Nick would do much better if they let her come back with me, right away from this place."

"It is possible, but I fear they will not agree. It is long since you have seen Mademoiselle Buckley?"

"I haven't seen her since last autumn. She was at Scarborough. Maggie went over and spent the day with her and then she came back and spent a night with us. She's a pretty creature, though I can't say I like her friends. And the life she leads—well, it's hardly her fault, poor child. She's had no upbringing of any kind."

"It is a strange house—End House," said Poirot thoughtfully.

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Buckley. "I never have. There's something all wrong about that house. I disliked old Sir Nicholas intensely. He made me shiver."

"Not a good man, I'm afraid," said her husband. "But he had a curious charm."

"*I* never felt it," said Mrs. Buckley. "There's an evil feeling about that house. I wish we'd never let our Maggie go there."

"Ah! Wishing!" said Mr. Buckley and shook his head.

"Well," said Poirot, "I must not intrude upon you any longer. I only wished to proffer to you my deep sympathy."

"You have been very kind, Monsieur Poirot. And we are indeed grateful for all you are doing."

"You return to Yorkshire, when?"

"Tomorrow. A sad journey. Good-by, Monsieur Poirot, and thank you again."

"Very simple, delightful people," I said after we had left. Poirot nodded.

"It makes the heart ache, does it not, *mon ami?* A tragedy so useless, so purposeless. *Cette jeune fille*—Ah, but I reproach myself bitterly. I, Hercule Poi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-three

rot, was on the spot and I did not prevent the crime!"

" Nobody could have prevented it."

" You speak without reflection, Hastings. No ordinary person could have prevented it, but of what good is it to be Hercule Poirot, with gray cells of a finer quality than other people's, if you do not manage to do what ordinary people cannot?"

" Well, of course," I said, " if you are going to put it like that—"

" Yes, indeed. I am abashed, downhearted, completely abased."

I reflected that Poirot's abasement was strangely like other people's conceit, but I prudently forbore making any remark.

" And now," he said, " *en avant.* To London."

" London?"

" *Mais oui.* We shall catch the two-o'clock train very comfortably. All is peaceful here. Mademoiselle is safe in the nursing home. No one can harm her. The watchdogs therefore can take leave of absence. There are one or two little pieces of information that I require."

Our first proceeding on arriving in London was to call upon the late Captain Seton's solicitors, Messrs. Whitfield, Pargiter & Whitfield.

Poirot had arranged for an appointment beforehand, and although it was past six o'clock, we were soon closeted with Mr. Whitfield, the head of the firm.

He was a very urbane and impressive person.

He had in front of him a letter from the chief constable and another from some high official at Scotland Yard.

" This is all very irregular and unusual, Monsieur—ah—Poirot," he said, as he polished his eyeglasses.

" Quite so, Monsieur Whitfield. But, then, murder is also irregular and, I am glad to say, sufficiently unusual."

" True. True. But rather far-fetched—to make a connection between this murder and my late client's bequest—eh?"

" I think not."

" AH! You think not. Well, under the circumstances—and I must admit that Sir Henry puts it very strongly in his letter—I shall be—er—happy to do anything that is in my power."

" You acted as legal adviser to the late Captain Seton?"

" To all the Seton family, my dear sir. We have done so—our firm has done so, I mean—for the last hundred years."

" *Parfaitement.* The late Sir Matthew Seton made a will?"

" We made it for him."

" And he left his fortune, how?"

" There were several bequests—one to the Natural History Museum; but the bulk of his large—his, I may say, *very* large fortune—he left to Captain Michael Seton absolutely. He had no other near relations."

" A very large fortune, you say?"

" The late Sir Matthew was the second richest man in England," replied Mr. Whitfield composedly.

" He had somewhat peculiar views, had he not?"

Mr. Whitfield looked at him severely.

" A millionaire, Monsieur Poirot, is allowed to be eccentric. It is almost expected of him."

Poirot received this correction meekly and asked another question:

" His death was unexpected, I understand?"

" *Most* unexpected. Sir Matthew enjoyed remarkably good health. He had an internal growth, however, which no one had suspected. It reached a vital tissue and an immediate operation was necessary. The operation was, as always on these occasions, completely successful. But Sir Matthew died."

" And his fortune passed to Captain Seton."

" That is so."

" Captain Seton had, I understand, made a will before leaving England?"

" If you can call it a will, yes," said Mr. Whitfield with strong distaste.

" It is legal?"

" It is perfectly legal. The intention of the testator is plain and it is properly witnessed. Oh, yes, it is legal."

" But you do not approve of it?"

" My dear sir, what are *we* for?"

I had often wondered. Having once had occasion to make a perfectly simple will myself, I had been appalled at the length and verbiage that resulted from my solicitor's office.

" THE truth of the matter is," continued Mr. Whitfield, "that at the time Captain Seton had little or nothing to leave. He was dependent on the allowance he received from his uncle.

" He felt, I suppose, that anything would do."

And had thought correctly, I whispered to myself.

" And the terms of this will?" asked Poirot.

" He leaves everything of which he dies possessed to his affianced wife, Miss Magdala Buckley, absolutely. He names me as his executor."

" Then Miss Buckley inherits?"

" Certainly Miss Buckley inherits."

" And if Miss Buckley had happened to die last Monday?"

" Captain Seton having predeceased her, the money would go to whoever she had named in her will as residuary legatee—or, failing a will, to her next of kin.

" I may say," added Mr. Whitfield with an air of enjoyment, " that the death duties would have been enormous. Enormous! Three deaths, remember, in rapid succession." He shook his head. " Enormous!"

" But there would have been something left?" murmured Poirot meekly.

" My dear sir, as I told you, Sir Matthew was the second richest man in England."

Poirot rose.

" Thank you, Mr. Whitfield, very much for the information that you have given me."

" Not at all. Not at all. I may say that I shall be in communication with Miss Buckley—indeed, I believe the letter has already gone. I shall be happy to be of any service I can to her."

" She is a young lady," said Poirot, " who could do with some sound legal advice."

" There will be fortune hunters, I am afraid," said Mr. Whitfield, shaking his head.

" It seems indicated," agreed Poirot. " Good day, monsieur."

" Good-by, Monsieur Poirot. Glad to have been of service to you. Your name is—ah—familiar to me."

He said this kindly, with an air of one making a valuable admission.

" It is all exactly as you thought, Poirot," I said, when we were outside.

" *Mon ami,* it was bound to be. It could not be any other way. We will go now to the Cheshire Cheese, where Japp meets us for an early dinner."

We found Inspector Japp of Scotland Yard awaiting us at the chosen rendezvous. He greeted Poirot with every sign of warmth.

" Years since I've seen you, Monsieur Poirot. Thought you were growing vegetable marrows in the country."

" I tried, Japp, I tried. But even when you grow vegetable marrows you cannot get away from murder."

He sighed. I knew of what he was thinking—that strange affair at Fernley Park. How I regretted that I had been far away at that time.

"And Captain Hastings too," said Japp. "How are you, sir?"

"Very fit, thanks," I said.

"And now there are more murders?" continued Japp facetiously.

"As you say, more murders."

"Well, you mustn't be depressed, old cock," said Japp. "Even if you can't see your way clear—well, you can't go about at your time of life and expect to have the success you used to do. We all of us get stale as the years go by. Got to give the young uns a chance, you know."

"And yet the old dog is the one who knows the tricks," murmured Poirot. "He is cunning. He does not leave the scent."

"Oh, well, we're talking about human beings, not dogs."

"Is there so much difference?"

"Well, it depends how you look at things. But you're a caution, isn't he, Captain Hastings? Always was. Looks much the same—hair a bit thinner on top, but the face fungus fuller than ever."

"Eh?" said Poirot. "What is that?"

"He's congratulating you on your mustaches," I said soothingly.

"They are luxuriant, yes," said Poirot, complacently.

Japp went off into a roar of laughter.

"WELL," he said, after a minute, "I've done your bit of business. Those fingerprints you sent me—"

"Yes?" said Poirot eagerly.

"Nothing doing. Whoever the gentleman may be, he hasn't passed through *our* hands. On the other hand, I wired to Melbourne and nobody of that description or name is known there."

"Ah!"

"So there may be something fishy, after all. But he's not one of the lads. As to the other business—" went on Japp.

"Yes?"

"Lazarus and Son have a good reputation. Quite straight and honorable in their dealings. Sharp, of course, but that's another matter. You've got to be sharp in business. But they're all right. They're in a bad way, though—financially, I mean."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes; the slump in pictures has hit them badly. And antique furniture too. All this modern Continental stuff coming into fashion. They built new premises last year, and—well, as I say, they're not far from Queer Street."

"I am much obliged to you."

"Not at all. That sort of thing isn't my line, as you know. But I made a point of finding out, as you wanted to know. We can always get information."

"My good Japp, what should I do without you?"

"Oh, that's all right. Always glad to oblige an old friend. I let you in on some pretty good cases in the old days, didn't I?"

This, I realized, was Japp's way of acknowledging indebtedness to Poirot, who had solved many a case which had baffled the inspector.

"They were the good days, yes."

"I wouldn't mind having a chat with you now and again, even in these days. Your methods may be old-fashioned, but you've got your head screwed on the right way, Monsieur Poirot."

"What about my other question—the Dr. MacAllister?"

"Oh, him. He's a woman's doctor. I don't mean a gynecologist. I mean one of these nerve doctors—tells you to sleep in purple walls and an orange ceiling; talks to you about your libido, whatever that is; tells you to let it rip. He's a bit of a quack, if you ask me, but he gets the women all right. They flock to him. Goes abroad a good deal; does some kind of medical work in Paris, I believe."

"Why Dr. MacAllister?" I asked, bewildered. I had never heard of the name. "And where does he come in?"

"Dr. MacAllister is the uncle of Commander Challenger," explained Poirot. "You remember he referred to an uncle who was a doctor?"

"How thorough you are," I said. "Did you think he had operated on Sir Matthew?"

"He's not a surgeon," said Japp.

"*Mon ami,*" said Poirot, "I like to inquire into everything. Hercule Poirot is a good dog. The dog follows the scent, and if, regrettably, there is no scent to follow, he noses around, seeking always something that is not very nice. So, also, does Hercule Poirot. And often—eh, so often!—does he find it!"

"It's not a nice profession, ours," said Japp. "Stilton, did you say? I don't mind if I do. No, it's not a nice profession. And yours is worse than mine—not official, you see, and therefore a lot more worming yourself into places in underhand ways."

"I do not disguise myself, Japp. Never have I disguised myself."

"You couldn't," said Japp. "You're unique. Once seen, never forgotten."

Poirot looked at him rather doubtfully.

"Only my fun," said Japp. "Don't mind me. Glass of port? Well, if you say so—"

The evening became thoroughly harmonious. We were soon in the middle of reminiscences. This case, that case, and the other.

I must say that I, too, enjoyed talking over the past. Those had been good days. How old and experienced I felt now!

Poor old Poirot. He was perplexed by this case. I could see that.

His powers were not what they were.

I had the feeling that he was going to fail—that the murderer of Maggie Buckley would never be brought to book.

"Courage, my friend," said Poirot, slapping me on the shoulder. "All is not lost. Do not pull the long face, I beg of you."

"That's all right. I'm all right."

"And so am I. And so is Japp."

"We're all all right!" declared Japp hilariously.

And on this pleasant note we parted.

The following morning we journeyed back to St. Loo. On arrival at the hotel Poirot rang up the nursing home and asked to speak to Nick.

Suddenly I saw his face change; he almost dropped the instrument.

"*Comment?* What is that? Say it again, I beg."

He waited for a minute or two, listening.

Then he said:

"Yes, yes, I will come at once."

He turned a pale face to me.

"Why did I go away, Hastings? *Mon Dieu!* Why did I go away?"

"What has happened?"

"Mademoiselle Nick is dangerously ill. Cocaine poisoning. They have got at her, after all. *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu,* why did I go away?"

III

ALL the way to the nursing home Poirot murmured and muttered to himself. He was full of self-reproach.

"I should have known," he groaned. "I should have known!

"And yet, what could I do? I took every precaution. It is impossible—impossible. No one could get to her! Who has disobeyed my orders?"

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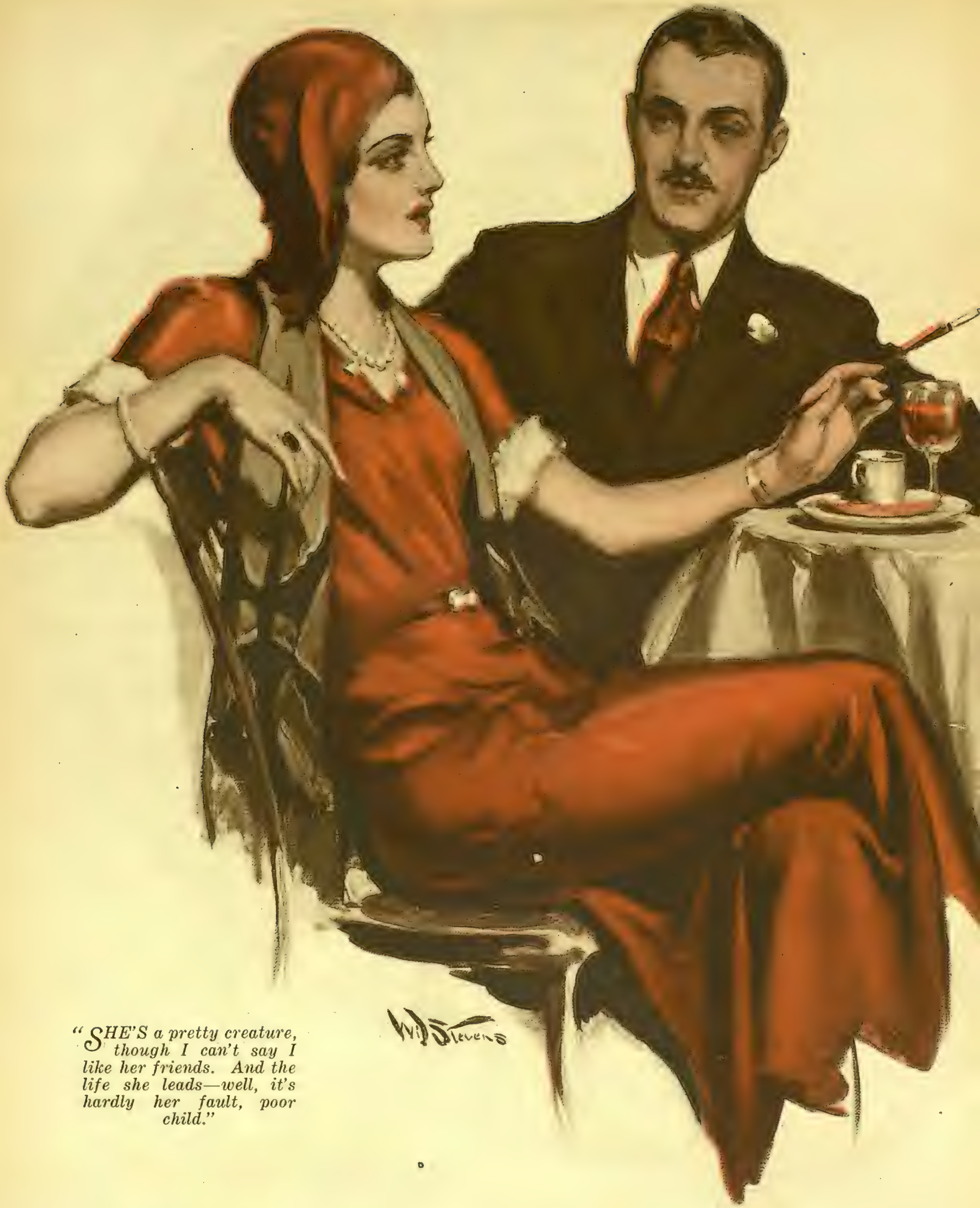


"SHE'S a pretty creature, though I can't say I like her friends. And the life she leads—well, it's hardly her fault, poor child."

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-five

At the nursing home we were shown into a little room downstairs. After a few minutes Dr. Graham came to us. He looked exhausted and white.

"She'll do," he said. "It's going to be all right. The trouble was knowing how much she'd taken of the damned stuff."

"What was it?"

"Cocaine."

"She will live?"

"Yes, yes, she'll live."

"But how did it happen? How did they get at her? Who has been allowed in?" Poirot fairly danced with impotent excitement.

"Nobody has been allowed in."

"Impossible."

"It's true."

"But then—"

"It was a box of chocolates."

"Ah! *Sacré!* And I told her to eat *nothing—nothing*—that came from outside."

"I don't know about that. It's hard work keeping a girl from a box of chocolates. She only ate one, thank goodness."

"Was there cocaine in all the chocolates?"

"No. The girl ate one. There were two others in the top layer. The rest were all right."

"How was it done?"

"Quite clumsily. Chocolate cut in half, the cocaine mixed with the filling, and the chocolate stuck together again. What you might call a homemade job."

POIROT groaned.

"Ah, if I knew! If I knew! Can I see mademoiselle?"

"If you come back in an hour I think you can see her," said the doctor. "Pull yourself together, man. She isn't going to die."

For an hour we walked the streets of St. Loo.

I did my best to distract Poirot's mind, pointing out to him that all was well; that, after all, no mischief had been done.

But he only shook his head, and repeated at intervals: "I am afraid, Hastings, I am afraid . . ." And the strange way he said it made me, too, feel afraid. Once he caught me by the arm: "Listen, my friend. I am all wrong. I have been all wrong from the beginning."

"You mean it isn't the money—"

"No, no, I am right about that. Oh, yes. But those two—it is too simple—too easy, that. There is another twist still. Yes, there is something!"

And then, in an outburst of indignation: "*Ah, cette petite!* Did I not forbid her? Did I not say, 'Do not touch anything from outside'? And she disobeys me—me, Hercule Poirot. Are not five escapes from death enough for her? Must she take a sixth chance?"

AT last we made our way back. After a brief wait we were conducted upstairs. Nick was sitting up in bed. The pupils of her eyes were widely dilated. She looked feverish and her hands kept twitching violently.

"At it again," she murmured.

Poirot experienced real emotion at the sight of her. He cleared his throat and took her hand in his.

"Ah, mademoiselle—mademoiselle!"

"I shouldn't care," she said defiantly, "if they *had* got me this time. I'm sick of it all—sick of it!"

"*Pauvre petite!*"

"Something in me doesn't like to give them best!"

"That is the spirit—*le sport*—you must be the good sport, mademoiselle."

"Your old nursing home hasn't been so safe, after all," said Nick.

"If you had obeyed orders, mademoiselle—"

She looked faintly astonished. "But I have."

"Did I not impress upon you that you were to eat nothing that came from outside?"

"No more I did."

"But these chocolates?"

"Well, they were all right. *You* sent them."

"What is that you say, mademoiselle?"

"You sent them!"

"Me? Never. Never anything of the kind."

"But you did. Your card was in the box."

"What?"

Nick made a spasmodic gesture toward the table by the bed. The nurse came forward.

"You want the card that was in the box?"

"Yes, please, nurse."

There was a moment's pause. The nurse returned to the room with it in her hand. "Here it is."

I gasped. So did Poirot. For on the card, in flourishing handwriting, was written the same words that I had seen Poirot inscribe on the card that accompanied the basket of flowers: "With the compliments of Hercule Poirot."

"*Sacré tonnerre!*"

"You see," said Nick accusingly.

"I did not write this!" cried Poirot.

"What?"

"And yet," murmured Poirot, "and yet it is my handwriting."

In next week's installment you'll learn how Poirot evolves a scheme to make the murderer show his hand.

ILL WILL TOWARD MEN

By

Robert Benchley

Pictures by HERBERT M. ROESE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 33 seconds.)

NOBODY would like to see the Brotherhood of Man come to pass any more than I would, for I am not a very good fighter and even have difficulty holding my own in a battle of repartee. I am more the passive type, and I would be glad to have everybody else passive too.

But I am afraid that it can't be done. I am afraid that there are certain situations in which a man finds himself placed by chance where there is nothing left for him to do but hate his fellow man. It isn't that he wants to hate him, but certain chemical reactions take place in his system.

Take, for example, the case of a dining car. You come in alone and the steward waves the menu at you in a friendly fashion indicating that you are to sit right down here opposite this gentleman. At the very start, this gentleman resents your sitting opposite him and you resent his having got there first.

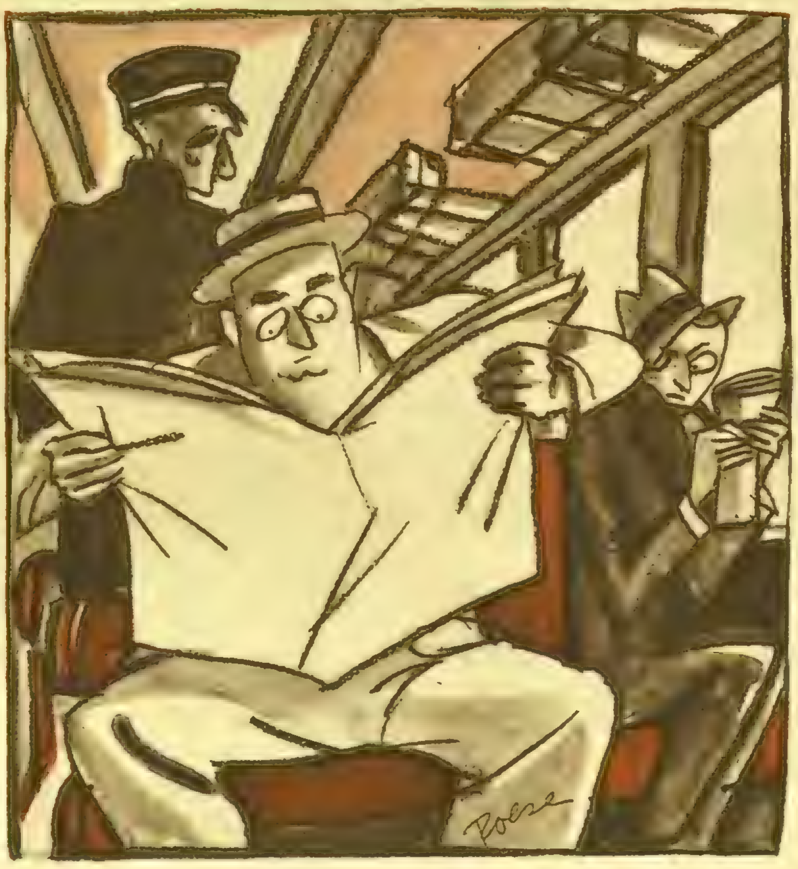
He doesn't take a good look at your face, or you at his, but you both concentrate an ugly glare on the buttons of each other's waistcoats. If he happens to have a fraternal watch charm on his chain you appraise it critically and say to yourself, "Oh, one of *those*, eh?" In the meantime, he has worked his inspection up to your tie, and you are conscious of the fact that he doesn't like it at all.

You take a quick look at what he is eating. It is usually steak and French-fried potatoes, with sliced tomatoes on the side. Has the guy no imagination in eating? You feel sure that he is going to top off with a piece of apple pie and a large cup of coffee. In the meantime, it has come your time to order. Now it is *his* turn to be critical.

As a matter of fact, that steak of his looks pretty good, but you wouldn't order that for a million dollars. He would know that you got the idea from him and you won't give him that satisfaction. So you order the deviled beef bones—and realize that he is laughing nastily to himself at your naïveté. The hell with him!

While your order is being prepared, you try looking out the window, but it is too dark to see anything. Here is the chance to break down the ill feeling slightly and make some remark, such as, "Dark out, isn't it?" But, unless you do it right away, the chance is lost and it is war to the death.

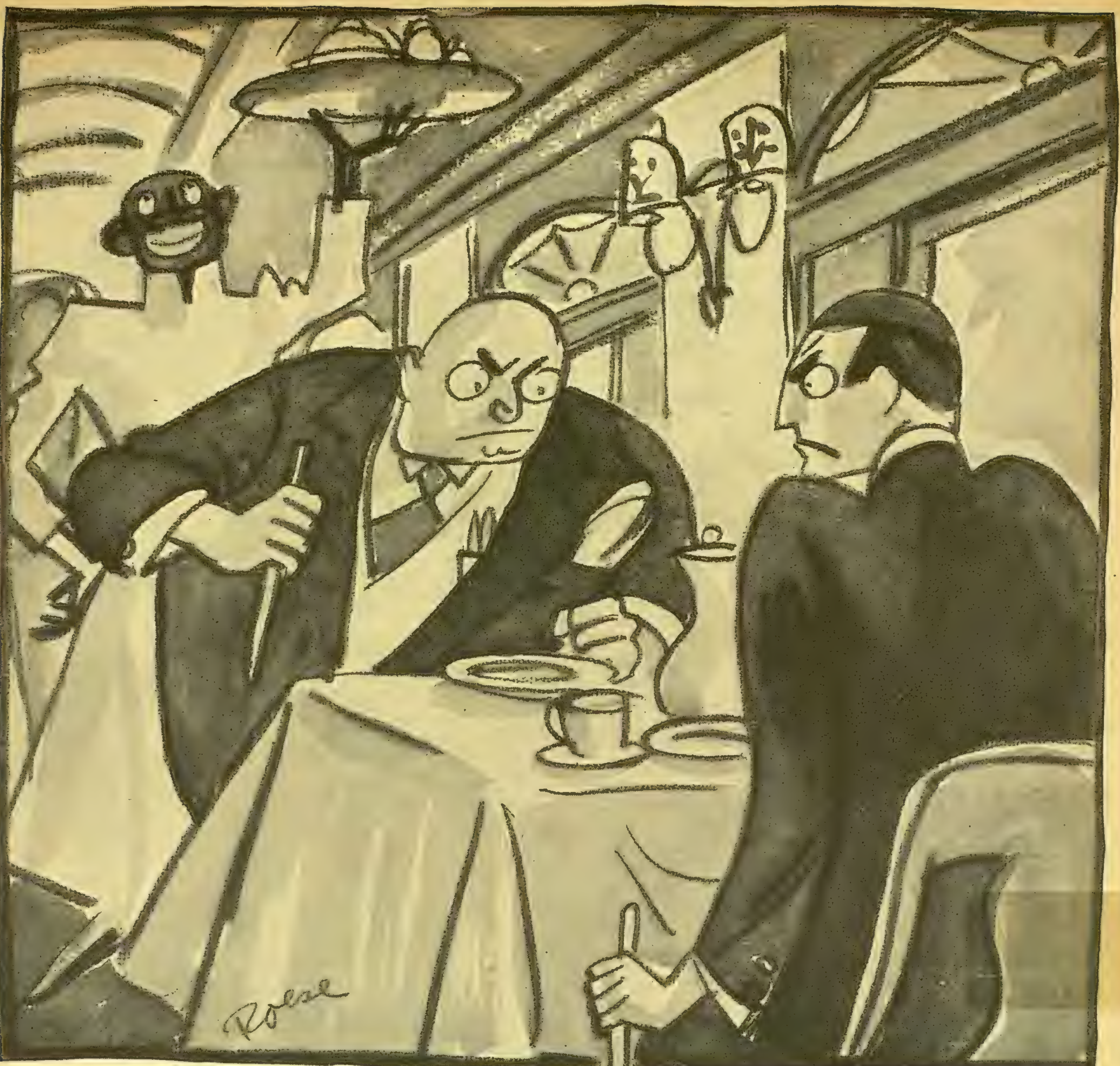
When your dinner comes, the advantage is all his. He can watch you serve yourself, make mental notes on *your* handling of your knife and fork, laugh inwardly at your attempts to get meat from a bone which has no meat on it. The result is that you spill large pieces of beef on the cloth, suddenly become self-conscious about holding your implements until you aren't sure just how you *have* been holding them all your life and, with the nervousness of a beginner, let your knife fly out of your hand on to the window sill. You are tempted to throw it at him, but you notice that he has divined your purpose and is grasping his. Well, let us have no bloodshed here. You can get him out in the vestibule.



He unfolds his paper and opens it so wide that it knocks your hat askew.

HERE are two citizens of the United States who should be brothers in the bond, whipped up to a state of mutual dislike and animosity without a word being spoken. He delays over his dessert much longer than he has to, and although you yourself would like some preserved figs with cream, you decide that one hog at a table is enough. You both pay your checks at the same time and sneer at each other's tip. Fortunately his car is in one direction from the diner and yours is in the other, so actual physical combat is avoided.

In elevators also we find a spirit which, without any justification whatsoever, threatens to destroy all the good work which evangelists and philanthropists have been struggling at all these years. Two people alone in an elevator, and strangers to each other, are instinctive enemies. If one says: "Ten out" and the other can beat him by two and say "Eight out," it is a victory which can hardly be measured by ordinary standards. Sidelong glances of hatred are shot across the car. If one catches the other looking in the mirror, a scornful leer passes over his face and the word "Siss" is spoken just as clearly as



You both concentrate an ugly glare on the buttons of each other's waistcoats.

if the sound were actually made. If a woman gets into the car, and No. 1 takes off his hat while No. 2 keeps his on, the first man boils with a desire to snatch the other's hat from his head and dash it to the floor, while the second does everything but sneer out loud at the affectation which prompts the other to assume a gentility which is both spurious and unnecessary.

THE only thing which can possibly bring these two together is the entrance into the car of two other people who carry on their conversation over the heads of the other passengers. Our two original antagonists could almost become friends under the irritation of having to listen to the new occupants' badinage.

But probably the most common of all antagonisms arises from one man's taking a seat beside you on a train, a seat to which he is completely entitled. You get in at Bog Shore and find a seat by yourself. At any rate, you get the window, and although you know that by the time the train reaches Flithurst the car will be taxed to its capacity, you put your hat down in the seat beside you.

At Flithurst a long line of commuters files past. One of them, an especially unpleasant-looking man, spies your hat and hesitates. You are thinking: "The great hulk! Why doesn't he go on into the next car?" He is thinking: "I guess I'll teach this seat hog a lesson. . . . Is this seat taken?" Without deigning a reply, you grab your hat sulkily and cram it on your head. He sits down and the contest begins.

He unfolds his paper and opens it so wide that it knocks your hat askew. He is reading the Post-Examiner. He *would.* Obviously an illiterate, to add to everything else. You crouch against the window sill, in exaggerated courtesy and fold your paper up into the smallest possible compass. Go ahead, take all the room if you want it! Don't mind *me*—oh, no! He doesn't. Nevertheless, he is boiling with antagonism, while you are on the point of pulling the bell rope and getting off the train to walk the rest of the way to town. And for what?

You are enraged because a man took a seat to which he was quite entitled, and he is enraged because he knows that you are enraged and, besides, you have the seat by the window. Thus we see that Old Stepmother Nature has her own ways and means of perpetuating warfare and hatreds. Every one of us may have a daily calendar with a motto on it about loving our fellow men, but when Nature puts two people within a radius of three feet of each other and turns on the current, there is no sense in trying to be nice about the thing. It is dog eat dog.

Some more of Mr. Benchley's philosophy will appear in an early issue.

SHOW GIRL

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

J.H.S.

By

J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by
J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 24 minutes 25 seconds.)

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: *The young Teddy Pages are back in New York after a wild honeymoon in Europe. Teddy is one of the rich Pages, and Dixie, his wife, is a former film star. Jimmy Doyle, the producer, who has always loved Dixie, hopes to get authentic data from her on the subject of débutantes. Teddy, it happens, has a débutante sister, Serena. His second sister, "Pat," is a subdeb whose heart has been won by "Dimi," a red.*

PART TEN—ON TO THE RITZ!

HELLO—hello—I want to speak to Mrs. Page. Hurry up.

This is Mrs. Page.

Oh, hello Dixie. Is this you Dixie? Hello. Hello.

Yes, who is it? What's the matter?

This is Pat.

Who?

Pat. Patricia. I'm Patricia. I'm so excited. I had to call you. Guess what's happened?

How can I guess?

You'd never guess. The family would kill me. Right on the corner. Right near the school. Isn't it thrilling?

What are you talking about?

Selling apples. I was going out for lunch with Theodora and I heard a voice say "Buy an apple for the unemployed" and even before I had time to look I knew that voice. I nearly died. Well— Good-by.

Wait a minute. What are you talking about? Don't you feel well?

Well? Wonderful! I'm so happy I can't stand it. Aren't you happy? Don't you think it's wonderful? Did you ever hear anything so thrilling?

No. Never.

I knew you'd think so. I knew you'd understand. I had to tell somebody. If the family ever knew they'd kill me.

Knew what?

What I've been telling you. Haven't you been listening?

Sure I've been listening. Every word.

Did you ever hear anything so romantic? Selling apples right near the school. Big red ones—five cents. "Hey, little girl, buy an apple for the unemployed," he said, and then I turned and there he was.

Who?

Who? I've told you a dozen times. Dimi!

Oh, Dimi. What's he doing here?

Good grief! Didn't I tell you? Selling apples on the corner near the school.

I thought he lived in Chicago.

He's in New York now. Couldn't get any work in Chicago so he came here.

That was original.

Well, he had to do something. Now he makes two or three dollars a day and I'm going to get all the girls in school to buy their apples from him. Or maybe I'd better not. What do you think? He doesn't know who I am, you know.

Who does he think you are?

Just a little schoolgirl.

Well, aren't you?

Well, he doesn't know I'm W. K. Page's daughter. He hates my father. He hates the whole capitalistical system. He'd hate me too. I'll have to be careful. Theodora promised not to give me away. She's just as thrilled as I am. "Just to think that you know a real radical," she said, "a real red. Isn't that just too wonderful!"

Pat darling, do you think you should be talking to strange men on street corners?

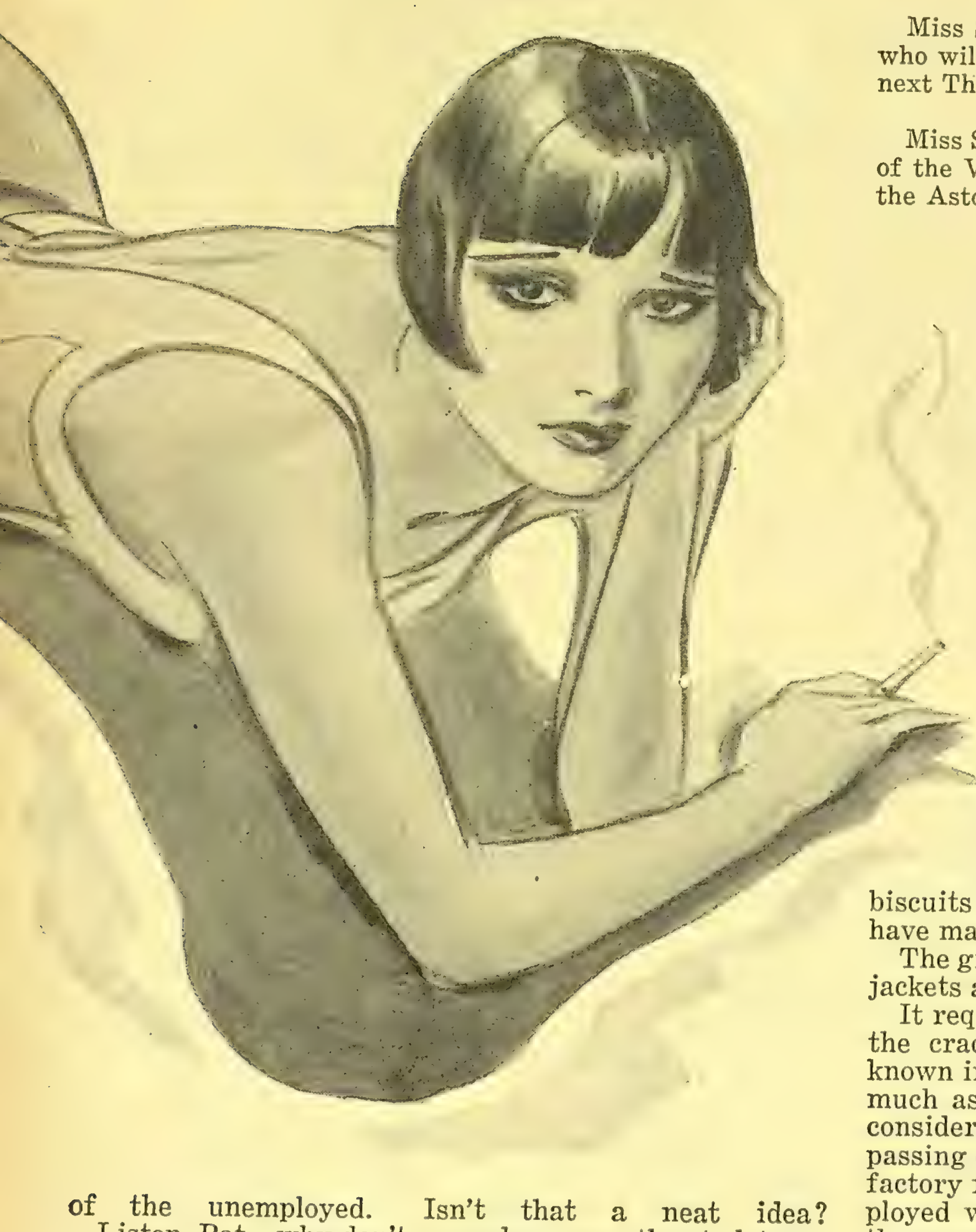
Strange men? Dimi? Why, Dixie, how could you say a thing like that?

I'm sorry.

Poor Dimi. He's so unhappy and yet he's so fierce. We're going to arrange some way to have some more nice long talks together like we did in Chicago. We can't talk on the street corner—can we?—and besides if they ever found out at school! I told Theodora if they said anything about me talking to Dimi we'd tell them I was getting material for a class theme on the problem

in SOCIETY

SNAPPED in the Sunny Southland: Mrs. Teddy (Dixie Dugan) Page on the sands of Palm Beach.



of the unemployed. Isn't that a neat idea?

Listen, Pat—why don't you ask your mother to let you come and have tea with me some day after school and we'll talk it all over. Maybe I can suggest something. What do you think of that?

Oh, Dixie, that'll be just divine. We could talk about him for hours, couldn't we?

Sure.

He looks just the same, only thinner and paler and his eyes are bigger and blacker and he's still working for the Revolution and he says thousands of his comrades are going to march on City Hall and Wall Street carrying banners and demanding jobs and if the police Cossacks interfere they'll kill 'em with their bare hands. Could I carry a banner, do you think? Wouldn't that be gorgeous? I'm so excited. I've got to go back to school now. I'm calling from the corner drug store. Maybe I should have bought an apple with this nickel but I had to tell you about Dimi. Did you ever hear anything so romantic? Isn't it marvelous! What? Why I wasn't talking more than a minute. What? I haven't any more nickels. You're a mean woman and you'll never have any luck. Good-by, Dixie, can't talk to you any more. Good-by!

Eight of the season's débutantes are pictured on this page. Immediately above is a photograph of Miss Serena Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Page, of 1053 Fifth Avenue, who will be introduced on Thanksgiving Eve. . . .

Miss Serena Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Page, who will be a fashion model at the supper dance at Pierre's next Thursday for the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service.

Miss Serena Page is a member of the Débutante Committee of the Victory Ball to take place Monday, November 10, at the Astor Hotel. . . .

A special Débutante Committee selected to assist the Spinsters is composed of the Misses Mary Kelley, Louise Leeds, and Serena Page. . . .

Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw has asked Miss Serena Page to sell programs at her Spence Musicale for the benefit of . . .

Among the provisional members of the Junior League this year are a number of the season's prettiest debs, including Miss Serena Page . . .

A TRIP THROUGH A BISCUIT FACTORY

By Serena Page

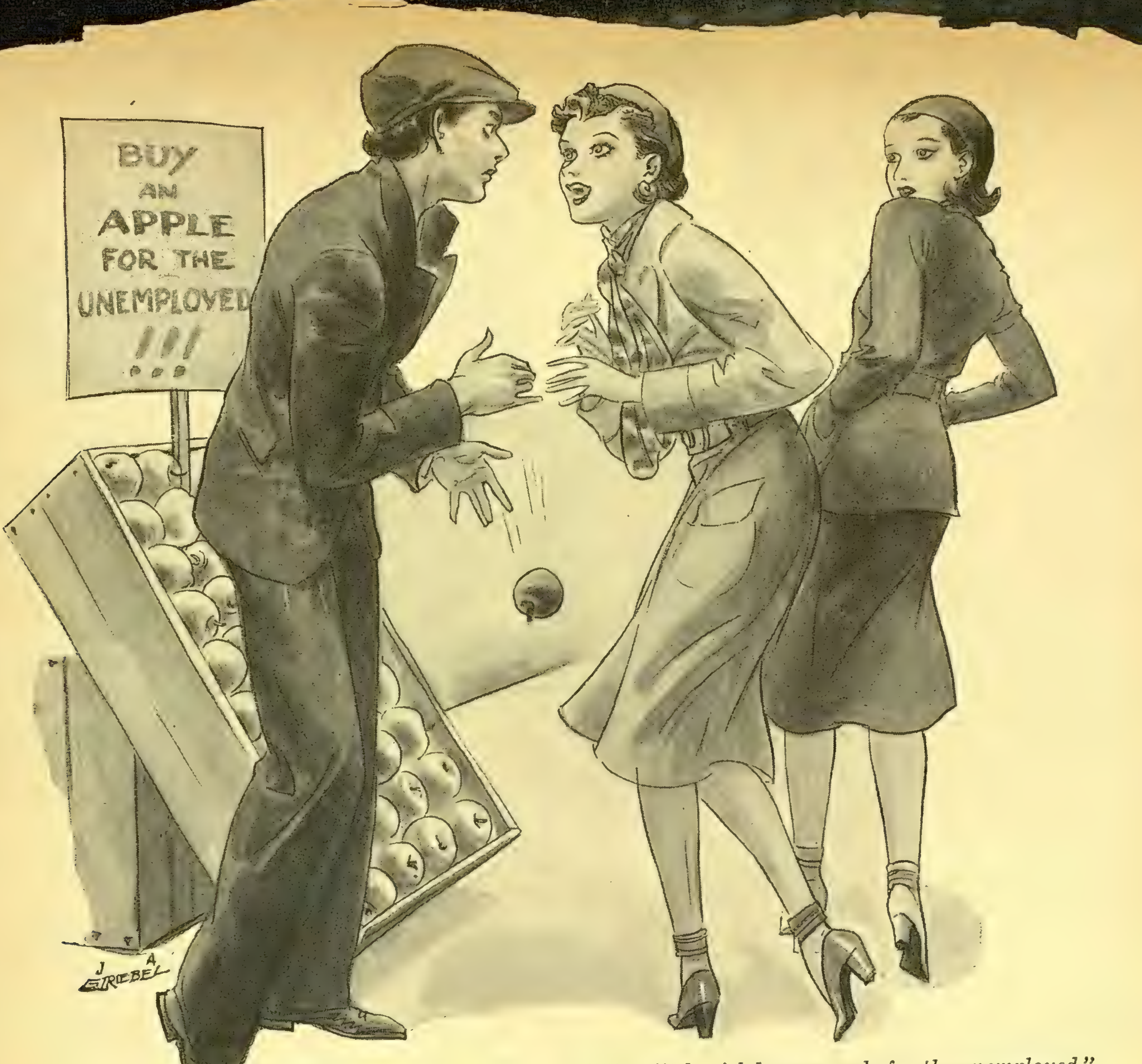
A BISCUIT factory is a place where crackers which ordinarily would be made by hands are made by machines, but in much bigger quantities than you can imagine would be possible to consume. This factory is only one of more than fifty scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land and makes dozens of different kinds of biscuits ranging from soda crackers up to the kind that have marshmallow fillings and covered up with chocolate.

The girls are all dressed in aprons and the men in white jackets and present a pleasing appearance.

It requires many hundreds of men and women to make the crackers or biscuits as they are more commonly known in England, and the workers are allowed to eat as much as they please, which is quite humane when one considers the constant temptation of toothsome titbits passing constantly in tempting array. It is quite a satisfactory feeling also to know that all these people are employed when otherwise they might be out of work like thousands that one reads about in the papers.

One is taken through the factory by a soft-voiced well-mannered attendant in groups of fifteen or twenty beginning with the mixing rooms where all the dough is mixed and from there into the various rooms where automatic machinery rolls the dough and cuts it up into individual crackers or biscuits as the case may be. These are put into the oven and baked and afterwards are assembled by deft fingered girls with wide faces and high cheek bones who look as though they might be foreigners. They pack the biscuits into various sizes and shapes of boxes although the automatic machinery which seems almost human does most of the work.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


BUY AN APPLE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED !!!
J A GRIEBEL

"Hey, little girl, buy an apple for the unemployed,"
he said, and then I turned and there he was.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-one

Having tea can never be quite the same to one who has been through a biscuit factory because one will not only see the plate of tempting delicacies but will also remember all the processes which it takes to make these in tremendous quantities, which it is apparently necessary to bake in order to fulfill the desire of all those who would have cakes with their tea.

Serena Page,
Provisional Member,
Junior League.

---

895 Park Avenue
New York City

Dear Jimmy,

What would you like to know about débutantes? There isn't much to know. The annual crop in New York seems to be around two hundred. They average eighteen years old, but they seem much younger. They go to each other's teas and dinners given by their mothers and their mothers' friends, at Sherry's, or the Ritz, or Pierre's, or the Colony Club. They come out either at a tea, at a dinner dance or at a ball. This year it's mostly teas and dinner dances because a ball costs more and all the papas are down to their last three Rolls-Royces, and walk around talking to themselves about the market.

The family usually turns over the details of bringing out the deb to a professional social secretary who has [illegible] the so-called eligible young men, very few of whom are, and manages the whole affair for a fee plus what she can chisel from the florist, the hotel, the orchestra, etc. For this sum she makes out the list, sends out the invitations, advises the family when is the best time and what is the best place.

She sends out 3,000 invitations to get 1,000 attendance, of which the deb and her family know less than a third. In addition there are a lot of crashers from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Broadway. The biggest deb parties are during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays because a long collegiate stag line is assured.

WHAT does an average débutante ball cost? From twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. That will get you the ballroom at the Ritz for the evening, a Meyer Davis orchestra, supper for eight hundred at five smacks a head, champagne, flowers, tips, invitations, entertainment—not much to be sure and not very much champagne either. Of course the Ritz doesn't furnish the drinks and would be filled with well-bred amazement to hear about them.

Sometimes when mother is feeling ambitious she goes out and hires Moss and Fontana or Bill Robinson, or if she feels five thousand bucks worth of ambition she gets Chevalier who sings delightful dirty songs in a French that the debbies never learned in Finch or Miss Chapin's.

However, a real big riot like the one old W. K. is giving Serena Thanksgiving Eve will set him back that much for floral decorations alone. There are going to be electric fountains, two dance orchestras, a gypsy band, the ceiling will be covered with orchids, and the party won't cost less than fifty thousand bucks. Put that in your movie.

A typical day for a typical débutante, taking Serena Page for example, starts about ten thirty or eleven in the morning with breakfast in bed—toast in one hand and telephone in the other. She calls all her friends, asks each one how they liked the party last night, what are they going to do all day, and to which of the half dozen teas, luncheons, and dinners they have been invited to their particular crowd is going.

There are about twenty in a crowd and when one has been invited the trick is to get the rest of your crowd wangled in so you can have a good time. After breakfast she walks down Fifth or Madison with her chum, goes into all the shops, prices everything, buys nothing and then goes to lunch at whatever is the most fashionable place of the moment. After luncheon they go to the movies since they can't shop all the time, and always pick the balcony of a house where they can smoke. Here dozens of them collect every afternoon and they yell at each other all through the performance to which they pay no attention.

THEY tell me all the little debbies used to pile into the Plaza Theater on Fifty-Eighth Street but now they go to the balcony of Loew's Lexington. After the movies they scatter for the various teas. After the teas they rush home and dress for the various dinners. After the dinners they rush to the various supper dances, sometimes taking in two or three a night and meeting each other all over again.

They dance literally from tea time until dawn, and after a breakfast of bacon and eggs eaten either at the party or at Childs afterwards (and they would all much rather go to Childs just as they would rather go to Loew's Lexington), they go home, roll in, grab a few hours sleep before the telephone starts ringing which will start them all over again for another day.

This goes on all through November and December, and by the time the Christmas holidays, which is no name for them, are finished, the little deb is too. So if she's real swank, she must go to Placid to rest, and then to Palm Beach soon after the first of the year to do it all over again, until it's time to come back to New York to do it all over again, until it's time to go to Southampton or Newport to do it all over again, until it's time to come into New York to do it all over again, and so on and so on and so on, until either she's married or goes in for a "career."

Does that help you? How does it fit in with the material you're gathering in Europe? Are you having fun over there? Did you get a lot of stuff? When is Colossal going to make the picture? Where? When are you coming back to New York? And if there is any more information you want about the social racket, ask dat ole dowager DIXIE.

Attention
Mr. James Doyle
Colossal Film Corp.
New York City

(From The News)

TURKEY WEEK! DEBS SHOW FINE FEATHERS!

Every train that puffs into town during the next few days will be crowded with collegians coming home to fill the stag lines and gladden the hearts of the debbies. Wise parents always have chosen the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays as the ideal time to present a deb datter.

. . . On Thanksgiving eve the whoopee begins in earnest with three large dances. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Page will introduce their Serena at a supper dance at the Ritz-Carlton that night; and Mr. and Mrs. . . .

Turn bum times
to boom times
BUY NOW!

DEAR COMRADE DIMI,

My chum Theodora will give you this note because I am being watched in school on account of talking to you so much on the corner at lunch time, although I pretended I was trying to get material for a class theme on the unemployment situation and how many apples a day they sell. I am so thrilled you are going to make your big speech tonight at the big red meeting at Bryant Park and this is to tell you that I am going to try and sneak out of the house and come to hear you because the family is going to a big party for my sister tonight at the Ritz.

But even if I could go to the old party I would rather come and hear you make your big speech and be the first to ring your hand and congratulate you on your noble work for the Cause, and maybe after the meeting we can go to a cafeteria and eat together and discuss Life the way we did in those "olden golden days" in dear old Chicago.

YOUR COMRADE, PAT.

(From The Times)

REDS MARCH ON RITZ;
POLICE HOLD SIXTEEN IN UNEMPLOYMENT CLASH

MANY ARE INJURED IN PITCHED BATTLE

(From The Daily Worker)

TAMMANY COSSACKS DEFEND SACRED RITZ FROM CONTAMINATION BY STARVING WORKERS; THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FOR ORCHIDS WHILE MILLIONS CRY FOR BREAD.

JAZZ AND JEERS DROWN OUT SCREAMS OF TRAMPLED WOMEN AND CHILDREN

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To relieve
HAY FEVER
MISERY
Use
Kleenex
in place of handkerchiefs

So inexpensive you use once and destroy...no laundering

HAY FEVER victims . . . join the thousands of fellow sufferers who have rejoiced in the discovery of Kleenex!

You know how marvelously soft Kleenex is—those absorbent tissues so widely used for removing face creams.

Used in place of handkerchiefs, they relieve much of the wretchedness during hay fever season when soft, dry handkerchiefs are so necessary.

You know only too well, how miserable a handkerchief becomes. Embarrassing to carry, disgusting to look at, irritating to use, unpleasant to wash.

Inexpensive—use and destroy

Kleenex costs so little that you may destroy each tissue immediately after use. And how grateful is its downy softness to inflamed and sensitive skin! Kleenex absorbs nearly *twice as fast* as the softest of old linen handkerchiefs.

You'll find Kleenex at your nearest drug, dry goods or department store.

Use Kleenex for dusting and polishing, in place of unsanitary cloths. Buy an extra package for the automobile. It's handy in a score of ways when motoring.

KLEENEX Disposable TISSUES

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.
Please send free trial supply of Kleenex. LI-8

Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........

SAFE TO REMOVE
CORNS
One drop deadens pain, dries up callus

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns. No more paring, that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with an amazing liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic. Deadens pain in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . immediately!

Soon the corn shrivels up and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

BOYS! prizes like these can be yours FREE!

That's how the fellow pictured here won them. Free! Absolutely free! His name is Phil Flash. He hails from Seattle, Washington. Three years ago, he read an advertisement very much like the one you are reading now. He mailed a coupon similar to the one pictured below. And we sent him a whiz of a prize catalog containing description of more than 400 scrumptious prizes, together with complete instructions on how to win those same prizes and earn money besides. He found it took just a bit of his spare time, went to it with a will—and now look at him! Phil also has a whopping big bank account.

Summer is here, giving you plenty of leisure. Here's *your* chance. Do what Phil Flash did. Send the coupon below and start yourself on the happy road that's lined with prizes and spending money galore.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* 8-1-31
1926 Broadway, New York City.
Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen. I want to make money and prizes.
NAME...AGE.............
ADDRESS...
CITY...STATE.................
Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:
....

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Will Grow Your Hair OR COST NOTHING!

Before: Slavin at 45

Growing hair is now a science. Hair roots get clogged with dry alkalins and poisons and the hair shaft simply can't grow out. Our treatment removes these and supplies nourishment. It has grown hair on thousands of heads and is *guaranteed to grow hair on your head, stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff, and relieve itching scalp or refund will be made of every cent of your money.* Don't suffer baldness, itching scalp, dandruff or scalp conditions any longer. Send NOW for FREE information without any obligation on your part.

After: SLAVIN at 65

Slavin Institute, Dept. D, 737 Butler Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-three

(From The Evening Graphic)

PAGE SUBDEB JAILED AS REDS RIOT AT RITZ

(Story on Page Two)

(1) Start of march on Ritz by unemployed after fiery speeches in Bryant Park.
(2) Crowd outside Ritz watching three cops rush young radical speaker into wagon.
(3) Patricia Page, sixteen-year-old daughter of W. K. Page, international banker, who joined Red march on Ritz début party for her sister Serena.
(4) The Grand Ballroom of the Ritz, which was decorated with thousands of orchids for Serena Page's début party, which is said to have had 3,000 guests and cost over $100,000 (as conceived by our staff artist).
(5) High Hats and White Shoulders scurrying for safety in their limousines as cordons of police hold back milling mob.

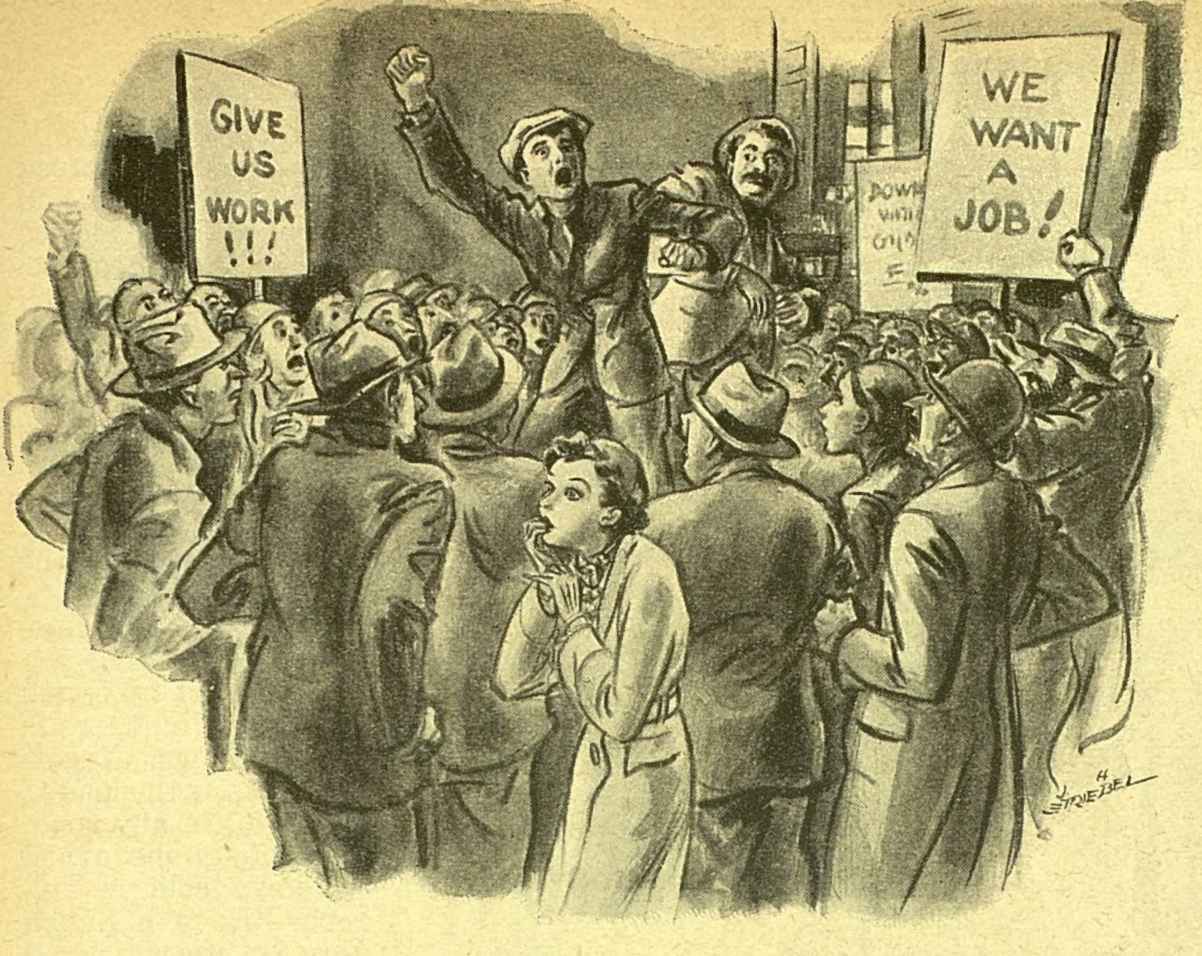
DEAREST DIXIE:

Many thanks for the darling Chanel necklace which helped to brighten my gloomy Christmas day far from home although I would hardly say loved ones. The necklace is just too divine and I appreciate it more than anything I got from my heartless parents who think they can buy me like Greeks bearing gifts. What did I do that was so terrible I should be banished from my home even on Christmas Day when all should be peace and good will? Sent away to this living death of a boarding school. What? Echo replies What indeed! But alas, such is the case. So there is nothing to do but suffer in silence beneath these slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and await the day when I will become of age to do with my life as I see fit.

There are a lot of poor wretches here who cannot get home for the holidays, but that is only because of geographical distance. They cannot understand why I must stay here and they glote over me because they are secretly envious of my stirring crusade against capitalistical tirany.

Also they are green with envy over Dimi who alas is still in durance vile for all I know, after having been trodden by the hoofs of the Cossacks police because he had the courage to raise his voice against the wrongs of the working classes.

And what an eloquent voice my Dimi had as he stood up there in Bryant Park and urged his comrades to demonstrate against the bloted aristocrats who are grinding all of us into the dust of oppression. After he made his first speech I rushed up and rung his hand and as we stood and talked while another speaker leaped on the rostrom of empty apple boxes I told him how I had sneaked out of the house while my family was disporting themselves among the orchids of my sister's party at the


GIVE US WORK !!!
WE WANT A JOB!
DOWN WITH
STRIEBEL

Comrades do you realize while we are talking idly here thousands of the bloted oppressor class are reveling in orchids and swimming in champagne?

Ritz. His eyes flashed fire and his white teeth snapped like a wolf.

Orchids, he cried, orchids at the Ritz while we starve here behind the Public Library, so leaping again on the rostrom of empty apple boxes he pushed the other speaker away and cried Comrades do you realize while we are talking idly here thousands of the bloted oppressor class are reveling in orchids and swimming in champagne at the Ritz Hotel in this very city beneath our very eyes while we howl like hungry dogs outside the walls? Come, Comrades, let us not waste any more time in idle marches on the City Hall. Let us go and face the foe face to face. ON TO THE RITZ!

WELL, Dixie, it was electrical the way that whole seething hord took up that cry, ON TO THE RITZ, and on they marched with Dimi and I being pushed along raising our voices and screaming ON TO THE RITZ! Oh, it was thrilling! And then came the police on horses, and plain clothes decktives and cops with clubs and armored motorcycles and there I was screaming outside the Ritz while inside Serena reveled in champagne and danced from the arms of one stag to another to the swooning strains of Go Home and Tell Your Mother.

Well, Dixie, that is the real truth how the whole thing started and how I found myself locked up in a jail cell next to Dimi, who was bleeding at every pore, when newspaper photographers found me and took flashlights until my father rushed lawyers to get me out and take me home to face a hysterical family, Serena screaming that she would scratch my eyes out for spoiling her debut, and mother fainting all over the parlor from one chair to another, and father saying sternly young lady this is too much tomorrow you go away to boarding school. First it was Teddy, and now that he's settled down, it's you. The injustice of it all!

The next day Serena's party was on the front page of every newspaper and everybody in her crowd said it was the hit of the year and accused my father's press agent of thinking the whole thing out to put her over in a big way! My Dimi should bleed and suffer to put her over! But that is the cruel injustice of this world. So Dixie I've made up my mind this fight will go on to the finish though they shut me up in a dozen boarding schools, for stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage. (Longfellow—I think.)

When the excitement around the house calms down enough will you please like the darling you are go over and see if you can find my Memoirs if they haven't been destroyed and send them to me secretly so that I can work on them here during my inkarseration. Please do try to do that before you and Teddy leave for Palm Beach. Please.

A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, and I hope you'll feel lots better when you get South.

From your unhappy little PAT.

(From The New York Tab)

Jimmy Doyle, playwright, author of Get Your Girl, returned from Europe last night on the S.S. France with the completed manuscript of a new picture for Colossal Films Corp.

" The picture will be based on how society amuses itself here and abroad,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU can now be a successful automobile salesman!

Easily— quickly— surely

Do you want to get into the fast-moving, opportunity-filled automobile industry? Make big money? Do interesting, dignified work? You can do it — quickly and easily — through home study in your spare time.

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan E-1

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Street Address________________________

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MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. F 231 - Rochester, N. Y.

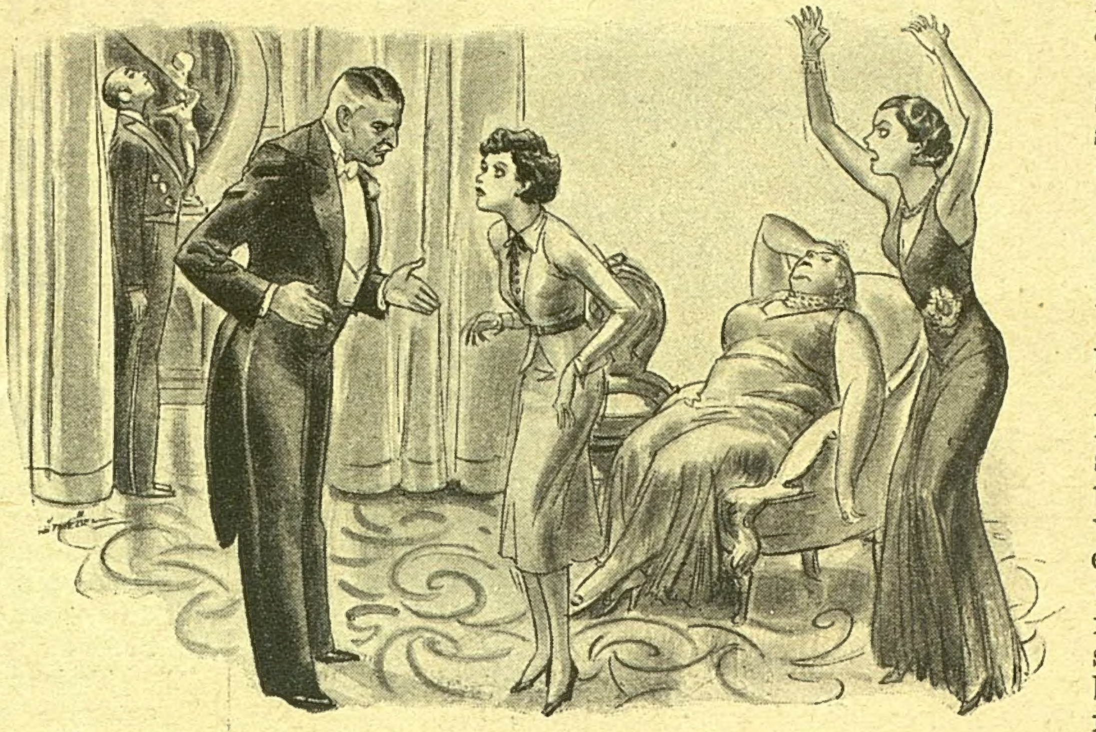
[SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-five]

said Mr. Doyle. It was also his opinion that France and Italy are arming for a new conflict and that the Russian Five Year Plan will fail.

SNAPPED IN THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND

(Right) BEAUTY: Mrs. Teddy (Dixie Dugan) Page on the sands of Palm Beach, enjoying the . . .

(Left) BEAST: Alligator Joe—Barehanded he wrestles the grim saurians, prying open their dripping jaws and . . .



Young lady this is too much tomorrow you go away to boarding school.

Dimi? ? ?
c/o The Tombs
New York City.

DEAR COMRADE IN ARMS:

You are languishing in durance vile and so am I, but where are our enemies? Ah! They are sunning their fat capitalistical selves on the shining sands of Palm Beach, little recking or caring that you are suffering for the Cause or that they have locked me up in this grusome boarding school, far from life and love and laughter, while they flit like butterflies in the sun, but we will not forget. I won't especially I can promise you, with Serena's scornful laugh still ringing in my ears as I was loaded on the train like a lot of cattle and shipped away, while she tripped off to Milgrim's with mother for her spiffy Palm Beach clothes, as if that could help her from being a total flop, in spite of Papa launching her in the matrimonial market with showers of orchids and torrents of gold.

But I know that you will be glad to hear that I am reaping a subtile revenge because I am sowing the seeds of social unrest and discontent among all the girls in the school, each of which will be a sore spot in her home and a thorn in the circle in which she moves. And in this way I will continue to work for the Cause and you, Dimi dear, as well as continuing my diary which I have decided not to keep secret for fifty years but have published right away so that it will be an inspiration to all other young butterflies who like me were fluttering vainly and foolishly in society's gilded net.

FOR a time I thought it had perished and was forever lost to posterity. That was when all my effects were seized, but Dixie, my sister-in-law who is a darling, scrummaged through the house for me and found it about to be thrown away with a lot of old papers.

Horrors! When she wrote and told me this, I nearly swooned. But that was nothing to the ecstacy with which I viewed my long lost child and poured once more over its pages.

How are you? Do you have anything else to eat but bread and water? Would you be allowed to receive a box? The girls are all dying to help me fix one up for you with sandwiches and apples and fudge and whatever we can smuggle away from the table.

I promise faithfully not to hide any knives or saws or ropes, although I read once about a girl who saved her inkarserated lover by baking a rope in a pie and smuggling it into him. Isn't that keen?

YOUR DEVOTED COMRADE, PAT.

A	S	H	E	S		P	O	L	A	R		C	E	D	A	R
S	H	A	L	E		A	G	A	T	E		A	R	E	N	A
S	I	M	I	L	A	R	L	Y	■	P	A	G	E	A	N	T
A	R	M	■	F	I	R	E	■	C	A	S	E	■	D	U	E
M	E	E	D	■	M	E	■	T	H	I	S	■	H	E	L	D
		R	U	B	■	L	A	H	A	D	■	M	E	N		
H	U	S	S	A	R	■	B	O	G	■	P	U	R	I	S	T
A	N	■	T	R	E	A	S	U	R	E	R	■	O	N	T	O
T	I	C	■	E	D	I	T	■	I	R	A	K	■	G	A	P
E	T	O	N	■	A	L	I	E	N	A	T	E	D	■	B	E
R	E	M	A	I	N	■	N	Y	E	■	E	L	A	P	S	E
		M	I	D	■	R	E	E	D	S	■	P	I	E		
C	E	I	L	■	S	E	N	D	■	T	O	■	S	N	A	P
O	R	T	■	E	A	S	T	■	M	A	L	L	■	S	P	A
R	O	T	E	L	L	A	■	P	E	R	D	I	T	I	O	N
P	S	A	L	M		I	R	A	T	E		S	H	O	R	T
S	E	L	L	S		L	I	N	E	S		T	E	N	T	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 48

S	T	A	M	P		S	P	A	N	S		M	A	S	S	E
L	U	N	A	R		C	A	D	E	T		U	N	P	I	N
U	N	S	T	O	W	E	D	■	W	R	E	S	T	L	E	D
M	E	W	■	T	A	N	S	■	T	A	R	T	■	E	V	E
P	R	E	T	E	X	T	■	■	■	Y	E	A	R	N	E	D
		R	O	C	■	S	E	R	B	S	■	R	I	D		
C	R	E	S	T	S	■	L	E	O	■	A	D	M	I	T	S
R	E	D	S	■	T	R	E	M	O	R	S	■	E	D	E	N
A	S	■	■	■	R	E	V	O	K	E	S	■	■	■	R	A
W	E	P	T	■	A	P	A	T	I	T	E	■	W	A	S	P
S	T	A	R	R	Y	■	T	E	N	■	S	C	A	L	E	S
		T	I	E	■	B	E	R	G	S	■	O	I	L		
S	C	E	P	T	E	R	■	■	■	P	A	S	T	U	R	E
U	R	N	■	O	L	E	A	■	P	A	R	T	■	R	A	G
R	O	T	A	R	I	A	N	■	A	C	C	U	S	I	N	G
A	N	E	N	T		M	I	N	C	E		M	A	N	G	E
T	E	E	N	S		S	L	O	T	S		E	D	G	E	D

Answer to the puzzle on page 49

Royal Poinciana Hotel,
Palm Beach.

Mr. Sol Nebbick
Colossal Films Corp.
Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR MR. NEBBICK:

How about Palm Beach? I think we ought to have it in the movie. Combining business and pleasure this week by coming down here with the artists and writers and picking up material as well as looking over likely locales for good society whoopee shots. Some of them, of course, have been pretty well done, such as Cocoanut Grove and the beach shots, but there are some marvelous villas and private hideaways.

Important! Dixie Dugan is down here. Ran into her at the Everglades.

She's with her husband and family.

Had short talk with her and think there is still a chance of getting her for the lead if we're not in any rush, even though she turned us down cold in Europe. Have a hunch she is pretty well bored with the society racket.

Heard a swell story last night. Something that is supposed to have happened here last season or the season before. One of those grim bits of gossip that everyone swears is true but never gets into the papers. We might work it into the movie.

It would be a sock!

IT seems there was a party going on in one of the swank hotels in a corner suite some eight or ten stories up. The usual Palm Beach mixture of society, show girls, champion swimmers and divers, cabaret dancers from ritzy night clubs, everybody having fun and getting beautifully oiled. Long about two or three in the morning the party was zigzag and gay and the boys and girls started to play children's games—Ring-around-a-rosie, Post Office, etc. Someone suggested London Bridge. Two well-known society men made the " bridge."

A young baron, handsome and penniless, but popular as only young barons can be in Palm Beach, was " caught." The party danced round them in a circle singing, " Take the key and lock him up—lock him up—lock him up," everyone shouting and laughing uproariously. They continued the song. " Out the window you must go—you must go—you must go—out the window you must go," and the two men, still laughing, picked the baron up and swung him two or three times and then tossed him out through the open window.

The party went right on, a few people wondering why the baron didn't come back, but no one was sober enough to remember that it was a ten-story drop to the sidewalk, until the house detectives and the police broke in. Next day the papers carried the story that Baron So-and-So had accidentally fallen to his death from the open window of his apartment in a local hotel.

Wouldn't that film like a million? No use trying to invent fiction when facts are better.

SINCERELY, JIMMY DOYLE.

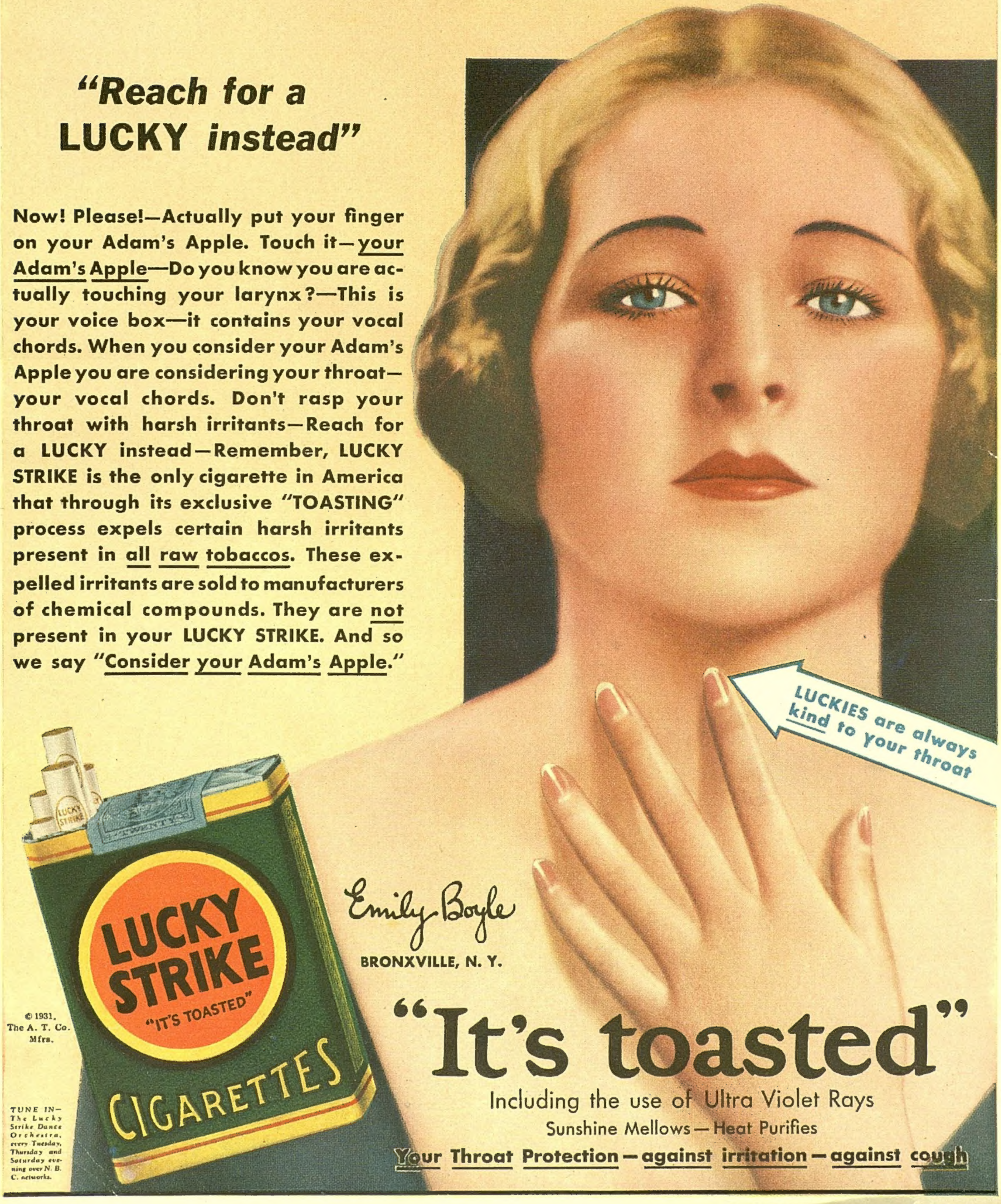
In next week's concluding installment you'll learn what destiny holds in store for Dixie, with her problems and perplexities, and for the other characters of the story.

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY *instead*"

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Emily Boyle

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

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Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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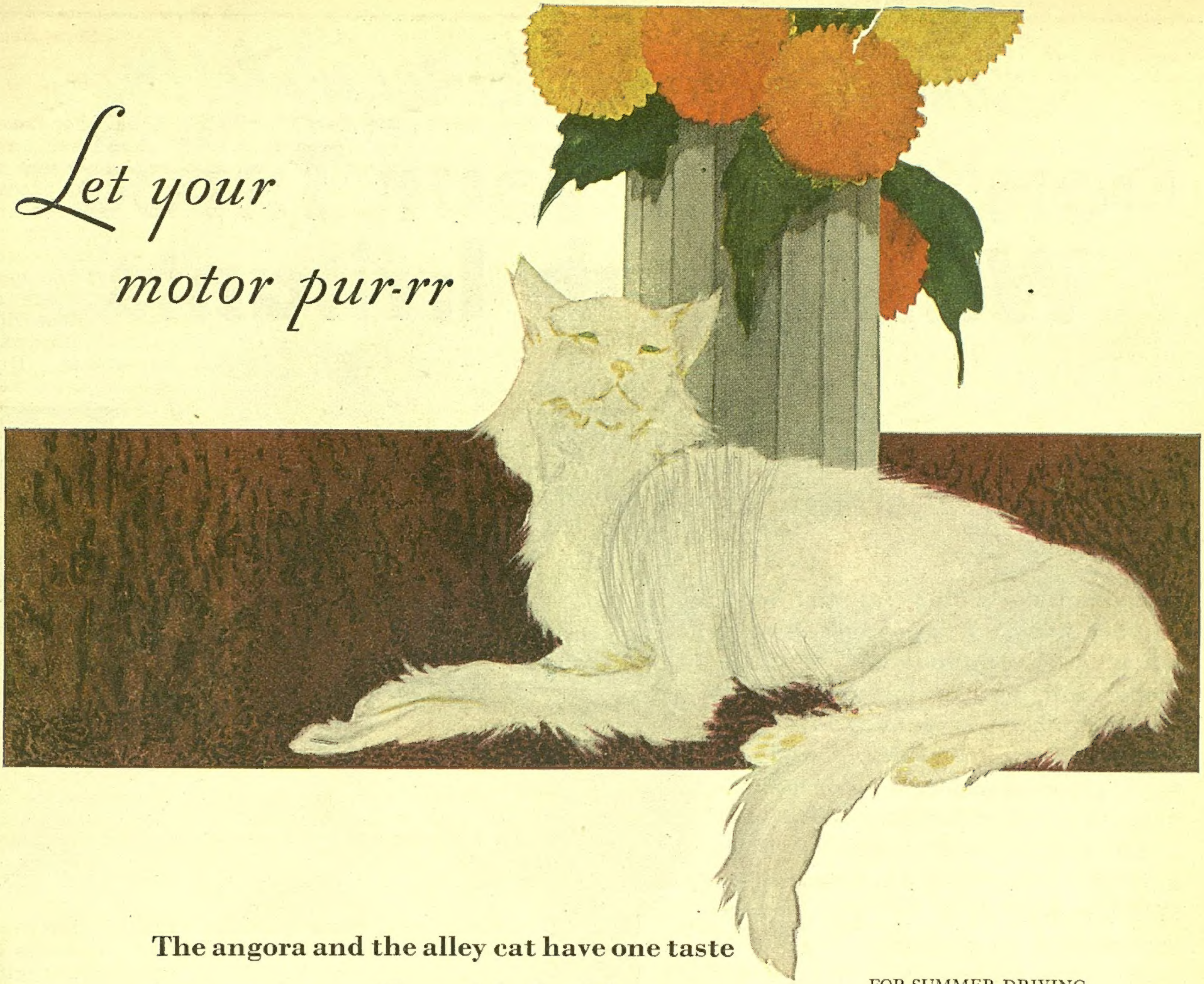
TUNE IN— The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

Let your motor pur-rr



The angora and the alley cat have one taste in common: milk enriched with cream. And this is also true: the oldest cars and the newest cars run better on gasoline that has been enriched with Ethyl fluid. This fluid prevents uneven explosions that waste power, cause harmful knock and overheating. It *controls combustion,* developing power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. That is why Ethyl makes your motor purr. Try it yourself. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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